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British Poets. [28.]

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Geo. Herbert

THE

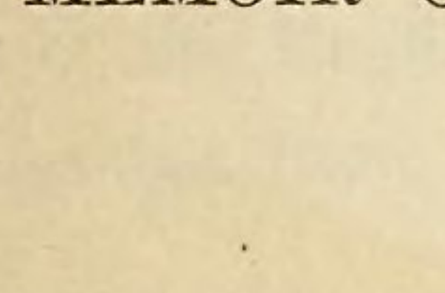
POETICAL WORKS

OF

HERBERT AND VAUGHAN

WITH A MEMOIR OF EACH

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE



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HERBERT'S English Poems are here reprinted from the recent London edition by Bell and Daldy. The text, both of the English and of the Latin and Greek poems, has been compared with Pickering's edition.

The tasteful Biographical Sketch is by the Rev. Robert Aris Willmott.

April 1864.

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MEMOIR OF HERBERT.

BY THE REV. ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT.

When the visitor to Cambridge enters the Antechapel of Trinity College, he meets two objects of the deepest interest in art and science, — the marvellous statue of Newton, and the sitting figure of Bacon. If he raise his eyes to the painted windows, a different train of thought is awakened. One group especially attracts and detains him. It is a scene at Bethany, in the house of that family whom Jesus loved. Among the company gathered around him appears a face familiar to most students of the sweet and serious learning of the seventeenth century: it is that of George Herbert, to whom, after so many years, his own college has consecrated this memorial.

The circumstances of his life are neither many nor varied. He was born — one of ten children — April 3d, 1593, in the castle of Montgomery in Wales. He came of a bold and noble race. There is at Penshurst a portrait of his brother, Lord Edward, painted by Isaac Oliver, which shows a swarthy countenance, with dark eyes and exceed-

ingly black hair. The poet's father had the same complexion: he died in 1597, leaving George, in his fourth year, to the care of his mother. He remained, with two of his brothers, under a private tutor, until he was sent to Westminster School; from whence, at the age of fifteen, he was elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, where his name appears among the scholars, May 5, 1609. "In Cambridge, we may find our George Herbert's behaviour to be such, that we may conclude he consecrated the first fruits of his early age to virtue, and a serious study of learning." So writes good Isaak Walton. Nor is there reason to doubt the affectionate panegyrist. Herbert's advance in academic rank was encouraging and rapid. Within two years after the taking of his Bachelor's degree, he was chosen a Fellow of the Society; and, on the 21st of October, 1619, he obtained the distinguished post of public orator, vacated by Sir Francis Nethersole, who was then politically employed on the continent. It was an office, according to Fuller, of more honour than profit; the original salary being only forty shillings a year. It dates its beginning from the early part of the 16th century; before which period, rhetorical aid was procured as it was wanted, the scribe being paid by the letter. In Herbert's time, the annual income was about thirty pounds. But the attractions of the oratorship did not lie on its pecuniary side. It was a high road to court-life.

A former orator, Sir Robert Naunton, had been made a Secretary of State; and Herbert cherished hopes of reaping a similar reward. Barnabas Oley had heard that he might have obtained the situation, but "that, like a genuine son of Levi, he balked all secular ways, saw neither father nor mother, child nor brother, faith nor friends (save in Christ Jesus), chose the Lord for his service, and His service for employment."

Walton gives a truer, though a less flattering, explanation. "In this time of Mr. Herbert's attendance and expectation of some good occasion to remove from Cambridge to court, God, in whom there is an unseen chain of causes, did, in a short time, put an end to the lives of two of his most obliging and most powerful friends, Lodowick, Duke of Richmond, and James, Marquis of Hamilton; and, not long after him, King James died also, and with them all Mr. Herbert's court-hopes; so that he betook himself to a retreat from London to a friend in Kent, where he lived very privately, and was such a lover of solitariness, he was judged to impair his health more than his study had done." Some earnest of future favours his learned ingenuity had already acquired; for, in 1623, he received from James a valuable "sinecure," which his predecessor had formerly bestowed on Sir Philip Sidney. But a brighter day was dawning. He sought and found a more enduring sovereign. The date of his ordination has not been dis-

covered; but, in the summer of 1626 (July 15), the haughty, though generous, Bishop Williams gave to him the prebend of Leighton Ecclesia, in the diocese of Lincoln. Oley informs us, that, "because he lived far from and so could not perform the duties of that place, he would fain have resigned it to Master Ferrar; but Master F. wholly refused, and diverted or directed his charity to the re-edifying the ruined church of Leighton, where the corpse of the prebend lay."

Leighton is a village in Huntingdonshire, near Spaldwick; and the church stands to the right of the road from Huntingdon to Thrapston. A visitor, in 1851, has furnished some interesting particulars.* The church is composed of a western tower, with porches, transepts, and a chancel. Herbert, in his capacity of prebendary, became a proprietor in the parish, and probably applied the income which he derived from it to the restoration of the edifice; but the alterations are said to have been less extensive than the narrative of Walton implies. The old walls remain. The chief outlay was upon a new roof, and in repairing the parts of the church then occupied by the congregation. The seats are of oak, open, in the style of the 17th century. The tower, the font, and some windows in the chancel, were contributed by Herbert. A gallery, erected for an organ in 1840, has slightly

* Notes and Queries, iii. 178.

disarranged the symmetry, and high pews have replaced the old benches in the chancel. The pulpit and reading-desk, standing north and south, correspond in every particular. The font is extremely shallow, no texts of Scripture adorn the walls; but traces were found of the poor man's box having been formerly fixed "to the back of the bench nearest to the south door." The tower is battlemented, and commands a pleasing prospect over fifteen or sixteen villages. By the aid of a glass, the magnificent pile of Ely Cathedral, nearly thirty miles off, may be discerned. One ornamental spout bears the date of 1632. Three crests were noticed, but they could not be clearly deciphered. The family device of the Herberts did not appear; nor has the restorer left behind him any record of his own munificence, or of the generous charity to which he stirred up his relations and friends. In 1627, Herbert lost his mother, after a long season of suffering which his tenderness did much to soften. "For myself, dear mother," he had written to her some years earlier, "I always feared sickness more than death, because sickness hath made me unable to perform those offices for which I came into the world, and must yet be kept in it; but you are freed from that fear, who have already abundantly discharged that part, having both ordered your family, and so brought up your children, that they have attained to the years of discretion and competent mainte-

nance; so that now, if they do not well, the fault cannot be charged on you, whose example and care of them will justify you both to the world and your own conscience; insomuch that, whether you turn your thoughts on the life past, or on the joys that are to come, you have strong preservations against all disquiet."

Soon after his mother's death, his own weak health grew weaker; and a sharp ague drove him to seek ease in the pleasant village of Woodford, in Essex, where his brother Henry lived. There he abode about a year, becoming his own physician, and curing his disorder by abstinence from "drink" and all fresh meat. But, as in other cases, the remedies were worse than the disease; signs of consumption beginning to show themselves, a different climate was recommended; and he sought it at Dauntsey, in Wiltshire, the house of Lord Danby, by whom he was affectionately welcomed and entertained. In this choice air, as Aubrey calls it, by avoiding severe study, and partaking of cheerful exercise and society, his health returned. A new scene was now to open before him. There lived at Bainton, in the same county, a kinsman of Lord Danby,—Mr. Charles Danvers. He had nine daughters, of whom Jane was his favourite. To her he had often spoken of Herbert, and promised a double blessing upon the union that he hoped to see. It happened that Mr. Danvers died before Herbert's visit to Dauntsey; but, as

we learn from Walton, Jane "became so much a Platonick as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen." The smallest spark would light such a train. The only obstacle was the want of acquaintance. This was easily removed. Some mutual friends procured a meeting; and, within three days of the first interview, Jane Danvers changed her name into Herbert.

If Herbert, whose memory was stored with proverbs, called to mind the wise saw about "marrying in haste," he never pointed the moral of it with his own experience. He had more cause for rejoicing, than repenting at leisure. Walton sweetly portrays the charm and blessedness of his wedded life. "The Eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections and compliance; indeed, so happy that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires."

About three months after the marriage, Dr. Curle, being elevated to the See of Bath and Wells, resigned the rectory of Bemerton, which accordingly passed from the patron, Lord Pembroke, to the king; but, when the earl asked it for Herbert, his request met with a kind answer. The good news reached him at Bainton, where he was staying with his wife's relatives; and soon afterwards being joined by Mr. Arthur Woodnot, his old dear friend, he set out for Wilton. The

cure of souls lay heavy upon his mind, and he was in doubt whether to accept or decline it. Lord Pembroke, feeling unable to combat his scruples, adopted the wise resolution of laying them before Laud, then Bishop of London. The result should be told in the words of Walton: "The bishop did the next day so convince Mr. Herbert, *that the refusal of it was a sin*, that a tailor was sent for to come speedily from Salisbury to Wilton, to take measure, and make him canonical clothes against next day; which the tailor did. And Mr. Herbert, being so habited, went with his presentation to the learned Dr. Davenant, who was then Bishop of Salisbury, and he gave him institution immediately; and he was also the same day (which was April 26, 1630) inducted into the good and more pleasant than healthful parsonage of Bemerton." An interesting story is related of the ceremony. Being left in the church to toll the bell, as the law required him to do, he wearied the patience of his friends at the door; and one of them, looking in at the window, saw the new rector lying before the altar. They afterwards knew the cause of the delay, when they heard that he had been setting rules for the government of his pastoral life, and making a vow to keep them.

His parish gave him ample occupation. The church needed repairs, and the parsonage had fallen into decay; his predecessor having resided in a distant village. The larger portion of the house

he rebuilt at his own expense, recommending his successor to cultivate liberal and grateful feelings in an inscription set over the chimney in the hall, where it is no longer to be found.

The rectory is only separated from the church by the width of the road, a distance now of thirty-four, and in Herbert's time of forty, feet. A grass-plot slopes down to the river, commanding a fine view of Salisbury Cathedral. A pleasing anecdote is told in connection with this garden. Norris became the rector of Bemerton nearly sixty years after the death of Herbert. He was there upon one occasion visited by Mr. Colborne, the early friend of the poet Young. The spire rising above the trees drew from him an exclamation of surprise: "What a magnificent structure! You are happy, sir, in this delightful prospect." "Yes," answered Norris, with melancholy humour: "it is all the prospect I have with respect to that cathedral." A medlar, which tradition says was planted by the poet, still flourishes in the garden.

If Herbert's life had been prolonged, we may conclude that the church would have been restored with some regard to the beauty of holiness. It was always a very humble building, and is only forty-five feet long by eighteen in width.* The south and west windows, of the style called Decorated, are assigned to the beginning of the fourteenth

* Notes and Queries, ii. 460.

century. The east window is modern, and the old sittings have been removed. The decorated windows, font, and bell are probably the only remaining objects that met the eye of Herbert.

His pastoral labours were crowded into the space of two years and a few months. Every reader remembers the description of his daily prayer, and how "some of the meaner sort of his parish did so love and reverence Mr. Herbert, that they would let their plough rest when his saint's bell rung to prayer, that they might also offer their devotion to God with him, and would then return back to their plough," thinking themselves the happier for the blessing they carried away. Circumstances, altogether independent of his own character and piety, helped to quicken the devotional reverence of the people. The population of the parish, embracing the villages of Bemerton, Fuggleston, and Quidhampton, does not exceed six hundred persons. Bemerton contains about one hundred and fifty.* In Herbert's time, the number was considerably smaller. Perhaps twenty cottages sheltered his flock; for a curate watched over the remoter districts. Pastoral superintendence would thus be easy and effective. A more important key to his influence is to be found in his rank. He was the kinsman of the Pembrokes, whose splendid mansion stands within a walk of

* As I am obligingly informed by the present rector, the Rev. W R. Pigott.

the parsonage. In that day, a man of family was supposed to honour the church by entering it. Barnabas Oley drew out a catalogue of dignified persons who had received orders; and he even remembered, with evident satisfaction, to have read that Henry VIII. was designed by his father for the archbishopric of Canterbury, if his brother Arthur had lived to succeed to the crown. If we read Jeremy Collier's "Essays on Pride and the Office of a Chaplain," we are struck by the phenomenon of a learned man sitting down to prove, with the help of logic, that "a priest or a chaplain in a family is not a servant." * Oley had no hesitation in affirming that the spiritual advantages of a nobleman or a gentleman over a clerk of lower parentage are very considerable; the truth taught being sooner believed, the reproof bestowed better received, and the example shown making a deeper impression. At a later period, it was supposed that a priest and a gentleman were distinct characters, and that courtesy had no relationship to learning. Thus we find Sir William Temple speaking of an English and a French book, as "one writ by a *divine*, the other by a *gentleman;*" and Lord Shaftesbury remarking, that "a saint-author least values politeness," and scorns to reform his temper by the standard of good company, or the rule of manners.

* Essays, third edition, 1698.

Herbert's acceptance of a benefice was esteemed a condescension by his contemporaries. "He was none of the nobles of Tekoa, who, at the building of Jerusalem, *put not their necks to the work of the Lord*," was the commentary of Fuller. His personal gifts added a lustre to his inherited. He would gain a grace from every comparison with his rural brethren, of whom we catch a glimpse in the remark of Walton, that, if Herbert "were at any time too zealous in his sermons, it was either in reproving the ill behaviour of congregations, or of those ministers that huddled up the church-prayers without a visible reverence and affection, namely, *such as seemed to say the* Lord's Prayer *or Collect in a breath.*" How he labored in this happy corner of the Lord's field, hoping all things, and blessing all people, asking his own way to Sion, and showing it to others, we read in the artless page of Walton. But not long was he to sing his song in a strange land. While any portion of strength remained, he continued to read prayers twice every day, as his custom had been; and, when he felt himself no longer equal to that labour of love, he resigned it to his curate. About a month before his death, Mr. Duncon, subsequently Rector of Fryer Barnet, Middlesex, came to visit him; and, speaking to Walton of the interview, after an interval of nearly forty years, he declared that the pious discourse and the meek demeanour of Herbert were still fresh in his

memory. Mr. Duncon's place was supplied by an older and dearer friend, Mr. Woodnot, who never left the sick man until He who gives his beloved sleep had taken him.

The setting of the sun was as calm as its shining had been, only of a richer hue. The wife of Herbert, his three nieces, and Mr. Woodnot, stood beside him, while, in his own words, "he passed a conflict with his last enemy, and overcame him by the merits of his Master, Jesus." His last words were, "Lord, forsake me not now my strength faileth me; but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jesus. And now, Lord, Lord, now receive my soul." And so his Father in heaven took his child to his own home.

The following entry in the Register of Bemerton is the latest record of one of God's most devoted children: "Mr. George Herbert, Esq., Parson of St. Foughleston and Bemerton, was buried 3 day of March, 1632."

Few faces are better known than Herbert's, with its austere sweetness, and the evident marks of inward decline. In person, he is described by Walton as tall and unusually thin, but cheerful in look, and always attracting friends and strangers by the elegance and the benignity of his manner and address. He stands amid a group of English worthies remarkable for their personal and historic interest. The eloquent Donne was one of his dearest friends; he knew the accomplishments of

Wotton, and the learned casuistry of Sanderson; the first portion of Hooker's wonderful treatise appeared while he was in his cradle; and his childish fancy was enriched by the Essays of Bacon. With Ben Jonson, who survived him about five years, he was likely to be acquainted. Shakspere he had probably seen in some festive interval of Cambridge life; for that illustrious poet did not retire from London before 1611, when Herbert was eighteen years old. In this splendid company of theologians, philosophers, and poets, he wore an expression and a costume of his own. If his court-views had been realized, we might have expected to have seen blended in him Sidney's chivalry, and the picturesque foppery of Raleigh. He was only seven years younger than the hero of Zutphen, to whom, in temperament, he seems to have shown a remarkable resemblance.

We are to consider Herbert as a poet, a pastor, and a writer of prose. His poetical reputation was wider and greater than Milton's. Within a few years, twenty thousand copies of the "Temple" were sold. Cowley alone outwent him in popularity; one being the laureate of religious, as the other was of fashionable, life. The history of his poems is most touching and beautiful. In his last sickness, he presented them to a friend in these words: "Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Ferrar, and tell him he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that

have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of JESUS, MY MASTER, in whose service I have now found perfect freedom: desire him to read it; and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any poor, dejected soul, let it be made public: if not, let him burn it; for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies."

The publication of the "Temple" produced an immediate impression. Henry Vaughan, whose rough lines abound in touches of a quaint and suggestive fancy, observes, in reference to the impure verses of the day, "The first that, with any effectual success, attempted a diversion of this foul and overflowing stream, was the blessed man, Mr. George Herbert, whose holy life and verse gained many pious converts, of whom I am the least; and gave the first check to a most flourishing and admired wit of his time." *

Herbert belongs to that third Italian school which was to occupy a chapter in Gray's history of poetry, as he communicated the plan to Warton. It was a school, in his opinion, full of conceit, beginning in the reign of Elizabeth; continued under James and Charles the First by Donne, Crashaw, and Cleveland; carried to its height by Cowley; and ending with Sprat. Herbert was certainly a disciple. Complicated metaphors abound.

* Preface to Silex Scintillans, p. 37.

The poems of that age recall the mechanical contrivances of the eccentric Mr. Winstanley, the first architect of the Eddystone Lighthouse. In his strange abode, nothing was what it seemed to be. An old slipper upon the floor started into a spectral figure; a visitor, resting in a chair, was suddenly embraced by two muscular arms, or, sauntering into a summer-house, straightway found himself floating away into the middle of a canal. The poetical surprises of Herbert are sometimes equally unexpected, and, it must be confessed, not less ingenious. The reader's eye is perpetually struck with a transformation or a grotesque invention.

Even the friendly taste of Mr. Keble * was offended by the constant flutter of his fancy, for ever hovering round and round the theme. But this was a peculiarity which the most gifted writers admired. Dryden openly avowed, that nothing appeared more beautiful to him than the imagery in Cowley, which some readers condemned. It must, at least, be said in praise of this creative playfulness, that it is a quality of the intellect singularly sprightly and buoyant; it ranges over a boundless landscape, pierces into every corner, and, by the light of its own fire, — to adopt a phrase of Temple, — discovers a thousand little bodies or images in the world, unseen by common

* Prælectiones Academicæ, xx. 12.

eyes, and only manifested by the rays of that poetic sun.

There is in Herbert another sort of quaintness, which is neither the fruit of his age nor of his own understanding, but of the authors whom he studied. "He that reads Mr. Herbert's poems attendingly shall find the excellence of Scripture divinity, and choice passages of the Fathers, bound up in metre." If James Montgomery * had considered this remark of Barnabas Oley, he would have hesitated *to see "devotion itself turned into masquerade"* by the poet. Herbert did not forget to consult, for his outpourings of heart-praise and love, that commonplace book of Greek and Latin theology which the Country Parson is recommended to collect and ponder. Many of his curiosities of fancy have a patristic rather than a poetic ancestry, and are to be sought in Chrysostom or Cyprian, instead of in Donne or Marini.

Every true work of art, whether it be of the pencil, the chisel, or the pen, addresses itself to particular sympathies. Of course, there will be a certain outward excellence which the universal taste cannot fail to understand and admire. I speak of the inner and the hidden charm. The beauty of Raffaelle's Madonna reveals itself very differently to the critic and the worshipper. Milton may be admired by the common reader for his

* Christian Poet, p. 258.

grandeur of sentiment; but it is only through the spectacles of books that the splendour and the loveliness of his visions are clearly discerned. Now, Herbert has, according to his degree, the distinctive peculiarities of Raffaelle and Milton. His sweetness of fancy, his vigorous sense, and his happiness of idiom, may be appreciated by all people; just as the grace and the dignity of the picture and the epic come home to the least refined observer. But there is a remoter and a delightfuller quality that requires a kindred heart to comprehend it. Herbert is preëminently a poet of the church: his similes are drawn from her ceremonial; his most solemn thoughts are born of her mysteries; his tenderest lessons are taught by her prayers. To a reader without a deep, catholic devotion, he is only the ingenious or the fantastic rhymer; to one who has that feeling, his verses are the strings of a musical instrument, making melody in themselves, and awaking sweet sounds in the hearts of those who hear it.

There is a passage in one of Southey's letters that seems very forcibly to illustrate this view.* Speaking of Wordsworth, he asks, "Does he not associate more feeling with particular phrases, and you also with him, than those phrases convey to any one else? This I suspect. Who would part with a ring of a dead friend's hair? And yet a

* Life, by his Son, ii. 191.

jeweller will give for it only the value of the gold." This is just the case with Herbert. His verses are not to be tossed into the scale, and weighed. There is the hair of the dead friend in the gold. The gospel consecrates every rhyme. The Liturgy is reflected in nearly every devout sentiment. The poem on "SIN" is almost a collect, in its majestic harmony and simpleness of language. The "Sacrifice" has quite a scriptural solemnity of grouping and representation.

A remarkable charm of Herbert's poetry is seen in what may be named the proverbial philosophy of common sense. All the famous writers of that and the former century abounded in it; whether we take up the "Apologies and Defences" of Jewell, the Essays of Bacon, or the exhortations of Taylor. The quantity of plain, practical wisdom for every-day life, treasured up in the verses of Herbert, has scarcely been considered. The "Church Porch" is a little hand-book of rules for the management of temper and conversation and business. Every child ought to get it by heart. It recalls the comparison by which Plato characterised Socrates. The outside of the vase is scrawled over with odd shapes and writing; but within are precious liquors, and healing medicines, and rare mixtures of far-gathered herbs and flowers. In connection with this moralising disposition may be a mentioned a certain familiar humour, suddenly shooting gleams across a serious

passage, and very strongly reminding us of the pleasantry of Cowper. In the following pages, the reader will be struck by a playfulness that looks like a thoughtful smile from Weston.

The masculine sense of Herbert has drawn eyes that were skilful enough to avoid his faults. "From the dregs of Crashaw, of Carew, of Herbert, and others (for it is well known he was a great reader of all those poets), Pope has judiciously collected gold." So writes Dr. Warton.* From Crashaw, Pope might gather some fuel to feed that devotional flame which burns so vehemently in his "Eloisa;" but in Herbert he obtained, what he knew better than any of his contemporaries how to use, an ample store of practical wisdom tersely uttered. His discoveries were not confined to loose gold in the rubbish: he found pieces of it worked up into an elegance of form which he himself could not improve. Many lines in the "Temple" have the polish and the glitter of the "Moral Essays;" and not seldom the structure of his own couplet, and the identical pause of the cæsura, are anticipated.

The characteristic of Herbert's fancy is fruitfulness. The poetry, like the theology, of that age, put all learning into an abridgment. A course of lectures flowed into the rich essence of a single sermon. A month's seed bloomed in an ode.

* Essay on Pope, i. 85.

The 17th was the contradiction of the 19th century; the object being then to give the most thought in the smallest space, as now to sow the widest field with the frugallest corn. Herbert's "Pilgrimage" is an example. Written, probably, before Bunyan was born, — certainly while he was an infant, — it contains all the Progress of the Pilgrim in outline. We are shown the gloomy Cave of Desperation, the Rock of Pride, the Mead of Fancy, the Copse of Care, the Wild Heath where the traveller is robbed of his gold, and the gladsome Hill that promises a fair prospect, but only yields a lake of brackish water on the top. Such a composition would scarcely escape the notice of that Spenser of the people, who afterwards gave breadth and animation and figures to the scene.

The language of Herbert cannot be too highly praised. However distant the thought may be, the expression of it is, with very few exceptions, pure, racy, and idiomatic. He had evidently been a loving and a constant hearer or reader of Shakspere, whose plays appeared in his childhood, and were doubtless the delight of his eyes during the short summer-day of his courtly hopes, and the frequent subject of talk at Wilton. Many passages might be quoted; but the Shaksperian tone will be recognized in the following: —

"How neatly do we give one only name
To parent's issue, and the Sun's bright star:
A son is light and fruit; a fruitful flame
Chasing the father's dimness."

And still more distinctly in the next:—

"My comforts drop and melt away like snow;
I shake my head, and all the thoughts and ends
Which my fierce youth did bandy, fall and flow
Like leaves about me, or, like summer friends,
Flies of estate and sunshine."

The beautiful phrase, "summer friends," was introduced by Gray into his Hymn on Adversity. Once more:—

"Art thou a magistrate? then be severe:
If studious, copy fair what time hath blurred.
Redeem Truth from his jaws; if soldier,
Chase brave employments with a naked sword
Throughout the world."

Pages might easily be filled with instances of felicitous words and phrases. In the poem on Providence, we have the "leaning" elephant, afterwards exhibited by Thomson in his magnificent landscape:—

"Peaceful, beneath primeval trees that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave,
High-raised in solemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant." SUMMER, 721.

Herbert's versification is frequently affected by his manner of thinking. The compression of thought causes harshness. Sometimes the rhythm drags with a slow, jolting, uneven step; making the reader to remember Walpole's criticism of an Ode, amended by Mason, which, he told him, had a sudden sink, like a man with one leg shorter than the other. But not seldom the harmony is soft and flowing, and lovely fancies are chanted to their own music. The "Flower," "Virtue," and "Gratefulness," are exquisite specimens of this class.

The poetry and the prose of Herbert differ as much as Cowley's. He has not, indeed, left any composition to be compared with the delightful Essays; but he possessed a large share of the same freshness, gaiety, and ease. If we had the manuscripts that perished in the flames of Highnam House, we might propose a nearer parallel. But Fuller justly pronounced even his remains to be shavings of gold. The "Country Parson" is destined to live. Among the few English writings of a practical class, between 1600 and 1650, and yet retaining a reputation, Mr. Hallam * places this treatise of Herbert; which he judges to be, "on the whole, a pleasing little book," but "with the precepts sometimes so overstrained, as to give an air of affectation." This is faint praise; and the

* Literature of Europe, iii. 129.

censure is refuted by the work itself. The author informs us, that he wrote it with a view to his own spiritual improvement, drawing the form and character of a true pastor, that he might have a mark to aim at; and setting it as high as he could, since "he shoots higher that threatens the moon, than he that aims at a tree."

Herbert must be considered to have fulfilled his design. The epidemics of one age require a different treatment from those of another. The cure of the past fails in the present. The popular disease, in the former half of the 17th century, was the degraded condition of the country clergy. It had almost become chronic. There could be no instruction where there was no respect. Such shepherds neither guided nor fed their flocks. Herbert's object was twofold; to raise the teacher, and to win the people: the former lesson he showed by precept, the second by example. He painted the portrait of the Good Parson, and was himself the original. His views of the pastoral office, even in the rudest country hamlet, were lofty and glowing; and he recommended the study of Plato for the sake of acquiring the dexterity of Socrates, and applying it to the common intercourse and teaching of a parish. He was a burning and a shining light in his own time; and he still sheds a softened lustre over ours. Such men ennoble their brethren, by their beautiful union of all that is practical, with whatever is graceful

in life. In them nothing is harsh or repulsive. The austere raiment is bound with a fair girdle. Sanderson sings psalms to his own music; Ken warbles hymns before he sleeps; Herbert delights to set anthems to his lute; and Wotton bequeaths his viol to a friend.

"O could we copy their mild virtues! then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die?
Methinks their very names shine still and bright;
Apart, — like glow-worms on a summer night:
Or lonely tapers, when from far they fling
A guiding ray; or seen, like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring." *

* Wordsworth, iv. 131.

THE TEMPLE.

THE DEDICATION.

LORD, my first fruits present themselves to Thee;
Yet not mine neither: for from Thee they came,
And must return. Accept of them and me,
And make us strive, who shall sing best Thy Name.
Turn their eyes hither, who shall make a gain:
Theirs, who shall hurt themselves or me, refrain.

THE CHURCH PORCH.

PERIRRHANTERIUM.

THOU, whose sweet youth and early hopes enhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure,
Hearken unto a verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure
A verse may find him, who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

Beware of lust; it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in Baptism wash'd with His own blood:

It blots the lesson written in thy soul;
The holy lines cannot be understood.
    How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,
    Much less towards God, whose List is all
        their book!

Wholly abstain, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allows thee choice of paths: take no by-ways;
But gladly welcome what He doth afford;
Not grudging, that thy lust hath bounds and
        stays.
    Continence hath his joy: weigh both; and so
    If rottenness have more, let heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
Man would have been the encloser: but since now
God hath impaled us, on the contrary
Man breaks the fence, and every ground will
        plough.
    O what were man, might he himself misplace!
    Sure to be cross he would shift feet and face.

Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not
        tame,
When once it is within thee; but before
Mayst rule it, as thou list: and pour the shame,
Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.
    It is most just to throw that on the ground,
    Which would throw me there, if I keep the
        round.

He that is drunken may his mother kill,
Big with his sister: he hath lost the reins,
Is outlaw'd by himself; all kind of ill
Did with his liquor slide into his veins.
The drunkard forfeits Man, and doth divest
All worldly right, save what he hath by beast.

Shall I, to please another's wine-sprung mind,
Lose all mine own? God hath given me a measure
Short of His can and body; must I find
A pain in that, wherein He finds a pleasure?
Stay at the third glass: if thou lose thy hold,
Then thou art modest, and the wine grows bold.

If reason move not gallants, quit the room;
(All in a shipwreck shift their several way;)
Let not a common ruin thee intomb:
Be not a beast in courtesy, but stay,
Stay at the third cup, or forego the place.
Wine above all things doth God's stamp deface.

Yet, if thou sin in wine or wantonness,
Boast not thereof; nor make thy shame thy glory.
Frailty gets pardon by submissiveness;
But he that boasts, shuts that out of his story:
He makes flat war with God, and doth defy
With his poor clod of earth the spacious sky.

Take not His name, who made thy mouth, in
vain:
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain:
But the cheap swearer through his open sluice
Lets his soul run for nought, as little fearing:
Were I an epicure, I could bate swearing.

When thou dost tell another's jest, therein
Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need:
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sin.
He pares his apple that will cleanly feed.
Play not away the virtue of that name,
Which is thy best stake, when griefs make
thee tame.

The cheapest sins most dearly punish'd are;
Because to shun them also is so cheap:
For we have wit to mark them, and to spare.
O crumble not away thy soul's fair heap!
If thou wilt die, the gates of hell are broad:
Pride and full sins have made the way a road.

Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both:
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod;
The stormy working soul spits lies and froth.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie:
A fault, which needs it most, grows two there-
by.

Fly idleness, which yet thou canst not fly
By dressing, mistressing, and compliment.
If those take up thy day, the sun will cry
Against thee; for his light was only lent.
God gave thy soul brave wings; put not those feathers
Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

Art thou a magistrate? then be severe:
If studious, copy fair what time hath blurr'd;
Redeem truth from his jaws: if soldier,
Chase brave employments with a naked sword
Throughout the world. Fool not; for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

O England! full of sin, but most of sloth;
Spit out thy phlegm, and fill thy breast with glory:
Thy gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
Transfused a sheepishness into thy story:
Not that they all are so; but that the most
Are gone to grass, and in the pasture lost.

This loss springs chiefly from our education.
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their son:
Some mark a partridge, never their child's fashion
Some ship them over, and the thing is done.
Study this art, make it thy great design;
And if God's image move thee not, let thine.

Some great estates provide, but do not breed
A mastering mind; so both are lost thereby:
Or else they breed them tender, make them need
All that they leave: this is flat poverty.
For he that needs five thousand pound to live,
Is full as poor as he that needs but five.

The way to make thy son rich, is to fill
His mind with rest, before his trunk with riches:
For wealth, without contentment, climbs a hill,
To feel those tempests, which fly over ditches.
But if thy son can make ten pound his measure,
Then all thou addest may be call'd his treasure.

When thou dost purpose ought (within thy power),
Be sure to do it, though it be but small:
Constancy knits the bones, and makes us stour
When wanton pleasures beckon us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himself:
What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.

Do all things like a man, not sneakingly:
Think the king sees thee still; for his King does.
Simpering is but a lay-hypocrisy:
Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.
Who fears to do ill, sets himself a task:
Who fears to do well, sure should wear a mask.

Look to thy mouth: diseases enter there.
Thou hast two sconces, if thy stomach call;
Carve, or discourse; do not a famine fear.
Who carves, is kind to two; who talks, to all.
Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit;
And say withal, Earth to earth I commit.

Slight those who say amidst their sickly healths,
Thou liv'st by rule. What doth not so but man?
Houses are built by rule, and commonwealths.
Entice the trusty sun, if that you can,
From his ecliptic line; beckon the sky.
Who lives by rule then, keeps good company.

Who keeps no guard upon himself, is slack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
Man is a shop of rules, a well-truss'd pack,
Whose every parcel underwrites a law.
Lose not thyself, nor give thy humors way:
God gave them to thee under lock and key.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest; for 't is thine own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous: therefore give
Thy need, thine honor, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live;
Then live, and use it: else, it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Even with the year: but age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
As the day lessens, and his life with it.
Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call;
Before thy journey fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil;
Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim
To all things else. Wealth is the conjurer's devil;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.
Gold thou mayst safely touch; but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
About thy neck to drown thee? raise thy head;
Take stars for money; stars not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchased.
None is so wasteful as the scraping dame:
She loseth three for one; her soul, rest, fame.

By no means run in debt: take thine own measure.

Who cannot live on twenty pound a year,
Cannot on forty: he 's a man of pleasure,
A kind of thing that 's for itself too dear.
The curious unthrift makes his clothes too wide,
And spares himself, but would his tailor chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes
Do fortunes seek, when worth and service fail,
Would have their tale believed for their oaths,
And are like empty vessels under sail.
Old courtiers know this; therefore set out so,
As all the day thou mayst hold out to go.

In clothes, cheap handsomeness doth bear the bell.

Wisdom 's a trimmer thing, than shop e'er gave.
Say not then, This with that lace will do well;
But, This with my discretion will be brave.
Much curiousness is a perpetual wooing,
Nothing with labor, folly long a doing.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who plays for more
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart:
Perhaps his wife's, too, and whom she hath bore:
Servants and churches also play their part.
Only a herald, who that way doth pass,
Finds his crack'd name at length in the Church-glass.

If yet thou love game at so dear a rate,
Learn this, that hath old gamesters dearly cost:
Dost lose? rise up: dost win? rise in that state.
Who strive to sit out losing hands, are lost.
Game is a civil gunpowder, in peace
Blowing up houses with their whole increase.

In conversation boldness now bears sway.
But know, that nothing can so foolish be,
As empty boldness: therefore first assay
To stuff thy mind with solid bravery;
Then march on gallant: get substantial worth:
Boldness gilds finely, and will set it forth.

Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion sour?
Then keep such company; make them thy allay:
Get a sharp wife, a servant that will lour.
A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.
Command thyself in chief. He life's war knows,
Whom all his passions follow as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not speak
Plainly and home, is coward of the two.
Think not thy fame at every twitch will break:
By great deeds show that thou canst little do;
And do them not: that shall thy wisdom be;
And change thy temperance into bravery.

If that thy fame with every toy be posed,
'T is a thin web, which poisonous fancies make

But the great soldier's honor was composed
Of thicker stuff, which would endure a shake.
Wisdom picks friends; civility plays the rest.
A toy shunn'd cleanly passeth with the best.

Laugh not too much: the witty man laughs least:
For wit is news only to ignorance.
Less at thine own things laugh; lest in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy sport, abuses: for the fly
That feeds on dung is colored thereby.

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,
Profaneness, filthiness, abusiveness.
These are the scum with which coarse wits abound:
The fine may spare these well, yet not go less.
All things are big with jest: nothing that 's plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

Wit 's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer:
Hast thou the knack? pamper it not with liking
But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.
Many, affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.

A sad wise valor is the brave complexion,
That leads the van, and swallows up the cities.

The giggler is a milkmaid, whom infection,
Or a fired beacon frighteth from his ditties.
Then he's the sport: the mirth then in him rests,
And the sad man is cock of all his jests.

Towards great persons use respective boldness:
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine: in service, care, or coldness
Doth ratably thy fortunes mar or make.
Feed no man in his sins: for adulation
Doth make thee parcel-devil in damnation.

Envy not greatness: for thou makest thereby
Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.
Be not thine own worm: yet such jealousy,
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
Is a good spur. Correct thy passion's spite;
Then may the beasts draw thee to happy light.

When baseness is exalted, do not bate
The place its honor for the person's sake.
The shrine is that which thou dost venerate;
And not the beast that bears it on his back.
I care not though the cloth of state should be
Not of rich arras, but mean tapestry.

Thy friend put in thy bosom: wear his eyes
Still in thy heart, that he may see what 's there.

If cause require, thou art his sacrifice ;
Thy drops of blood must pay down all his fear ;
But love is lost ; the way of friendship 's gone ;
Though David had his Jonathan, Christ his
John.

Yet be not surety, if thou be a father.
Love is a personal debt. I cannot give
My children's right, nor ought he take it : rather
Both friends should die, than hinder them to live.
Fathers first enter bonds to nature's ends ;
And are her sureties, ere they are a friend's.

If thou be single, all thy goods and ground
Submit to love ; but yet not more than all.
Give one estate, as one life. None is bound
To work for two, who brought himself to thrall.
God made me one man ; love makes me no more,
Till labor come, and make my weakness score.

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please ;
All such is courteous, useful, new, or witty :
Usefulness comes by labor, wit by ease ;
Courtesy grows in court ; news in the city.
Get a good stock of these, then draw the card ;
That suits him best, of whom thy speech is
heard.

Entice all neatly to what they know best ;
For so thou dost thyself and him a pleasure :

(But a proud ignorance will lose his rest,
Rather than show his cards;) steal from his treas
ure
What to ask farther. Doubts well raised do lock
The speaker to thee, and preserve thy stock.

If thou be master-gunner, spend not all
That thou canst speak, at once; but husband it,
And give men turns of speech: do not forestall
By lavishness, thine own and other's wit,
As if thou madest thy will. A civil guest
Will no more talk all than eat all the feast.

Be calm in arguing: for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More than his sicknesses or poverty?
In love I should: but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither; therefore gently move.

Calmness is great advantage: he that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire:
Mark all his wanderings, and enjoy his frets;
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.
Truth dwells not in the clouds: the bow that 's
there
Doth often aim at, never hit the sphere.

Mark what another says: for many are
Full of themselves, and answer their own notion.

Take all into thee; then with equal care
Balance each dram of reason, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both:
Share in the conquest, and confess a troth.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want, and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places, are the way
To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

Pitch thy behavior low, thy projects high;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be:
Sink not in spirit: who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
A grain of glory mixt with humbleness
Cures both a fever and lethargicness.

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how the business may be done.
Slackness breeds worms; but the sure traveller,
Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.
Active and stirring spirits live alone:
Write on the others, Here lies such a one.

Slight not the smallest loss, whether it be
In love or honor; take account of all:
Shine like the sun in every corner: see
Whether thy stock of credit swell, or fall.

Who say, I care not, those I give for lost;
And to instruct them, 't will not quit the cost.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree;
(Love is a present for a mighty king,)
Much less make any one thine enemy.
As guns destroy, so may a little sling.
The cunning workman never doth refuse
The meanest tool, that he may chance to use.

All foreign wisdom doth amount to this,
To take all that given; whether wealth,
Or love, or language; nothing comes amiss:
A good digestion turneth all to health:
And then, as far as fair behavior may,
Strike off all scores; none are so clear as they.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize
All foreign of that name; but scorn their ill:
Embrace their activeness, not vanities.
Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.
If thou observest strangers in each fit,
In time they 'll run thee out of all thy wit.

Affect in things about thee cleanliness,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.
Slovens take up their stock of noisomeness
Beforehand, and anticipate their last hour.
Let thy mind's sweetness have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In alms regard thy means, and others' merit.
Think Heaven a better bargain than to give
Only thy single market-money for it.
Join hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all something; to a good poor man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began

Man is God's image; but a poor man is
Christ's stamp to boot: both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favor His:
Write, So much given to God; thou shalt be heard.
Let thy alms go before, and keep Heaven's gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

Restore to God His due in tithe and time:
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole estate.
Sundays observe: think when the bells do chime,
'T is angels' music; therefore come not late.
God then deals blessings: if a king did so,
Who would not haste, nay give, to see the show?

Twice on the day His due is understood;
For all the week thy food so oft He gave thee.
Thy cheer is mended; bate not of the food,
Because 't is better, and perhaps may save thee.
Thwart not the Almighty God: O be not cross,
Fast when thou wilt; but then 't is gain, not loss.

Though private prayer be a brave design,
Yet public hath more promises, more love:

And love 's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
We all are but cold suitors; let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven;
Pray with the most: for where most pray, is Heaven.

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there than thou: for thou art there
Only by His permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne'er spoil'd silk stockings: quit thy state.
All equal are within the church's gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:
Praying 's the end of preaching. O be drest;
Stay not for the other pin: why thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thy heart; that, spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise:
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in church-time other's symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part:
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.
Christ purged His temple; so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well;
For churches either are our Heaven or Hell.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy judge:
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speak something good: if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.
He that by being at church escapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
He that loves God's abode, and to combine
With saints on earth, shall one day with them shine.

Jest not at preachers' language, or expression;
How know'st thou but thy sins made him miscarry?
Then turn thy faults and his into confession:
God sent him, whatsoe'er he be: O tarry,

And love him for his Master: his condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill physician.

None shall in hell such bitter pangs endure
As those who mock at God's way of salvation.
Whom oil and balsams kill, what salve can cure?
They drink with greediness a full damnation.
The Jews refused thunder; and we, folly.
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy?

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul: mark the decay
And growth of it: if, with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both: since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
Defer not the least virtue: life's poor span
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy woe.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains:
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

THE CHURCH.

SUPERLIMINARE.

THOU, whom the former precepts have
Sprinkled, and taught how to behave
Thyself in church; approach, and taste
The Church's mystical repast.

Avoid, profaneness! come not here.
Nothing but holy, pure, and clear,
Or that which groaneth to be so,
May at his peril further go.

THE ALTAR.

A BROKEN altar, Lord, Thy servant rears,
Made of a heart, and cemented with tears:
Whose parts are as Thy hand did frame;
No workman's tool hath touch'd the same.

A Heart alone
Is such a stone,
As nothing but
Thy power doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame,
To praise Thy name:

That, if I chance to hold my peace,
These stones to praise Thee may not cease.
O let thy blessed Sacrifice be mine,
And sanctify this Altar to be Thine.

THE SACRIFICE.

O ALL ye, who pass by, whose eyes and mind
To worldly things are sharp, but to Me blind;
To Me, who took eyes that I might you find:
Was ever grief like Mine?

The princes of My people make a head
Against their Maker: they do wish Me dead,
Who cannot wish, except I give them bread:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Without Me each one, who doth now Me brave,
Had to this day been an Egyptian slave.
They use that power against Me, which I gave:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Mine own apostle, who the bag did bear,
Though he had all I had, did not forbear
To sell Me also, and to put Me there:
Was ever grief like Mine?

For thirty pence he did My death devise,
Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,
Not half so sweet as My sweet sacrifice:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Therefore My soul melts, and My heart's dear
treasure
Drops blood (the only beads) my words to measure
O let this cup pass, if it be Thy pleasure:
Was ever grief like Mine?

These drops, being temper'd with a sinner's tears,
A balsam are for both the hemispheres,
Curing all wounds but Mine; all, but My fears.
Was ever grief like Mine?

Yet My disciples sleep: I cannot gain
One hour of watching; but their drowsy brain
Comforts not Me, and doth My doctrine stain:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Arise, arise, they come. Look how they run!
Alas! what haste they make to be undone!
How with their lanterns do they seek the sun!
Was ever grief like Mine?

With clubs and staves they seek Me, as a thief,
Who am the way of truth, the true relief,
Most true to those who are My greatest grief:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Judas, dost thou betray Me with a kiss?
Canst thou find hell about My lips? and miss
Of life, just at the gates of life and bliss?
Was ever grief like Mine?

See, they lay hold on Me, not with the hands
Of faith, but fury; yet at their commands
I suffer binding, who have loosed their bands:
Was ever grief like Mine?

All My disciples fly; fear puts a bar
Betwixt My friends and Me. They leave the star
That brought the wise men of the east from far:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Then from one ruler to another, bound,
They lead Me: urging, that it was not sound
What I taught: comments would the text confound.
Was ever grief like Mine?

The priests and rulers all false witness seek
'Gainst Him, who seeks not life, but is the meek
And ready Paschal Lamb of this great week:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Then they accuse Me of great blasphemy,
That I did thrust into the Deity,
Who never thought that any robbery:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Some said, that I the temple to the floor
In three days raz'd, and raised as before.
Why, He that built the world can do much more:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Then they condemn Me all with that same breath,
Which I do give them daily, unto death.
Thus Adam My first breathing rendereth:
Was ever grief like Mine?

They bind, and lead Me unto Herod: he
Sends me to Pilate. This makes them agree;
But yet their friendship is My enmity.
Was ever grief like Mine?

Herod and all his bands do set Me light,
Who teach all hands to war, fingers to fight,
And only am the Lord of hosts and might.
Was ever grief like Mine?

Herod in judgment sits, while I do stand;
Examines me with a censorious hand:
I him obey, who all things else command:
Was ever grief like Mine?

The Jews accuse Me with despitefulness;
And vying malice with My gentleness,
Pick quarrels with their only happiness:
Was ever grief like Mine?

I answer nothing, but with patience prove
If stony hearts will melt with gentle love.
But who does hawk at eagles with a dove?
Was ever grief like Mine?

My silence rather doth augment their cry;
My Dove doth back into My bosom fly,
Because the raging waters still are high:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Hark how they cry aloud still, Crucify:
It is not fit He live a day, they cry,
Who cannot live less than eternally:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Pilate, a stranger, holdeth off; but they,
Mine own dear people, cry, Away, away,
With noises confused frighting the day:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Yet still they shout, and cry, and stop their ears,
Putting My life among their sins and fears,
And therefore wish My blood on them and theirs.
Was ever grief like Mine?

See how spite cankers things. These words
aright
Used, and wish'd, are the whole world's delight:
But honey is their gall, brightness their night:
Was ever grief like Mine?

They choose a murderer, and all agree
In him to do themselves a courtesy;
For it was their own cause who killèd Me:
Was ever grief like Mine?

And a seditious murderer he was:
But I the Prince of peace; peace that doth pass
All understanding, more than heaven doth glass:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Why, Cæsar is their only King, not I:
He clave the stony rock, when they were dry;
But surely not their hearts, as I well try:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Ah, how they scourge Me! yet My tenderness
Doubles each lash: and yet their bitterness
Winds up My grief to a mysteriousness:
Was ever grief like Mine?

They buffet Me, and box Me as they list,
Who grasp the earth and heaven with My fist,
And never yet, whom I would punish, miss'd:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Behold, they spit on Me in scornful wise;
Who by My spittle gave the blind man eyes,
Leaving his blindness to Mine enemies:
Was ever grief like Mine?

My face they cover, though it be divine.
As Moses' face was veiled, so is Mine,
Lest on their double-dark souls either shine:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Servants and abjects flout Me; they are witty:
Now prophesy who strikes Thee! is their ditty.
So they, in Me, deny themselves all pity:
Was ever grief like Mine?

And now I am deliver'd unto death,
Which each one calls for so with utmost breath,
That he before Me wellnigh suffereth:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Weep not, dear friends, since I for both have wept,
When all My tears were blood, the while you slept:
Your tears for your own fortunes should be kept
Was ever grief like Mine?

The soldiers lead Me to the common hall;
There they deride Me, they abuse Me all:
Yet for twelve heavenly legions I could call:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Then with a scarlet robe they Me array;
Which shows My blood to be the only way,
And cordial left to repair man's decay:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Then on My head a crown of thorns I wear;
For these are all the grapes Sion doth bear,
Though I My vine planted and water'd there:
Was ever grief like Mine?

So sits the earth's great curse in Adam's fall
Upon My head: so I remove it all
From the earth unto My brows, and bear the thrall:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Then with the reed they gave to Me before,
They strike My head, the Rock from whence all store
Of heavenly blessings issue evermore:
Was ever grief like Mine?

They bow their knees to Me, and cry, Hail, King:
Whatever scoffs or scornfulness can bring,
I am the floor, the sink, where they it fling:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Yet since man's sceptres are as frail as reeds,
And thorny all their crowns, bloody their weeds;
I, who am Truth, turn into truth their deeds:
Was ever grief like Mine?

The soldiers also spit upon that face
Which angels did desire to have the grace,
And prophets once to see, but found no place:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Thus trimmed forth they bring Me to the rout,
Who, Crucify Him, cry with one strong shout.
God holds His peace at man, and man cries out:
Was ever grief like Mine?

They lead Me in once more, and putting then
My own clothes on, they lead Me out again.
Whom devils fly, thus is He toss'd of men:
Was ever grief like Mine?

And now weary of sport, glad to engross
All spite in one, counting My life their loss,
They carry me to My most bitter cross:
Was ever grief like Mine?

My cross I bear Myself, until I faint:
Then Simon bears it for Me by constraint,
The decreed burden of each mortal saint:
Was ever grief like Mine?

O all ye who pass by, behold and see:
Man stole the fruit, but I must climb the tree;
The tree of life to all, but only Me:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Lo, here I hang, charged with a world of sin,
The greater world o' the two; for that came in
By words, but this by sorrow I must win:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Such sorrow, as if sinful man could feel,
Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel
Till all were melted, though he were all steel.
Was ever grief like Mine?

But, O My God, My God! why leav'st Thou
Me,
The Son, in Whom Thou dost delight to be?
My God, My God ———
Never was grief like Mine.

Shame tears My soul, My body many a wound;
Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound
Reproaches, which are free, while I am bound:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Now heal Thyself, Physician; now come down.
Alas! I did so, when I left My crown
And Father's smile for you, to feel His frown:
Was ever grief like Mine?

In healing not Myself, there doth consist
All that salvation, which ye now resist;
Your safety in My sickness doth subsist:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Betwixt two thieves I spend My utmost breath,
As he that for some robbery suffereth.
Alas! what have I stolen from you? death:
Was ever grief like Mine?

A King my title is, prefix'd on high;
Yet by My subjects I 'm condemn'd to die
A servile death in servile company:
Was ever grief like Mine?

They gave Me vinegar mingled with gall,
But more with malice: yet, when they did call,
With manna, Angels' food, I fed them all:
Was ever grief like Mine?

They part My garments, and by lot dispose
My coat, the type of love, which once cured those
Who sought for help, never malicious foes:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Nay, after death their spite shall further go;
For they will pierce My side, I full well know;
That as sin came, so Sacraments might flow:
Was ever grief like Mine?

But now I die; now all is finished.
My woe, man's weal: and now I bow My head:
Only let others say, when I am dead,
Never was grief like Mine.

THE THANKSGIVING.

O KING of grief! (a title strange, yet true,
To Thee of all kings only due)
O King of wounds! how shall I grieve for Thee,
Who in all grief preventest me?
Shall I weep blood? why, Thou hast wept such store,
That all Thy body was one door.
Shall I be scourged, flouted, boxed, sold?
'T is but to tell the tale is told.
My God, My God, why dost Thou part from Me?
Was such a grief as cannot be.
Shall I then sing, skipping Thy doleful story,
And side with Thy triumphant glory?
Shall Thy strokes be my stroking? thorns, my flower?
Thy rod, my posy? cross, my bower?
But how then shall I imitate Thee, and
Copy Thy fair, though bloody, hand?
Surely I will revenge me on Thy love,
And try who shall victorious prove.
If Thou dost give me wealth, I will restore
All back unto Thee by the poor.
If Thou dost give me honor, men shall see,
The honor doth belong to Thee.

I will not marry; or, if she be mine,
She and her children shall be Thine.
My bosom-friend, if he blaspheme Thy name,
I will tear thence his love and fame.
One half of me being gone, the rest I give
Unto some chapel, die or live.
As for Thy passion — but of that anon,
When with the other I have done.
For Thy predestination, I 'll contrive,
That three years hence, if I survive,
I 'll build a spital, or mend common ways,
But mend my own without delays.
Then I will use the works of Thy creation,
As if I used them but for fashion.
The world and I will quarrel; and the year
Shall not perceive that I am here.
My music shall find Thee, and every string
Shall have his attribute to sing;
That all together may accord in Thee,
And prove one God, one harmony.
If Thou shalt give me wit, it shall appear,
If Thou hast given it me, 't is here.
Nay, I will read Thy book, and never move
Till I have found therein Thy love;
Thy art of love, which I 'll turn back on Thee,
O my dear Saviour, Victory!
Then for Thy passion — I will do for that —
Alas, my God, I know not what.

THE REPRISAL.

I HAVE consider'd it, and find
There is no dealing with Thy mighty passion.
For though I die for Thee, I am behind;
My sins deserve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I
May give a disentangled state and free;
And yet Thy wounds still my attempts defy,
For by Thy death I die for Thee.

Ah! was it not enough that Thou
By Thy eternal glory didst outgo me?
Couldst Thou not grief's sad conquests me allow,
But in all victories overthrow me?

Yet by confession will I come
Into the conquest. Though I can do nought
Against Thee, in Thee I will overcome
The man, who once against Thee fought.

THE AGONY.

PHILOSOPHERS have measured mountains,
Fathom'd the depths of seas, of states, and kings,
Walk'd with a staff to heaven, and traced foun-
tains:
But there are two vast, spacious things,
The which to measure it doth more behoove:
Yet few there are that sound them: sin and love.

Who would know sin, let him repair
Unto mount Olivet; there shall he see
A Man so wrung with pains, that all His hair,
His skin, His garments, bloody be.
Sin is that press and vice, which forceth pain
To hunt his cruel food through every vein.

Who knows not love, let him assay,
And taste that juice, which on the cross a pike
Did set again abroach; then let him say
If ever he did taste the like.
Love is that liquor sweet and most divine,
Which my God feels as blood, but I as wine.

THE SINNER.

LORD, how I am all ague, when I seek
What I have treasured in my memory!
Since, if my soul make even with the week,
Each seventh note by right is due to Thee.
I find there quarries of piled vanities,
But shreds of holiness, that dare not venture
To show their face, since cross to Thy decrees:
There the circumference earth is, heaven the centre.
In so much dregs the quintessence is small:
The spirit and good extract of my heart
Comes to about the many hundredth part.
Yet, Lord, restore Thy image, hear my call:
And though my hard heart scarce to Thee can groan,
Remember that Thou once didst write in stone.

GOOD FRIDAY.

O MY chief good,
How shall I measure out Thy blood?
How shall I count what Thee befell,
And each grief tell?

Shall I Thy woes
Number according to Thy foes?
Or, since one star show'd Thy first breath,
Shall all Thy death?

Or shall each leaf,
Which falls in autumn, score a grief?
Or cannot leaves, but fruit, be sign
Of the true vine?

Then let each hour
Of my whole life one grief devour;
That Thy distress through all may run,
And be my sun.

Or rather let
My several sins their sorrows get;
That, as each beast his cure doth know,
Each sin may so.

Since blood is fittest, Lord, to write
Thy sorrows in, and bloody fight;
My heart hath store; write there, where in
One box doth lie both ink and sin:

That when sin spies so many foes,
Thy whips, Thy nails, Thy wounds, Thy woes,
All come to lodge there, sin may say,
No room for me, and fly away.

Sin being gone, oh fill the place,
And keep possession with Thy grace;
Lest sin take courage and return,
And all the writings blot or burn.

REDEMPTION.

Having been tenant long to a rich Lord,
Not thriving, I resolved to be bold,
And make a suit unto Him, to afford
A new small-rented lease, and cancel the old.

In heaven at His manor I Him sought:
They told me there, that He was lately gone
About some land, which He had dearly bought
Long since on earth, to take possession.

I straight return'd, and knowing His great birth,
Sought Him accordingly in great resorts;
In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts:
At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth

Of thieves and murderers: there I Him espied,
Who straight, Your suit is granted, said, and
died.

SEPULCHRE.

O BLESSED Body! whither art Thou thrown?
No lodging for Thee, but a cold hard stone?
So many hearts on earth, and yet not one
Receive Thee?

Sure there is room within our hearts' good store;
For they can lodge transgressions by the score:
Thousands of toys dwell there, yet out of door
They leave Thee.

But that which shows them large, shows them unfit.
Whatever sin did this pure rock commit,
Which holds Thee now? Who hath indicted it
Of murder?

Where our hard hearts have took up stones to brain
Thee,
And missing this, most falsely did arraign Thee;
Only these stones in quiet entertain Thee,
And order.

And as of old the law, by heavenly art
Was writ in stone, so Thou, which also art
The letter of the word, find'st no fit heart
To hold Thee.

Yet do we still persist as we began,
And so should perish, but that nothing can,
Though it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man
Withhold Thee.

EASTER.

Rise, heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing His praise
Without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With Him mayst rise:
That, as His death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and, much more, just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part,
With all thy art:
The cross taught all wood to resound his name,
Who bore the same.
His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both heart and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long,
Or since all music is but three parts vied,
And multiplied;
O let Thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with His sweet art.

I GOT me flowers to strew Thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And broughtst thy sweets along with Thee.

The sun arising in the east,
Though he give light, and the east perfume;
If they should offer to contest
With Thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavor?
We count three hundred, but we miss:
There is but one, and that one ever.

EASTER WINGS.

LORD, who createdst man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poor:

With Thee
O let me rise
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day Thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in sorrow did begin:
And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sin,
That I became
Most thin.

With Thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day Thy victory,
For, if I imp my wing on Thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

HOLY BAPTISM.

As he that sees a dark and shady grove,
Stays not, but looks beyond it on the sky;
So when I view my sins, mine eyes remove
More backward still, and to that water fly,
Which is above the heavens, whose spring and vent
Is in my dear Redeemer's pierced side.
O blessed streams! either ye do prevent
And stop our sins from growing thick and wide,

Or else give tears to drown them, as they grow.
In you Redemption measures all my time,
And spreads the plaster equal to the crime:
You taught the book of life my name, that so,

Whatever future sins should me miscall,
Your first acquaintance might discredit all.

HOLY BAPTISM.

Since, Lord, to Thee
A narrow way and little gate
Is all the passage, on my infancy
Thou didst lay hold, and antedate
My faith in me.

O let me still
Write Thee great God, and me a child:
Let me be soft and supple to thy will,
Small to myself, to others mild,
Behither ill.

Although by stealth
My flesh get on; yet let her sister,
My soul, bid nothing, but preserve her wealth:
The growth of flesh is but a blister;
Childhood is health.

NATURE.

FULL of rebellion, I would die,
Or fight, or travel, or deny,
That Thou hast aught to do with me.
O tame my heart;
It is Thy highest art
To captivate strongholds to Thee.

If Thou shalt let this venom lurk,
And in suggestions fume and work,
My soul will turn to bubbles straight,
And thence by kind
Vanish into a wind,
Making Thy workmanship deceit.

O smooth my rugged heart, and there
Engrave Thy reverend law and fear;
Or make a new one, since the old
Is sapless grown,
And a much fitter stone
To hide my dust than Thee to hold.

SIN.

LORD, with what care hast Thou begirt us round,
Parents first season us: then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
The sound of glory ringing in our ears;
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole array
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

AFFLICTION.

WHEN first Thou didst entice to Thee my heart,
I thought the service brave:
So many joys I writ down for my part,
Besides what I might have

Out of my stock of natural delights,
Augmented with Thy gracious benefits.

I looked on Thy furniture so fine,
And made it fine to me;
Thy glorious household-stuff did me entwine,
And 'tice me unto Thee.
Such stars I counted mine: both heaven and earth
Paid me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasures could I want whose King I served,
Where joys my fellows were?
Thus argued into hopes, my thoughts reserved
No place for grief or fear;
Therefore my sudden soul caught at the place,
And made her youth and fierceness seek Thy face

At first Thou gav'st me milk and sweetnesses;
I had my wish and way:
My days were strew'd with flowers and happiness
There was no month but May
But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a party unawares for woe.

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,
Sicknesses clave my bones,
Consuming agues dwell in every vein,
And tune my breath to groans
Sorrow was all my soul; I scarce believed,
Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

When I got health, Thou took'st away my life,
And more; for my friends die
My mirth and edge was lost; a blunted knife
Was of more use than I.
Thus thin and lean, without a fence or friend,
I was blown through with every storm and wind.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town
Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,
And wrap me in a gown.
I was entangled in the world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threaten'd oft the siege to raise,
Not simpering all mine age,
Thou often didst with academic praise
Melt and dissolve my rage.
I took Thy sweeten'd pill, till I came near;
I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet lest perchance I should too happy be
In my unhappiness,
Turning my purge to food, Thou throwest me
Into more sicknesses.
Thus doth Thy power cross-bias me, not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now I am here, what Thou wilt do with me
None of my books will show:

I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree;
For sure then I should grow
To fruit or shade: at least some bird would trust
Her household to me, and I should be just.

Yet, though Thou troublest me, I must be meek;
In weakness must be stout;
Well, I will change the service, and go seek
Some other master out.
Ah, my dear God! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love Thee, if I love Thee not.

REPENTANCE.

Lord, I confess my sin is great;
Great is my sin. O gently treat
With Thy quick flower, Thy momentary bloom;
Whose life still pressing
Is one undressing,
A steady aiming at a tomb.

Man's age is two hours' work, or three;
Each day doth round about us see.
Thus are we to delights; but we are all
To sorrows old,
If life be told
From what life feeleth, Adam's fall.

O let Thy height of mercy then
Compassionate short-breathed men :
Cut me not off for my most foul transgression :
I do confess
My foolishness ;
My God, accept of my confession.

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,
Which Thou hast pour'd into my soul ;
Thy wormwood turn to health, winds to fair weather :
For if Thou stay,
I and this day,
As we did rise, we die together.

When Thou for sin rebukest man,
Forthwith he waxeth woe and wan :
Bitterness fills our bowels ; all our hearts
Pine, and decay,
And drop away,
And carry with them the other parts.

But Thou wilt sin and grief destroy ;
That so the broken bones may joy,
And tune together in a well-set song,
Full of His praises
Who dead men raises.
Fractures well cured make us more strong

FAITH.

LORD, how couldst Thou so much appease
Thy wrath for sin, as when man's sight was dim,
And could see little, to regard his ease,
And bring by Faith all things to him?

Hungry I was, and had no meat:
I did conceit a most delicious feast;
I had it straight, and did as truly eat
As ever did a welcome guest.

There is a rare outlandish root,
Which when I could not get, I thought it here;
That apprehension cured so well my foot,
That I can walk to heaven well near.

I owed thousands and much more;
I did believe that I did nothing owe,
And lived accordingly; my creditor
Believes so, too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me anything, or all
That I believe is in the sacred story:
And when sin placeth me in Adam's fall,
Faith sets me higher in his glory.

If I go lower in the book,
What can be lower than the common manger?
Faith puts me there with Him, who sweetly took
Our flesh and frailty, death and danger.

If bliss had lien in art or strength,
None but the wise and strong had gain'd it:
Where now by Faith all arms are of a length;
One size doth all conditions fit.

A peasant may believe as much
As a great clerk, and reach the highest stature.
Thus dost Thou make proud knowledge bend and crouch,
While grace fills up uneven nature.

When creatures had no real light
Inherent in them, Thou didst make the sun
Impute a lustre, and allow them bright:
And in this show what Christ hath done.

That which before was darken'd clean
With bushy groves, pricking the looker's eye,
Vanish'd away, when Faith did change the scene
And then appear'd a glorious sky.

What though my body run to dust?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting every grain,
With an exact and most particular trust,
Reserving all for flesh again.

PRAYER.

PRAYER, the Church's banquet, Angel's age,
God's breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding heaven and earth;

Engine against the Almighty, sinner's tower,
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
The six-days'-world transposing in an hour,
A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear;

Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,
Exalted manna, gladness of the best,
Heaven in ordinary, man well drest,
The milky way, the bird of Paradise,

Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's blood,
The land of spices, something understood.

HOLY COMMUNION.

NOT in rich furniture, or fine array,
Nor in a wedge of gold,
Thou, who from me wast sold,
To me dost now Thyself convey;

For so Thou shouldst without me still have been,
Leaving within me sin:

But by the way of nourishment and strength,
Thou creep'st into my breast;
Making Thy way my rest,
And Thy small quantities my length;
Which spread their forces into every part,
Meeting sin's force and art.

Yet can these not get over to my soul,
Leaping the wall that parts
Our souls and fleshly hearts;
But as the out-works, they may control
My rebel-flesh, and, carrying Thy name,
Affright both sin and shame.

Only Thy grace, which with these elements comes,
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privy key,
Opening the soul's most subtile rooms:
While those to spirits refined, at door attend
Despatches from their friend.

GIVE me my captive soul, or take
My body also thither.
Another lift like this will make
Them both to be together.

Before that sin turn'd flesh to stone,
And all our lump to leaven;
A fervent sigh might well have blown
Our innocent earth to heaven.

For sure, when Adam did not know
To sin, or sin to smother,
He might to heaven from Paradise go,
As from one room to another.

Thou hast restored us to this ease
By this Thy heavenly blood,
Which I can go to when I please,
And leave the earth to their food.

ANTIPHON.

CHORUS.

LET all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

VERSE.

The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly:
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.

CHORUS.

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

VERSE.

The Church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out:
But, above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.

CHORUS.

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

LOVE.

I.

IMMORTAL Love, author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade;
How hath man parcel'd out thy glorious name,
And thrown it on that dust which thou hast made,

While mortal love doth all the title gain!
Which siding with invention, they together
Bear all the sway, possessing heart and brain,
(Thy workmanship) and give thee share in neither

Wit fancies beauty, beauty raiseth wit:
The world is theirs; they two play out the game,
Thou standing by: and though thy glorious name
Wrought out deliverance from the infernal pit,

Who sings thy praise? only a scarf or glove
Doth warm our hands, and make them write of
love.

II.

Immortal Heat, O let thy greater flame
Attract the lesser to it: let those fires
Which shall consume the world, first make it tame,
And kindle in our hearts such true desires,

As may consume our lusts, and make thee way.
Then shall our hearts pant thee; then shall our brain
All her inventions on thine altar lay,
And there in hymns send back thy fire again:

Our eyes shall see thee, which before saw dust;
Dust blown by wit till that they both were blind:
Thou shalt recover all thy goods in kind,
Who wert disseized by usurping lust:

All knees shall bow to thee; all wits shall rise,
And praise Him who did make and mend our eyes.

THE TEMPER.

How should I praise Thee, Lord! how should my rhymes
Gladly engrave Thy love in steel,
If what my soul doth feel sometimes,
My soul might ever feel!

Although there were some forty heavens, or more,
Sometimes I peer above them all;
Sometimes I hardly reach a score,
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent;
Those distances belong to Thee:
The world 's too little for Thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Wilt Thou meet arms with man, that Thou dost stretch
A crumb of dust from heaven to hell?
Will great God measure with a wretch?
Shall He thy stature spell?

O let me, when Thy roof my soul hath hid,
O let me roost and nestle there:
Then of a sinner Thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

Yet take Thy way; for sure Thy way is best:
Stretch or contract me, Thy poor debtor:
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the music better.

Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there.
Thy power and love, my love, and trust,
Make one place everywhere.

THE TEMPER.

It cannot be. Where is that mighty joy,
  Which just now took up all my heart?
  Lord! if Thou must needs use Thy dart,
Save that, and me; or sin for both destroy.

The grosser world stands to Thy word and art;
  But Thy diviner world of grace
  Thou suddenly dost raise and race,
And every day a new Creator art.

O fix Thy chair of grace, that all my powers
  May also fix their reverence:
  For when Thou dost depart from hence,
They grow unruly, and sit in Thy bowers.

Scatter, or bind them all to bend to Thee:
  Though elements change, and heaven move,
  Let not Thy higher court remove,
But keep a standing Majesty in me.

JORDAN.

Who says that fictions only and false hairs
Become a verse? Is there in truth no beauty?
Is all good structure in a winding stair?
May no lines pass, except they do their duty
  Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it not verse, except enchanted groves
And sudden arbors shadow coarse-spun lines?
Must purling streams refresh a lover's loves?
Must all be veil'd, while he that reads, divines,
Catching the sense at two removes?

Shepherds are honest people; let them sing:
Riddle who list, for me, and pull for prime.
I envy no man's nightingale, or spring;
Nor let them punish me with loss of rhyme,
Who plainly say, "My God, my King."

EMPLOYMENT.

If, as a flower doth spread and die,
Thou wouldst extend me to some good,
Before I were by frost's extremity
Nipt in the bud;

The sweetness and the praise were Thine;
But the extension and the room,
Which in Thy garland I should fill, were mine
At Thy great doom.

For as Thou dost impart Thy grace,
The greater shall our glory be.
The measure of our joys is in this place,
The stuff with Thee.

Let me not languish then, and spend
A life as barren to Thy praise
As is the dust to which that life doth tend,
But with delays.

All things are busy; only I
Neither bring honey with the bees,
Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
To water these.

I am no link of Thy great chain,
But all my company is a weed.
Lord, place me in Thy concert; give one strain
To my poor need.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

PART I.

Oh Book! infinite sweetness! let my heart
Suck every letter, and a honey gain,
Precious for any grief in any part;
To clear the breast, to mollify all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make
A full eternity: thou art a mass
Of strange delights, where we may wish and take.
Ladies, look here; this is the thankful glass,

That mends the looker's eyes: this is the well
That washes what it shows. Who can endear
Thy praise too much? thou art Heaven's lieger here,
Working against the states of death and hell.

Thou art joy's handsel: heaven lies flat in thee,
Subject to every mounter's bended knee.

PART II.

Oh that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glory!
Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,
But all the constellations of the story.

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie:
Then as dispersed herbs do watch a potion,
These three make up some Christian's destiny.

Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee: for in everything
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me understood.

Stars are poor books, and oftentimes do miss:
This book of stars lights to eternal bliss.

WHITSUNDAY.

LISTEN, sweet Dove, unto my song,
And spread Thy golden wings in me;
Hatching my tender heart so long,
Till it get wing, and fly away with Thee.

Where is that fire which once descended
On Thy Apostles? Thou didst then
Keep open house, richly attended,
Feasting all comers by twelve chosen men.

Such glorious gifts Thou didst bestow,
That the earth did like a heaven appear:
The stars were coming down to know
If they might mend their wages, and serve here.

The sun, which once did shine alone,
Hung down his head, and wished for night,
When he beheld twelve suns for one
Going about the world, and giving light.

But since those pipes of gold, which brought
That cordial water to our ground,
Were cut and martyr'd by the fault
Of those who did themselves through their side
wound;

Thou shutt'st the door, and keep'st within;
Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink:
And if the braves of conquering sin
Did not excite Thee, we should wholly sink.

Lord, though we change, Thou art the same;
The same sweet God of love and light:
Restore this day, for Thy great Name,
Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

GRACE.

My stock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve:
O let Thy graces without cease
Drop from above!

If still the sun should hide his face,
Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works night's captives: O let grace
Drop from above!

The dew doth every morning fall;
And shall the dew outstrip Thy Dove?
The dew, for which grass cannot call,
Drop from above.

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove:

Let grace work too, and on my soul
Drop from above.

Sin is still hammering my heart
Unto a hardness void of love:
Let suppling grace, to cross his art,
Drop from above.

O come! for Thou dost know the way
Or if to me Thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say —
"Drop from above."

PRAISE.

To write a verse or two, is all the praise
That I can raise:
Mend my estate in any ways,
Thou shalt have more.

I go to Church; help me to wings, and I
Will thither fly;
Or, if I mount unto the sky,
I will do more.

Man is all weakness; there is no such thing
As prince or king:
His arm is short; yet with a sling
He may do more.

A herb distill'd, and drunk, may dwell next door
On the same floor,
To a brave soul: exalt the poor,
They can do more.

O raise me then! Poor bees, that work all day,
Sting my delay,
Who have a work, as well as they,
And much, much more.

AFFLICTION.

Kill me not every day,
Thou Lord of life! since Thy one death for me
Is more than all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay
Die over each hour of Methusalem's stay.

If all men's tears were let
Into one common sewer, sea, and brine;
What were they all, compared to Thine?
Wherein if they were set,
They would discolor Thy most bloody sweat.

Thou art my grief alone;
Thou, Lord, conceal it not: and as Thou art
All my delight, so all my smart
Thy cross took up in one,
By way of imprest, all my future moan.

MATINS.

I CANNOT ope mine eyes,
But Thou art ready there to catch
My morning-soul and sacrifice:
Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
Or star, or rainbow, or a part
Of all these things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,
That Thou shouldst it so eye, and woo,
Pouring upon it all Thy art,
As if that Thou hadst nothing else to do?

Indeed, man's whole estate
Amounts (and richly) to serve Thee:
He did not heaven and earth create,
Yet studies them, not Him by whom they be.

Teach me Thy love to know;
That this new light, which now I see,
May both the work and workman show:
Then by a sunbeam I will climb to Thee.

SIN.

O THAT I could a sin once see!
We paint the devil foul, yet he
Hath some good in him, all agree.
Sin is flat opposite to the Almighty, seeing
It wants the good of virtue, and of being.

But God more care of us hath had:
If apparitions make us sad,
By sight of sin we should grow mad.
Yet as in sleep we see foul death, and live,
So devils are our sins in prospective.

EVEN-SONG.

BLEST be the God of love,
Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day,
Both to be busy and to play.
But much more blest be God above,

Who gave me sight alone,
Which to Himself He did deny:
For when He sees my ways, I die:
But I have got His Son, and He hath none.

What have I brought Thee home
For this Thy love? Have I discharged the debt,
Which this day's favor did beget?
I ran; but all I brought was foam.

Thy diet, care, and cost
Do end in bubbles, balls of wind;
Of wind to Thee whom I have crost,
But balls of wild-fire to my troubled mind.

Yet still Thou goest on,
And now with darkness closest weary eyes,
Saying to man, "It doth suffice:
Henceforth repose; your work is done."

Thus in Thy ebony box
Thou dost inclose us, till the day
Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our disorder'd clocks.

I muse, which shows more love,
The day or night: that is the gale, this the harbor
That is the walk, and this the arbor;
Or that the garden, this the grove.

My God, Thou art all love.
Not one poor minute 'scapes thy breast,
But brings a favor from above;
And in this love, more than in bed, I rest.

CHURCH MONUMENTS.

WHILE that my soul repairs to her devotion,
Here I intomb my flesh, that it betimes
May take acquaintance of this heap of dust;
To which the blast of death's incessant motion,
Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
Drives all at last. Therefore I gladly trust

My body to this school, that it may learn
To spell his elements, and find his birth
Written in dusty heraldry and lines;
Which dissolution sure doth best discern,
Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.
These laugh at jet, and marble put for signs,

To sever the good-fellowship of dust,
And spoil the meeting. What shall point out them,
When they shall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
To kiss those heaps, which now they have in trust?
Dear flesh, while I do pray, learn here thy stem
And true descent; that, when thou shalt grow fat,

And wanton in thy cravings, thou may'st know,
That flesh is but the glass, which holds the dust
That measures all our time; which also shall
Be crumbled into dust. Mark, here below,
How tame these ashes are, how free from lust,
That thou may'st fit thyself against thy fall.

CHURCH MUSIC.

SWEETEST of sweets, I thank you: when displeas-
ure
Did through my body wound my mind,
You took me thence; and in your house of pleas-
ure
A dainty lodging me assign'd.

Now I in you without a body move,
Rising and falling with your wings:
We both together sweetly live and love,
Yet say sometimes, "God help poor kings!"

Comfort, I'll die; for if you post from me,
Sure I shall do so, and much more:
But if I travel in your company,
You know the way to heaven's door.

CHURCH LOCK AND KEY.

I KNOW it is my sin, which locks Thine ears,
And binds Thy hands!
Out-crying my requests, drowning my tears;
Or else the chillness of my faint demands.

But as cold hands are angry with the fire,
And mend it still,

So I do lay the want of my desire,
Not on my sins, or coldness, but Thy will.

Yet hear, O God, only for His blood's sake,
Which pleads for me:
For though sins plead too, yet like stones they make
His blood's sweet current much more loud to be.

THE CHURCH-FLOOR.

Mark you the floor? That square and speckled stone,
Which looks so firm and strong,
Is Patience:

And the other black and grave, wherewith each one
Is checker'd all along,
Humility:

The gentle rising, which on either hand
Leads to the choir above,
Is Confidence:

But the sweet cement, which in one sure band
Ties the whole frame, is Love
And Charity.

Hither sometimes Sin steals, and stains
The marble's neat and curious veins:
But all is cleansed when the marble weeps.
Sometimes Death, puffing at the door,
Blows all the dust about the floor:
But while he thinks to spoil the room, he sweeps.
Blest be the Architect, whose art
Could build so strong in a weak heart.

THE WINDOWS.

LORD, how can man preach Thy eternal word?
He is a brittle, crazy glass:
Yet in Thy temple Thou dost him afford
This glorious and transcendent place,
To be a window, through Thy grace.

But when Thou dost anneal in glass Thy story,
Making Thy life to shine within
The holy preachers, then the light and glory
More reverend grows, and more doth win;
Which else shows waterish, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine and life, colors and light, in one
When they combine and mingle, bring
A strong regard and awe: but speech alone
Doth vanish like a flaring thing,
And in the ear, not conscience ring.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

LORD, who hast form'd me out of mud,
And hast redeem'd me through Thy blood,
And sanctified me to do good;

Purge all my sins done heretofore;
For I confess my heavy score,
And I will strive to sin no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands, in me,
With faith, with hope, with charity;
That I may run, rise, rest with Thee.

CONTENT.

PEACE, muttering thoughts, and do not grudge to keep
Within the walls of your own breast:
Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep,
Can on another's hardly rest.

Gad not abroad at every quest and call
Of an untrained hope or passion:
To court each place or fortune that doth fall,
Is wantonness in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,
Content and warm to itself alone:
But when it would appear to other's eye,
Without a knock it never shone.

Give me the pliant mind, whose gentle measure
Complies and suits with all estates;
Which can let loose to a crown, and yet with pleasure
Take up within a cloister's gates.

This soul doth span the world, and hang content
From either pole unto the centre:
Where in each room of the well-furnish'd tent
He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine days' wonder:
And, after death, the fumes that spring
From private bodies, make as big a thunder
As those which rise from a huge king.

Only thy chronicle is lost; and yet
Better by worms be all once spent,
Than to have hellish moths still gnaw and fret
Thy name in books, which may not vent.

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou feel'st alone,
Are chaw'd by others' pens and tongue,

And as their wit is, (their digestion,)
Thy nourish'd fame is weak or strong.

Then cease discoursing, soul; till thine own ground;
Do not thyself or friends importune.
He that by seeking hath himself once found,
Hath ever found a happy fortune.

THE QUIDDITY.

My God, a verse is not a crown;
No point of honor, or gay suit;
No hawk, or banquet, or renown;
Nor a good sword, nor yet a lute.

It cannot vault, or dance, or play;
It never was in France or Spain;
Nor can it entertain the day
With a great stable or domain.

It is no office, art, or news;
Nor the exchange or busy hall:
But it is that which while I use,
I am with Thee, and "Most take all."

HUMILITY.

I saw the Virtues sitting hand in hand
In several ranks upon an azure throne,
Where all the beasts and fowls, by their command,
Presented tokens of submission.
Humility, who sat the lowest there
To execute their call,
When by the beasts the presents tender'd were,
Gave them about to all.

The angry Lion did present his paw,
Which by consent was given to Mansuetude.
The fearful Hare her ears, which by their law
Humility did reach to Fortitude.
The jealous Turkey brought his coral chain,
That went to Temperance.
On Justice was bestow'd the Fox's brain,
Kill'd in the way by chance.

At length the Crow, bringing the Peacock's plume,
(For he would not,) as they beheld the grace
Of that brave gift, each one began to fume,
And challenge it, as proper to his place,
Till they fell out: which when the beasts espied,
They leapt upon the throne;
And if the Fox had lived to rule their side,
They had deposed each one.

Humility, who held the plume, at this
Did weep so fast, that the tears trickling down
Spoil'd all the train: then saying, "Here it is
For which ye wrangle," made them turn their
frown
Against the beasts: so jointly bandying,
They drive them soon away;
And then amerced them, double gifts to bring
At the next session-day.

FRAILTY.

Lord, in my silence how do I despise
What upon trust
Is styled honor, riches, or fair eyes;
But is — fair dust!
I surname them gilded clay,
Dear earth, fine grass or hay;
In all, I think my foot doth ever tread
Upon their head.

But when I view abroad both regiments,
The world's, and Thine;
Thine clad with simpleness, and sad events;
The other fine,
Full of glory and gay weeds,
Brave language, braver deeds:
That which was dust before, doth quickly rise,
And prick mine eyes.

O brook not this, lest if what even now
My foot did tread,
Affront those joys wherewith Thou didst endow,
And long since wed,
My poor soul, e'en sick of love;
It may a Babel prove,
Commodious to conquer heaven and Thee
Planted in me.

CONSTANCY.

Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbor, and himself most true:
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glittering look it blind:
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks, nor shuns them; but doth calmly stay
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo,
To use in anything a trick or sleight;
For above all things he abhors deceit:
His words and works and fashion too
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations: when the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run·
The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue; virtue is his sun.

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way;
Whom others' faults do not defeat;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his will
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend the ill.
This is the marksman, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

AFFLICTION.

My heart did heave, and there came forth, O God!
By that I knew that Thou wast in the grief,
To guide and govern it to my relief,

Making a sceptre of the rod:
Hadst Thou not had Thy part,
Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart.

But since Thy breath gave me both life and shape
Thou know'st my tallies; and when there's assign'd
So much breath to a sigh, what 's then behind?
Or if some years with it escape,
The sigh then only is
A gale to bring me sooner to my bliss.

Thy life on earth was grief, and Thou art still
Constant unto it, making it to be
A point of honor, now to grieve in me,
And in Thy members suffer ill.
They who lament one cross,
Thou dying daily, praise Thee to Thy loss.

THE STAR.

Bright spark, shot from a brighter place,
Where beams surround my Saviour's face,
Canst thou be anywhere
So well as there?

Yet, if thou wilt from thence depart,
Take a bad lodging in my heart;
For thou canst make a debtor,
And make it better.

First with thy fire-work burn to dust
Folly, and worse than folly, lust:
Then with thy light refine,
And make it shine.

So, disengaged from sin and sickness,
Touch it with thy celestial quickness,
That it may hang and move
After thy love.

Then, with our trinity of light,
Motion, and heat, let's take our flight
Unto the place where thou
Before didst bow.

Get me a standing there, and place
Among the beams which crown the face
Of Him who died to part
Sin and my heart:

That so among the rest I may
Glitter, and curl, and wind as they:
That winding is their fashion
Of adoration.

Sure thou wilt joy by gaining me
To fly home like a laden bee
Unto that hive of beams
And garland-streams.

SUNDAY.

O DAY most calm, most bright!
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
The couch of time; care's balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The worky-days are the back-part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone
The which He doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arched lies:

The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden: that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for His:
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The Rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake which, at His passion,
Did the earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at His expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And, where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

AVARICE.

Money, thou bane of bliss, and source of woe,
Whence comest thou, that thou art so fresh and fine?
I know thy parentage is base and low:
Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Sure thou didst so little contribute
To this great kingdom, which thou now hast got,
That he was fain, when thou wast destitute,
To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:
Nay, thou hast got the face of man; for we
Have with our stamp and seal transferr'd our right:
Thou art the man, and man but dross to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich;
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

ANA-{MARY / ARMY}GRAM.

How well her name an Army doth present,
In whom the Lord of Hosts did pitch His tent!

TO ALL ANGELS AND SAINTS.

O glorious spirits, who, after all your bands,
See the smooth face of God, without a frown,
Or strict commands;
Where every one is king, and hath his crown,
If not upon his head, yet in his hands:

Not out of envy or maliciousness
Do I forbear to crave your special aid.
I would address
My vows to thee most gladly, blessed Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my distress.

Thou art the holy mine, whence came the gold,
The great restorative for all decay
In young and old;
Thou art the cabinet where the jewel lay:
Chiefly to thee would I my soul unfold.

But now, alas! I dare not; for our King,
Whom we do all jointly adore and praise,
Bids no such thing:
And where His pleasure no injunction lays,
('T is your own case,) ye never move a wing.

All worship is prerogative, and a flower
Of His rich crown, from whom lies no appeal
At the last hour:
Therefore we dare not from His garland steal,
To make a posy for inferior power.

Although, then, others court you, if ye know
What 's done on earth, we shall not fare the worse,
Who do not so:
Since we are ever ready to disburse,
If any one our Master's hand can show.

EMPLOYMENT.

He that is weary, let him sit.
My soul would stir

And trade in courtesies and wit,
Quitting the fur
To cold complexions needing it.

Man is no star, but a quick coal
Of mortal fire:
Who blows it not, nor doth control
A faint desire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.

When the elements did for place contest
With Him, whose will
Ordain'd the highest to be best,
The earth sat still,
And by the others is opprest.

Life is a business, not good cheer;
Ever in wars.
The sun still shineth there or here,
Whereas the stars
Watch an advantage to appear.

O that I were an orange-tree,
That busy plant!
Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for Him that dresseth me.

But we are still too young or old;
The man is gone

Before we do our wares unfold:
So we freeze on,
Until the grave increase our cold.

DENIAL.

When my devotions could not pierce
Thy silent ears,
Then was my heart broken, as was my verse;
My breast was full of fears
And disorder.

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
Did fly asunder:
Each took his way; some would to pleasures go,
Some to the wars and thunder
Of alarms.

As good go anywhere, they say,
As to benumb
Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,
"Come, come, my God, O come!"
But no hearing.

O, that Thou shouldst give dust a tongue
To cry to Thee,
And then not hear it crying! all day long
My heart was in my knee,
But no hearing.

Therefore my soul lay out of sight,
Untuned, unstrung :
My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
Like a nipt blossom, hung
Discontented.

O cheer and tune my heartless breast ;
Defer no time ;
That so Thy favors granting my request,
They and my mind may chime,
And mend my rhyme.

CHRISTMAS.

All after pleasures as I rid one day,
My horse and I, both tired, body and mind,
With full cry of affections, quite astray,
I took up in the next inn I could find.

There, when I came, whom found I but my dear,
My dearest Lord, expecting till the grief
Of pleasures brought me to Him, ready there
To be all passengers' most sweet relief?

O Thou, whose glorious, yet contracted light,
Wrapt in night's mantle, stole into a manger ;
Since my dark soul and brutish is Thy right,
To man, of all beasts, be not thou a stranger.

Furnish and deck my soul, that Thou may'st have
A better lodging than a rack or grave.

THE shepherds sing; and shall I silent be?
My God, no hymn for Thee?
My soul's a shepherd too: a flock it feeds
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
The pasture is Thy word; the streams, Thy grace,
Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
Out-sing the daylight hours.
Then we will chide the sun for letting night
Take up his place and right:
We sing one common Lord; wherefore he should
Himself the candle hold.
I will go searching, till I find a sun
Shall stay, till we have done;
A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly,
As frost-nipt suns look sadly.
Then we will sing and shine all our own day,
And one another pay:
His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so twine,
Till even his beams sing, and my music shine.

UNGRATEFULNESS.

LORD, with what bounty and rare clemency
Hast Thou redeem'd us from the grave!

If Thou hadst let us run,
Gladly had man adored the sun,
And thought his god most brave;
Where now we shall be better gods than he.

Thou hast but two rare cabinets full of treasure,
The Trinity and Incarnation:
Thou hast unlock'd them both,
And made them jewels to betroth
The work of Thy creation
Unto Thyself in everlasting pleasure.

The statelier cabinet is the Trinity,
Whose sparkling light access denies:
Therefore Thou dost not show
This fully to us, till death blow
The dust into our eyes;
For by that powder thou wilt make us see.

But all Thy sweets are pack'd up in the other:
Thy mercies thither flock and flow:
That, as the first affrights,
This may allure us with delights;
Because this box we know;
For we have all of us just such another.

But man is close, reserved, and dark to Thee;
When Thou demandest but a heart,
He cavils instantly.
In his poor cabinet of bone

Sins have their box apart,
Defrauding Thee, who gavest two for one.

SIGHS AND GROANS.

O DO not use me
After my sins! look not on my desert,
But on Thy glory! then Thou wilt reform,
And not refuse me: for Thou only art
The mighty God, but I a silly worm.
O do not bruise me!

O do not urge me!
For what account can Thy ill steward make?
I have abused Thy stock, destroy'd Thy woods,
Suck'd all Thy magazines: my head did ache,
Till it found out how to consume Thy goods.
O do not scourge me!

O do not blind me!
I have deserved that an Egyptian night
Should thicken all my powers; because my lust
Hath still sew'd fig-leaves to exclude Thy light:
But I am frailty, and already dust:
O do not grind me!

O do not fill me
With the turn'd vial of Thy bitter wrath!
For Thou hast other vessels full of blood,

A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
Even unto death: since He died for my good,
O do not kill me!

But O, reprieve me!
For Thou hast life and death at Thy command;
Thou art both Judge and Saviour, feast and rod,
Cordial and corrosive: put not Thy hand
Into the bitter box; but, O my God,
My God, relieve me.

THE WORLD.

Love built a stately house; where Fortune came
And spinning fancies she was heard to say,
That her fine cobwebs did support the frame,
Whereas they were supported by the same:
But Wisdom quickly swept them all away.

Then Pleasure came, who, liking not the fashion,
Began to make balconies, terraces,
Till she had weaken'd all by alteration:
But reverend laws, and many a proclamation
Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then enter'd Sin, and with that sycamore,
Whose leaves first shelter'd man from drought
and dew,

Working and winding slily evermore,
The inward walls and summers cleft and tore:
But Grace shored these, and cut that as it grew.

Then Sin combined with Death in a firm band,
To raze the building to the very floor:
Which they effected, none could them withstand.
But Love and Grace took Glory by the hand,
And built a braver palace than before.

OUR LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD.

COLOSSIANS III. 3.

My words and thoughts do both express this notion,
That Life hath with the sun a double motion.
The first Is straight, and our diurnal friend;
The other Hid, and doth obliquely bend.
One life is wrapt In flesh, and tends to earth:
The other winds towards Him, whose happy birth
Taught me to live here so, That still one eye
Should aim and shoot at that which Is on high;
Quitting with daily labor all My pleasure,
To gain at harvest an eternal Treasure.

VANITY.

THE fleet astronomer can bore
And thread the spheres with his quick-piercing
mind:
He views their stations, walks from door to door,
Surveys, as if he had design'd
To make a purchase there: he sees their dances,
And knoweth, long before,
Both their full-ey'd aspects and secret glances.

The nimble diver with his side
Cuts through the working waves, that he may
fetch
His dearly earned pearl, which God did hide
On purpose from the venturous wretch;
That He might save his life, and also hers,
Who with excessive pride
Her own destruction and his danger wears.

The subtile chymic can divest
And strip the creature naked, till he find
The callow principles within their nest:
There he imparts to them his mind,
Admitted to their bed-chamber, before
They appear trim and drest
To ordinary suitors at the door.

What hath not man sought out and found,
But his dear God? who yet His glorious law
Embosoms in us, mellowing the ground
With showers and frosts, with love and awe;
So that we need not say, Where 's this command?
Poor man! thou searchest round
To find out death, but missest life at hand.

LENT.

Welcome, dear feast of Lent: who loves not thee,
He loves not temperance, or authority,
But is composed of passion.
The Scriptures bid us fast; the Church says, now:
Give to thy mother what thou wouldst allow
To every corporation.

The humble soul, composed of love and fear,
Begins at home, and lays the burden there,
When doctrines disagree:
He says, in things which use hath justly got,
"I am a scandal to the Church," and not
"The Church is so to me."

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
To use their temperance, seeking no evasion,
When good is seasonable;

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Unless authority, which should increase
The obligation in us, make it less,
And power itself disable.

Besides the cleanness of sweet abstinence,
Quick thoughts and motions at a small expense,
A face not fearing light:
Whereas in fulness there are sluttish fumes,
Sour exhalations, and dishonest rheums,
Revenging the delight.

Then those same pendent profits, which the spring
And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing,
And goodness of the deed.
Neither ought other men's abuse of Lent
Spoil the good use; lest by that argument
We forfeit all our creed.

'T is true, we cannot reach Christ's fortieth day;
Yet to go part of that religious way
Is better than to rest:
We cannot reach our Saviour's purity;
Yet are we bid, "Be holy e'en as He."
In both let 's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,
Is much more sure to meet with Him, than one
That travelleth by-ways.
Perhaps my God, though He be far before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more,
May strengthen my decays.

Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast
By starving sin, and taking such repast
As may our faults control:
That every man may revel at his door,
Not in his parlor; banqueting the poor,
And among those his soul.

VIRTUE.

Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

THE PEARL.

MATT. XIII.

I KNOW the ways of Learning; both the head
And pipes that feed the press, and make it run;
What reason hath from nature borrowed,
Or of itself, like a good housewife, spun
In laws and policy; what the stars conspire,
What willing nature speaks, what forced by fire;
Both the old discoveries, and the new-found seas,
The stock and surplus, cause and history:
All these stand open, or I have the keys:
Yet I love Thee.

I know the ways of Honor, what maintains
The quick returns of courtesy and wit:
In vies of favors whether party gains,
When glory swells the heart, and mouldeth it
To all expressions both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true-love knot may tie,
And bear the bundle, wheresoe'er it goes:
How many drams of spirit there must be
To sell my life unto my friends or foes:
Yet I love Thee.

I know the ways of Pleasure, the sweet strains,
The lullings and the relishes of it;
The propositions of hot blood and brains;
What mirth and music mean; what love and wit

Have done these twenty hundred years, and more
I know the projects of unbridled store:
My stuff is flesh, not brass; my senses live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being but one to five:
Yet I love Thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand:
Therefore not sealed, but with open eyes
I fly to Thee, and fully understand
Both the main sale, and the commodities;
And at what rate and price I have Thy love;
With all the circumstances that may move:
Yet through the labyrinths, not my grovelling wit,
But Thy silk-twist let down from heaven to me,
Did both conduct and teach me how by it
To climb to Thee.

AFFLICTION.

Broken in pieces all asunder,
Lord, hunt me not,
A thing forgot,
Once a poor creature, now a wonder;
A wonder tortured in the space
Betwixt this world and that of grace.

My thoughts are all a case of knives,
Wounding my heart
With scatter'd smart;
As watering-pots give flowers their lives.
Nothing their fury can control,
While they do wound and prick my soul.

All my attendants are at strife,
Quitting their place
Unto my face:
Nothing performs the task of life:
The elements are let loose to fight,
And while I live, try out their right.

O help, my God! let not their plot
Kill them and me,
And also Thee,
Who art my life: dissolve the knot,
As the sun scatters by his light
All the rebellions of the night.

Then shall those powers, which work for grief,
Enter Thy pay,
And day by day
Labor Thy praise and my relief:
With care and courage building me,
Till I reach heaven, and, much more, Thee.

MAN.

My God, I heard this day,
That none doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is everything,
And more: he is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be more:
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides:
Each part may call the farthest, brother:
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so far,
But Man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest star:
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow;
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains
flow.
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure:
The whole is, either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain, which the sun with-
draws:
Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being; to our mind
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of duty:
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat:
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty?
Then how are all things neat!

More servants wait on Man
Than he 'll take notice of: in every path
He treads down that which doth befriend
him,
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
Oh mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, Thou hast
So brave a palace built; O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with Thee at last!
Till then, afford us so much wit,
That, as the world serves us, we may serve Thee,
And both Thy servants be.

ANTIPHON.

CHOR. PRAISED be the God of love,
MEN. Here below,
ANGELS. And here above;
CHOR. Who hath dealt His mercies so,
ANG. To His friend,
MEN. And to His foe;

CHOR. That both grace and glory tend
ANG. Us of old,
MEN. And us in the end.
CHOR. The great Shepherd of the fold
ANG. Us did make,
MEN. For us was sold.

CHOR. He our foes in pieces brake:
ANG. Him we touch;
MEN. And Him we take.
CHOR. Wherefore since that He is such,
ANG. We adore,
MEN. And we do crouch.

CHOR. Lord, Thy praises shall be more.
MEN. We have none,
ANG. And we no store.
CHOR. Praised be the God alone
Who hath made of two folds one

UNKINDNESS.

LORD, make me coy and tender to offend:
In friendship first, I think, if that agree,
Which I intend,
Unto my friend's intent and end.
I would not use a friend as I use Thee.

If any touch my friend, or his good name,
It is my honor and my love to free
His blasted fame
From the least spot or thought of blame.
I could not use a friend as I use Thee.

My friend may spit upon my curious floor:
Would he have gold? I lend it instantly;
But let the poor,
And Thou within them, starve at door.
I cannot use a friend as I use Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place,
I quit my interest, and leave it free:
But when Thy grace

Sues for my heart, I Thee displace;
Nor would I use a friend as I use Thee.

Yet can a friend what Thou hast done fulfil?
O write in brass, "My God upon a tree
His blood did spill,
Only to purchase my good-will:
Yet use I not my foes as I use Thee."

LIFE.

I MADE a posy, while the day ran by:
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart;
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Time's gentle admonition;
Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
Yet sugaring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,

And after death for cures.
I follow straight without complaints or grief,
Since if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

SUBMISSION.

But that Thou art my wisdom, Lord,
And both mine eyes are Thine,
My mind would be extremely stirr'd
For missing my design.

Were it not better to bestow
Some place and power on me?
Then should Thy praises with me grow,
And share in my degree.

But when I thus dispute and grieve,
I do resume my sight;
And pilfering what I once did give,
Disseize Thee of Thy right.

How know I, if Thou shouldst me raise,
That I should then raise Thee?
Perhaps great places and Thy praise
Do not so well agree.

Wherefore unto my gift I stand;
I will no more advise:

Only do Thou lend me a hand,
Since Thou hast both mine eyes.

JUSTICE.

I CANNOT skill of these my ways:
"Lord, Thou didst make me, yet Thou woundest me:
Lord, thou dost wound me, yet Thou dost relieve me:
Lord, Thou relievest, yet I die by Thee:
Lord, Thou dost kill me, yet Thou dost reprieve me."

But when I mark my life and praise,
Thy justice me most fitly pays:
For "I do praise Thee, yet I praise Thee not:
My prayers mean Thee, yet my prayers stray:
I would do well, yet sin the hand hath got:
My soul doth love Thee, yet it loves delay."
I cannot skill of these my ways.

CHARMS AND KNOTS.

Who read a chapter when they rise,
Shall ne'er be troubled with ill eyes.

A poor man's rod, when thou dost ride,
Is both a weapon and a guide.

Who shuts his hand, hath lost his gold:
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed, and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to every day.

Who by aspersions throw a stone
At the head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes,
Finds himself there, and seeks to rise.

When the hair is sweet through pride or lust,
The powder doth forget the dust.

Take one from ten, and what remains?
Ten still, if sermons go for gains.

In shallow waters heaven doth show:
But who drinks on, to hell may go.

AFFLICTION.

My God, I read this day,
That planted Paradise was not so firm
As was and is Thy floating Ark; whose stay
And anchor Thou art only, to confirm
And strengthen it in every age,
When waves do rise, and tempests rage.

At first we lived in pleasure;
Thine own delights Thou didst to us impart:
When we grew wanton, Thou didst use displeasure
To make us Thine: yet that we might not part,
As we at first did board with Thee,
Now Thou wouldst taste our misery.

There is but joy and grief;
If either will convert us, we are Thine:
Some Angels used the first; if our relief
Take up the second, then Thy double line
And several baits in either kind
Furnish Thy table to Thy mind.

Affliction then is ours:
We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more,
While blustering winds destroy the wanton bowers,
And ruffle all their curious knots and store.
My God, so temper joy and woe,
That Thy bright beams may tame Thy bow

MORTIFICATION.

How soon doth man decay!
When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets
To swaddle infants, whose young breath
Scarce knows the way;
Those clouts are little winding-sheets,
Which do consign and send them unto death.

When boys go first to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves;
Sleep binds them fast; only their breath
Makes them not dead.
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for music, while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In company;
That music summons to the knell,
Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

When man grows staid and wise,
Getting a house and home, where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes;
That dumb inclosure maketh love
Unto the coffin, that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
Marking his grave, and thawing every year,
Till all do melt, and drown his breath
When he would speak ;
A chair or litter shows the bier
Which shall convey him to the house of death.

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a solemnity,
And drest his hearse, while he has breath
As yet to spare.
Yet, Lord, instruct us so to die
That all these dyings may be life in death.

DECAY.

Sweet were the days, when Thou didst lodge with Lot,
Struggle with Jacob, sit with Gideon,
Advise with Abraham, when Thy power could not
Encounter Moses' strong complaints and moan :
Thy words were then, "Let me alone."

One might have sought and found Thee presently
At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well :
Is my God this way ? No, they would reply ;
He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell :
List, ye may hear great Aaron's bell.

But now Thou dost Thyself immure and close
In some one corner of a feeble heart;
Where yet both Sin and Satan, Thy old foes,
Do pinch and straiten Thee, and use much art
To gain Thy thirds and little part.

I see the world grows old, when as the heat
Of Thy great love once spread, as in an urn
Doth closet up itself, and still retreat,
Cold Sin still forcing it, till it return
And, calling Justice, all things burn.

MISERY.

Lord, let the Angels praise Thy name.
Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing;
Folly and Sin play all his game.
His house still burns; and yet he still doth sing,
Man is but grass,
He knows it, fill the glass.

How canst Thou brook his foolishness?
Why, he 'll not lose a cup of drink for Thee:
Bid him but temper his excess;
Not he: he knows where he can better be,
As he will swear,
Than to serve Thee in fear.

What strange pollutions doth he wed,
And make his own! as if none knew but he!
No man shall beat into his head
That Thou within his curtains drawn canst see:
They are of cloth,
Where never yet came moth.

The best of men, turn but Thy hand
For one poor minute, stumble at a pin:
They would not have their actions scann'd,
Nor any sorrow tell them that they sin,
Though it be small,
And measure not their fall.

They quarrel Thee, and would give over
The bargain made to serve Thee: but Thy love
Holds them unto it, and doth cover
Their follies with the wing of Thy mild Dove,
Not suffering those
Who would, to be Thy foes.

My God, man cannot praise Thy name:
Thou art all brightness, perfect purity:
The sun holds down his head for shame,
Dead with eclipses, when we speak of Thee.
How shall infection
Presume on Thy perfection?

As dirty hands foul all they touch,
And those things most which are most pure and
fine,

So our clay hearts, e'en when we crouch
To sing Thy praises, make them less divine.
Yet either this
Or none Thy portion is.

Man cannot serve Thee; let him go
And serve the swine: there, there is his delight:
He doth not like this virtue, no;
Give him his dirt to wallow in all night;
These preachers make
His head to shoot and ache.

O foolish man! where are thine eyes?
How hast thou lost them in a crowd of cares?
Thou pull'st the rug, and wilt not rise,
No, not to purchase the whole pack of stars:
There let them shine,
Thou must go sleep, or dine.

The bird that sees a dainty bower
Made in the tree, where she was wont to sit,
Wonders and sings, but not His power
Who made the arbor: this exceeds her wit.
But man doth know
The spring whence all things flow:

And yet, as though he knew it not,
His knowledge winks, and lets his humors reign:
They make his life a constant blot,
And all the blood of God to run in vain.

Ah, wretch! what verse
Can thy strange ways rehearse?

Indeed, at first, man was a treasure,
A box of jewels, shop of rarities,
A ring whose posy was, "My pleasure;"
He was a garden in a Paradise:
Glory and grace
Did crown his heart and face.

But sin hath fool'd him. Now he is
A lump of flesh, without a foot or wing
To raise him to the glimpse of bliss:
A sick toss'd vessel, dashing on each thing;
Nay, his own shelf:
My God, I mean myself.

JORDAN.

When first my lines of heavenly joys made mention,
Such was their lustre, they did so excel,
That I sought out quaint words, and trim invention;
My thoughts began to burnish, sprout, and swell,
Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
Decking the sense, as if it were to sell.

Thousands of notions in my brain did run,
Offering their service, if I were not sped:

I often blotted what I had begun;
This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the sun,
Much less those joys which trample on his head.

As flames do work and wind when they ascend,
So did I weave myself into the sense.
But while I bustled, I might hear a friend
Whisper, "How wide is all this long pretence?
There is in love a sweetness ready penn'd:
Copy out only that, and save expense."

PRAYER.

Of what an easy, quick access,
My blessed Lord, art Thou! how suddenly
May our requests Thine ear invade!
To show that state dislikes not easiness,
If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made:
Thou canst no more not hear, than Thou canst die.

Of what supreme, almighty power
Is Thy great arm which spans the east and west,
And tacks the centre to the sphere!
By it do all things live their measured hour:
We cannot ask the thing which is not there,
Blaming the shallowness of our request.

Of what unmeasurable love
Art Thou possest, who, when Thou couldst not die,
Wert fain to take our flesh and curse,
And for our sakes in person sin reprove ;
That, by destroying that which tied Thy purse,
Thou might'st make way for liberality !

Since then these three wait on Thy throne,
Ease, Power, and Love ; I value Prayer so,
That were I to leave all but one,
Wealth, fame, endowments, virtues, all should go ;
I and dear Prayer would together dwell,
And quickly gain, for each inch lost, an ell.

OBEDIENCE.

My God, if writings may
Convey a lordship any way
Whither the buyer and the seller please ;
Let it not Thee displease,
If this poor paper do as much as they.

On it my heart doth bleed
As many lines as there doth need
To pass itself and all it hath to Thee.
To which I do agree,
And here present it as my special deed.

If that hereafter pleasure
Cavil, and claim her part and measure,
As if this passed with a reservation,
Or some such words in fashion;
I here exclude the wrangler from Thy treasure.

O let Thy sacred will
All Thy delight in me fulfil!
Let me not think an action mine own way,
But as Thy love shall sway,
Resigning up the rudder to Thy skill.

Lord, what is man to Thee,
That Thou shouldst mind a rotten tree?
Yet since Thou canst not choose but see my actions,
So great are Thy perfections,
Thou may'st as well my actions guide, as see.

Besides, Thy death and blood
Show'd a strange love to all our good:
Thy sorrows were in earnest; no faint proffer,
Or superficial offer
Of what we might not take, or be withstood.

Wherefore I all forego:
To one word only I say, No:
Where in the deed there was an intimation
Of a gift or donation,
Lord, let it now by way of purchase go.

He that will pass his land,
As I have mine, may set his hand
And heart unto this deed, when he hath read;
And make the purchase spread
To both our goods, if he to it will stand.

How happy were my part,
If some kind man would thrust his heart
Into these lines; till in heaven's court of rolls
They were by winged souls
Enter'd for both far above their desert!

CONSCIENCE.

Peace, prattler, do not lour:
Not a fair look, but thou dost call it foul;
Not a sweet dish, but thou dost call it sour:
Music to thee doth howl.
By listening to thy chatting fears
I have both lost mine eyes and ears.

Prattler, no more, I say:
My thoughts must work, but like a noiseless sphere
Harmonious peace must rock them all the day:
No room for prattlers there.
If thou persisteth, I will tell thee,
That I have physic to expel thee.

And the receipt shall be
My Saviour's blood: whenever at His board
I do but taste it, straight it cleanseth me,
And leaves thee not a word;
No, not a tooth or nail to scratch,
And at my actions carp, or catch.

Yet if thou talkest still,
Besides my physic, know there 's some for thee:
Some wood and nails to make a staff or bill
For those that trouble me:
The bloody cross of my dear Lord
Is both my physic and my sword.

SION.

LORD, with what glory wast Thou served of old,
When Solomon's temple stood and flourished!
Where most things were of purest gold;
The wood was all embellished
With flowers and carvings, mystical and rare:
All show'd the builders craved the seer's care.

Yet all this glory, all this pomp and state,
Did not affect Thee much, was not Thy aim.
Something there was that sow'd debate:
Wherefore Thou quitt'st Thy ancient claim:
And now Thy architecture meets with sin;
For all Thy frame and fabric is within.

There Thou art struggling with a peevish heart,
Which sometimes crosseth Thee, Thou sometimes
it:
The fight is hard on either part.
Great God doth fight, He doth submit.
All Solomon's sea of brass and world of stone
Is not so dear to Thee as one good groan.

And truly brass and stones are heavy things,
Tombs for the dead, not temples fit for Thee:
But groans are quick, and full of wings,
And all their motions upward be;
And ever as they mount, like larks they sing:
The note is sad, yet music for a King.

HOME.

Come, Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is sick,
While Thou dost ever, ever stay:
Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
My spirit gaspeth night and day.
O show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

How canst Thou stay, considering the pace
The blood did make, which Thou didst waste?
When I behold it trickling down Thy face,
I never saw thing make such haste.
O show Thyself, &c.

When man was lost, Thy pity look'd about,
To see what help in the earth or sky:
But there was none; at least no help without:
The help did in Thy bosom lie.
O show Thyself, &c.

There lay Thy Son: and must He leave that nest,
That hive of sweetness, to remove
Thraldom from those who would not at a feast
Leave one poor apple for Thy love?
O show Thyself, &c.

He did, He came: O my Redeemer dear,
After all this canst Thou be strange?
So many years baptized, and not appear;
As if Thy love could fail or change?
O show Thyself, &c.

Yet if Thou stayest still, why must I stay?
My God, what is this world to me?
This world of woe? Hence, all ye clouds, away,
Away; I must get up and see.
O show Thyself, &c.

What is this weary world; this meat and drink,
That chains us by the teeth so fast?
What is this womankind, which I can wink
Into a blackness and distaste?
O show Thyself, &c.

With one small sigh Thou gavest me the other day
I blasted all the joys about me ;
And scowling on them as they pined away,
Now come again, said I, and flout me.
O show Thyself, &c.

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bush and brake,
Which way soe'er I look, I see.
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dress themselves and come to Thee.
O show Thyself, &c.

We talk of harvests ; there are no such things,
But when we leave our corn and hay :
There is no fruitful year, but that which brings
The last and loved, though dreadful day.
O show Thyself, &c.

O loose this frame, this knot of man untie,
That my free soul may use her wing,
Which now is pinion'd with mortality,
As an entangled, hamper'd thing.
O show Thyself, &c.

What have I left that I should stay and groan ?
The most of me to heaven is fled :
My thoughts and joys are all packed up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead.
O show Thyself, &c.

Come, dearest Lord, pass not this holy season,
My flesh and bones and joints do pray:
And e'en my verse, when by the rhyme and reason
The word is, "Stay," says ever, "Come."
O show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

THE BRITISH CHURCH.

I JOY, dear Mother, when I view
Thy perfect lineaments, and hue
Both sweet and bright:

Beauty in thee takes up her place,
And dates her letters from thy face,
When she doth write.

A fine aspect in fit array,
Neither too mean, nor yet too gay,
Shows who is best:

Outlandish looks may not compare;
For all they either painted are,
Or else undrest.

She on the hills, which wantonly
Allureth all in hope to be
By her preferr'd,

Hath kiss'd so long her painted shrines,
That e'en her face by kissing shines,
For her reward.

She in the valley is so shy
Of dressing, that her hair doth lie
About her ears:

While she avoids her neighbor's pride,
She wholly goes on the other side,
And nothing wears.

But, dearest Mother, (what those miss,)
The mean thy praise and glory is,
And long may be.

Blessed be God, whose love it was
To double-moat thee with His grace,
And none but thee.

THE QUIP.

The merry world did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First, Beauty crept into a rose;
Which when I pluckt not, — Sir, said she,

Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and, chinking still,
What tune is this, poor man? said he:
I heard in music you had skill:
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
In silks that whistled, who but he!
He scarce allow'd me half an eye:
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration:
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of Thy design
To answer these fine things shall come,
Speak not at large; say, I am Thine,
And then they have their answer home.

VANITY.

POOR, silly soul, whose hope and head lies low;
Whose flat delights on earth do creep and grow:
To whom the stars shine not so fair as eyes;
Nor solid work, as false embroideries;

Hark and beware, lest what you now do measure,
And write for sweet, prove a most sour displeasure.

O hear betimes, lest thy relenting
May come too late!
To purchase heaven for repenting
Is no hard rate.
If souls be made of earthly mould,
Let them love gold;
If born on high,
Let them unto their kindred fly:
For they can never be at rest,
Till they regain their ancient nest.
Then, silly soul, take heed; for earthly joy
Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

THE DAWNING.

Awake, sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns:
Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth,
Unfold thy forehead gather'd into frowns;
Thy Saviour comes, and with Him mirth:
Awake, awake;
And with a thankful heart His comforts take.
But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry;
And feel His death, but not His victory.

Arise, sad heart; if thou dost not withstand,
Christ's resurrection thine may be:

Do not by hanging down break from the hand,
Which, as it riseth, raiseth thee:
Arise, arise;
And with His burial-linen dry thine eyes.
Christ left His grave-clothes, that we might, when grief
Draws tears or blood, not want an handkerchief.

JESU.

JESU is in my heart, His sacred name
Is deeply carved there; but the other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
E'en all to pieces; which I went to seek:
And first I found the corner where was *J*,
After, where *ES*, and next where *U*, was graved.
When I had got these parcels, instantly
I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
That to my broken heart He was *I ease you*.
And to my whole is *JESU*.

BUSINESS.

CANST be idle? canst thou play,
Foolish soul who sinn'd to-day?

Rivers run, and springs each one
Know their home, and get them gone:
Hast thou tears, or hast thou none?

If, poor soul, thou hast no tears,
Would thou hadst no faults or fears!
Who hath these, those ills forbears.

Winds still work: it is their plot,
Be the season cold or hot:
Hast thou sighs, or hast thou not?

If thou hast no sighs or groans,
Would thou hadst no flesh and bones!
Lesser pains 'scape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
Foolish soul, Who died for thee?

Who did leave His Father's throne,
To assume thy flesh and bone?
Had He life, or had He none?

If He had not lived for thee,
Thou hadst died most wretchedly
And two deaths had been thy fee.

He so far thy good did plot,
That His own self He forgot.
Did He die, or did He not?

If He had not died for thee,
Thou hadst lived in misery.
Two lives worse than ten deaths be.

And hath any space of breath
'Twixt his sins and Saviour's death?

He that loseth gold, though dross,
Tells to all he meets his cross:
He that sins, hath he no loss?

He that finds a silver vein,
Thinks on it, and thinks again:
Brings thy Saviour's death no gain?

Who in heart not ever kneels,
Neither sin nor Saviour feels.

DIALOGUE.

SWEETEST Saviour, if my soul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly should I then control
Any thought of waving.
But when all my care and pains
Cannot give the name of gains
To Thy wretch so full of stains;
What delight or hope remains?

What (Child), is the balance thine?
Thine the poise and measure?
If I say, "Thou shalt be Mine,"
Finger not My treasure.

What the gains in having thee
Do amount to, only He,
Who for man was sold, can see,
That transferr'd the accounts to me.

But as I can see no merit,
Leading to this favor,
So the way to fit me for it,
Is beyond my savor.
As the reason then is Thine,
So the way is none of mine ;
I disclaim the whole design :
Sin disclaims and I resign.

That is all, if that I could
Get without repining ;
And My clay, My creature, would
Follow My resigning :
That as I did freely part
With My glory and desert,
Left all joys to feel all smart —
Ah ! no more : Thou break'st my heart.

DULNESS.

Why do I languish thus, drooping and dull,
As if I were all earth ?
O give me quickness, that I may with mirth
Praise Thee brimful !

The wanton lover in a curious strain
Can praise his fairest fair;
And with quaint metaphors her curled hair
Curl o'er again:

Thou art my loveliness, my life, my light,
Beauty alone to me:
Thy bloody death, and undeserved, makes Thee
Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appear,
That those Thy form doth show,
The very dust, where Thou dost tread and go,
Makes beauties here.

Where are my lines then? my approaches? views?
Where are my window-songs?
Lovers are still pretending, and e'en wrongs
Sharpen their muse.

But I am lost in flesh, whose sugar'd lies
Still mock me, and grow bold:
Sure Thou didst put a mind there, if I could
Find where it lies.

Lord, clear Thy gift, that with a constant wit
I may but look towards Thee:
Look only; for to love Thee, who can be,
What angel, fit?

LOVE-JOY.

As on a window late I cast mine eye,
I saw a vine drop grapes with J and C
Anneal'd on every bunch. One standing by
Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth
To spend my judgment) said, it seem'd to me
To be the body and the letters both
Of Joy and Charity. Sir, you have not miss'd,
The man replied; it figures JESUS CHRIST.

PROVIDENCE.

O SACRED Providence, Who from end to end
Strongly and sweetly movest! shall I write,
And not of Thee, through whom my fingers bend
To hold my quill? shall they not do Thee right?

Of all the creatures both in sea and land,
Only to man Thou hast made known Thy ways,
And put the pen alone into his hand,
And made him secretary of Thy praise.

Beasts fain would sing; birds ditty to their notes;
Trees would be tuning on their native lute
To Thy renown: but all their hands and throats
Are brought to man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the world's high priest: he doth present
The sacrifice for all; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
Such as springs use that fall, and winds that blow.

He that to praise and laud Thee doth refrain,
Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
But robs a thousand who would praise Thee fain,
And doth commit a world of sin in one.

The beasts say, eat me; but, if beasts must teach,
The tongue is yours to eat, but mine to praise.
The trees say, pull me; but the hand you stretch
Is mine to write, as it is yours to raise.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
For me and all my fellows praise to Thee:
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both Thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
While all things have their will, yet none but Thine.

For either Thy command or Thy permission
Lay hands on all; they are Thy right and left:
The first puts on with speed and expedition;
The other curbs sin's stealing pace and theft.

Nothing escapes them both : all must appear,
And be disposed, and dress'd, and tuned by Thee,
Who sweetly temper'st all. If we could hear
Thy skill and art, what music would it be !

Thou art in small things great, not small in any :
Thy even praise can neither rise nor fall.
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many ;
For Thou art infinite in one and all.

Tempests are calm to Thee ; they know Thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do their father's,
Which cry and follow. Thou hast made poor sand
Check the proud sea, e'en when it swells and
gathers.

Thy cupboard serves the world : the meat is set
Where all may reach : no beast but knows his feed.
Birds teach us hawking ; fishes have their net ;
The great prey on the less, they on some weed.

Nothing engender'd doth prevent his meat ;
Flies have their table spread, ere they appear ;
Some creatures have in winter what to eat ;
Others do sleep, and envy not their cheer.

How finely dost Thou times and seasons spin,
And make a twist checker'd with night and day !
Which, as it lengthens, winds, and winds us in,
As bowls go on, but turning all the way.

Each creature hath a wisdom for his good.
The pigeons feed their tender offspring, crying,
When they are callow; but withdraw their food,
When they are fledged, that need may teach them
flying.

Bees work for man; and yet they never bruise
Their master's flower, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit to use:
So both the flower doth stay, and honey run.

Sheep eat the grass, and dung the ground for
more:
Trees, after bearing, drop their leaves for soil:
Springs vent their streams, and by expense get
store:
Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the virtue to express the rare
And curious virtues both of herbs and stones?
Is there an herb for that? O that Thy care
Would show a root that gives expressions!

And if an herb hath power, what have the stars?
A rose, besides his beauty, is a cure.
Doubtless our plagues and plenty, peace and wars,
Are there much surer than our art is sure.

Thou hast hid metals: man may take them thence;
But at his peril: when he digs the place,

He makes a grave; as if the thing had sense,
And threaten'd man, that he should fill the space.

E'en poisons praise Thee. Should a thing be lost?
Should creatures want, for want of heed, their due?
Since, where are poisons, antidotes are most;
The help stands close, and keeps the fear in view.

The sea, which seems to stop the traveller,
Is by a ship the speedier passage made.
The winds, who think They rule the mariner,
Are ruled by him, and taught to serve his trade.

And as Thy house is full, so I adore
Thy curious art in marshalling Thy goods.
The hills with health abound; the vales with store;
The south with marble; north with furs and woods.

Hard things are glorious; easy things good cheap;
The common all men have; that which is rare,
Men therefore seek to have, and care to keep.
The healthy frosts with summer fruits compare.

Light without wind is glass; warm without weight
Is wool and furs; cool without closeness, shade;
Speed without pains, a horse; tall without height,
A servile hawk; low without loss, a spade.

All countries have enough to serve their need:
If they seek fine things, Thou dost make them run
For their offence; and then dost turn their speed
To be commerce and trade from sun to sun.

Nothing wears clothes, but man; nothing doth need
But he to wear them. Nothing useth fire,
But man alone, to show his heavenly breed:
And only he hath fuel in desire.

When the earth was dry, Thou madest a sea of wet;
When that lay gather'd, Thou didst broach the mountains;
When yet some places could no moisture get,
The winds grew gardeners, and the clouds good fountains.

Rain, do not hurt my flowers, but gently spend
Your honey-drops; press not to smell them here:
When they are ripe, their odor will ascend,
And at your lodging with their thanks appear.

How harsh are thorns to pears! and yet they make
A better hedge, and need less reparation.
How smooth are silks, compared with a stake,
Or with a stone! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes Thou dost divide thy gifts to man,
Sometimes unite. The Indian nut alone
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and can,
Boat, cable, sail and needle, all in one.

Most herbs that grow in brooks are hot and dry.
Cold fruit's warm kernels help against the wind.
The lemon's juice and rind cure mutually.
The whey of milk doth loose, the milk doth bind.

Thy creatures leap not, but express a feast,
Where all the guests sit close, and nothing wants.
Frogs marry fish and flesh; bats, bird and beast;
Sponges, nonsense and sense; mines, the earth
and plants.

To show Thou art not bound, as if Thy lot
Were worse than ours, sometimes Thou shiftest
hands.
Most things move the under jaw; the crocodile
not.
Most things sleep lying, the elephant leans or
stands.

But who hath praise enough? nay, who hath any?
None can express Thy works, but he that knows
them;
And none can know Thy works, which are so
many,
And so complete, but only he that owes them.

All things that are, though they have several
ways,
Yet in their being join with one advice
To honor Thee: and so I give Thee praise
In all my other hymns, but in this twice.

Each thing that is, although in use and name
It go for one, hath many ways in store
To honor Thee; and so each hymn Thy fame
Extolleth many ways, yet this one more.

HOPE.

I GAVE to Hope a watch of mine: but he
An anchor gave to me.
Then an old Prayer-book I did present:
And he an optic sent.
With that I gave a phial full of tears:
But he a few green ears.
Ah, loiterer! I'll no more, no more I'll bring:
I did expect a ring.

SINS ROUND.

SORRY I am, my God, sorry I am,
That my offences course it in a ring.
My thoughts are working like a busy flame,
Until their cockatrice they hatch and bring:

And when they once have perfected their draughts,
My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts.

My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts,
Which spit it forth like the Sicilian hill.
They vent the wares, and pass them with their
faults,
And by their breathing ventilate the ill.
But words suffice not, where are lewd intentions:
My hands do join to finish the inventions.

My hands do join to finish the inventions;
And so my sins ascend three stories high,
As Babel grew before there were dissensions.
Yet ill deeds loiter not; for they supply
New thoughts of sinning: wherefore, to my shame,
Sorry I am, my God; sorry I am.

TIME.

Meeting with Time, Slack thing, said I,
Thy scythe is dull: whet it for shame.
No marvel, Sir, he did reply,
If it at length deserve some blame;
But where one man would have me grind it,
Twenty for one too sharp do find it.

Perhaps some such of old did pass,
Who above all things loved this life;

To whom thy scythe a hatchet was,
Which now is but a pruning-knife.
Christ's coming hath made man thy debtor,
Since by thy cutting he grows better.

And in His blessing thou art blest ;
For, where thou only wert before
An executioner at best,
Thou art a gardener now, and more ;
An usher to convey our souls
Beyond the utmost stars and poles.

And this is that makes life so long,
While it detains us from our God.
E'en pleasures here increase the wrong ;
And length of days lengthen the rod.
Who wants the place where God doth dwell,
Partakes already half of hell.

Of what strange length must that needs be
Which e'en eternity excludes !
Thus far, Time heard me patiently ;
Then chafing said, This man deludes :
What do I hear before his door ?
He doth not crave less time, but more.

GRATEFULNESS.

Thou that hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more, a grateful heart.
See how Thy beggar works on Thee
By art.

He makes Thy gifts occasion more,
And says, if he in this be crost,
All Thou hast given him heretofore
Is lost.

But Thou didst reckon, when at first
Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,
What it would come to at the worst
To save.

Perpetual knockings at Thy door,
Tears sullying Thy transparent rooms,
Gift upon gift; much would have more,
And comes.

This not withstanding, Thou went'st on,
And didst allow us all our noise:
Nay, Thou hast made a sigh and groan
Thy joys.

Not that Thou hast not still above
Much better tunes than groans can make
But that these country-airs Thy love
Did take.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again;
And in no quiet canst Thou be,
Till I a thankful heart obtain
Of Thee:

Not thankful, when it pleaseth me;
As if Thy blessings had spare days:
But such a heart, whose pulse may be
Thy praise.

PEACE.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd, if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did seem to answer, No:
Go seek elsewhere.

I did; and, going, did a rainbow note:
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peace's coat:

I will search out the matter.
But while I look'd, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The crown imperial: Sure, said I,
Peace at the root must dwell.
But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour
What show'd so well.

At length I met a reverend, good old man;
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began:
There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, Who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes.
But, after death, out of His grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat:
Which many wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth:
For they that taste it do rehearse,
That virtue lies therein;
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it: and that repose
And peace, which everywhere
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there.

CONFESSION.

O WHAT a cunning guest
Is this same grief! within my heart I made
Closets, and in them many a chest;
And, like a master in my trade,
In those chests, boxes; in each box, a till:
Yet grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No screw, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber work and wind,
As God's afflictions into man,
When He a torture hath design'd.
They are too subtle for the subtlest hearts;
And fall, like rheums, upon the tenderest parts.

We are the earth; and they,
Like moles within us, heave, and cast about:
And till they foot and clutch their prey,
They never cool, much less give out.
No smith can make such locks, but they have keys;
Closets are halls to them; and hearts, highways.

Only an open breast
Doth shut them out, so that they cannot enter;
Or, if they enter, cannot rest,
But quickly seek some new adventure.
Smooth open hearts no fastening have: but fiction
Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and sins,
Lord, I acknowledge; take Thy plagues away:
For since confession pardon wins,
I challenge here the brightest day,
The clearest diamond: let them do their best,
They shall be thick and cloudy to my breast.

GIDDINESS.

O WHAT a thing is man! how far from power,
From settled peace and rest!
He is some twenty several men at least
Each several hour.

One while he counts of heaven, as of his treasure:
But then a thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for fear of sin
Will lose a pleasure.

Now he will fight it out, and to the wars;
Now eat his bread in peace,
And snudge in quiet: now he scorns increase;
Now all day spares.

He builds a house, which quickly down must go,
As if a whirlwind blew
And crush'd the building: and 't is partly true,
His mind is so.

O what a sight were man, if his attires
Did alter with his mind;
And, like a dolphin's skin, his clothes combined
With his desires!

Surely, if each one saw another's heart,
There would be no commerce,
No sale or bargain pass: all would disperse,
And live apart.

Lord, mend or rather make us: one creation
Will not suffice our turn:
Except Thou make us daily, we shall spurn
Our own salvation.

THE BUNCH OF GRAPES.

Joy, I did lock thee up: but some bad man
Hath let thee out again:
And now, methinks, I am where I began
Seven years ago: one vogue and vein,
One air of thoughts usurps my brain;
I did towards Canaan draw; but now I am
Brought back to the Red Sea, the sea of shame.

For as the Jews of old, by God's command
Travell'd, and saw no town,
So now each Christian hath his journeys spann'd:
Their story pens and sets us down.
A single deed is small renown.
God's works are wide, and let in future times;
His ancient justice overflows our crimes.

Then have we too our guardian fires and clouds;
Our Scripture-dew drops fast:
We have our sands and serpents, tents and shrouds;
Alas! our murmurings come not last.
But where 's the cluster? where 's the taste
Of mine inheritance? Lord, if I must borrow,
Let me as well take up their joy, as sorrow.

But can he want the grape who hath the wine?
I have their fruit and more.
Blessed be God, who prosper'd Noah's vine,
And made it bring forth grapes good store.
But much more Him I must adore,
Who of the law's sour juice sweet wine did make,
E'en God Himself being pressed for my sake.

LOVE UNKNOWN.

Dear friend, sit down: the tale is long and sad;
And in my faintings I presume your love

Will more comply than help. A Lord I had,
And have, of Whom some grounds, which may im
prove,
I hold for two lives, and both lives in me.
To Him I brought a dish of fruit one day,
And in the middle placed my heart. But He
(I sigh to say)
Look'd on a servant, who did know His eye
Better than you know me, or (which is one)
Than I myself. The servant instantly,
Qu'tting the fruit, seized on my heart alone,
And threw it in a font, wherein did fall
A stream of blood, which issued from the side
Of a great rock. I well remember all,
And have good cause. There it was dipt and dyed,
And wash'd, and wrung: the very wringing yet
Enforceth tears. "Your heart was foul, I fear."
Indeed, 't is true. I did and do commit
Many a fault more than my lease will bear;
Yet still ask'd pardon, and was not denied.
But you shall hear. After my heart was well,
And clean and fair, as I one even-tide
(I sigh to tell)
Walk'd by myself abroad, I saw a large
And spacious furnace flaming, and thereon
A boiling caldron, round about whose verge
Was in great letters set AFFLICTION.
The greatness show'd the Owner. So I went
To fetch a sacrifice out of my fold,
Thinking with that, which I did thus present,

To warm His love, which I did fear grew cold.
But as my heart did tender it, the man
Who was to take it from me, slipt his hand,
And threw my heart into the scalding pan;
My heart, that brought it, (do you understand?)
The offerer's heart. "Your heart was hard, I fear"
Indeed, 't is true. I found a callous matter
Began to spread and to expatiate there:
But, with a richer drug than scalding water,
I bathed it often, e'en with holy blood,
Which at a board, while many drank bare wine,
A friend did steal into my cup for good,
E'en taken inwardly, and most divine
To supple hardnesses. But at the length
Out of the caldron getting, soon I fled
Unto my house, where, to repair the strength
Which I had lost, I hasted to my bed:
But when I thought to sleep out all these faults,
(I sigh to speak,)
I found that some had stuff'd the bed with thoughts,
I would say thorns. Dear, could my heart not break,
When, with my pleasures, e'en my rest was gone?
Full well I understood Who had been there;
For I had given the key to none but One:
It must be He. "Your heart was dull, I fear."
Indeed, a slack and sleepy state of mind
Did oft possess me, so that when I pray'd,
Though my lips went, my heart did stay behind.
But all my scores were by another paid,

Who took the debt upon Him. "Truly, friend,
For ought I hear, your Master shows to you
More favor than you wot of. Mark the end.
The font did only what was old renew:
The caldron suppled what was grown too hard:
The thorns did quicken what was grown too dull:
All did but strive to mend what you had marr'd.
Wherefore be cheer'd, and praise Him to the full
Each day, each hour, each moment of the week,
Who fain would have you be, new, tender, quick."

MAN'S MEDLEY.

HARK, how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring.
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.
Yet, if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter than in present is.

To this life, things of sense
Make their pretence;
In the other, Angels have a right by birth:
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one,
With the one hand touching heaven, with the other earth.

In soul he mounts and flies;
In flesh he dies.
He wears a stuff whose thread is coarse and round,
But trimm'd with curious lace,
And should take place
After the trimming, not the stuff and ground.

Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer;
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head,
So must he sip, and think
Of better drink
He may attain to, after he is dead.

But as his joys are double,
So is his trouble.
He hath two winters, other things but one:
Both frosts and thoughts do nip,
And bite his lip;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet even the greatest griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right, and in their ways.
Happy is he whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise.

THE STORM.

If, as the winds and waters here below
Do fly and flow,
My sighs and tears as busy were above,
Sure they would move
And much affect Thee, as tempestuous times
Amaze poor mortals, and object their crimes.

Stars have their storms, e'en in a high degree,
As well as we.
A throbbing conscience, spurred by remorse,
Hath a strange force:
It quits the earth, and, mounting more and more,
Dares to assault Thee, and besiege Thy door.

There it stands knocking, to Thy music's wrong,
And drowns the song.
Glory and honor are set by, till it
An answer get.
Poets have wrong'd poor storms: such days are best;
They purge the air without, within the breast.

PARADISE.

I BLESS Thee, Lord, because I GROW
Among Thy trees, which in a ROW
To Thee both fruit and order OW.

What open force or hidden CHARM
Can blast my fruit, or bring me HARM,
While the inclosure is Thine ARM?

Inclose me still, for fear I START.
Be to me rather sharp and TART,
Than let me want Thy hand and ART.

When Thou dost greater judgments SPARE,
And with Thy knife but prune and PARE,
E'en fruitful trees more fruitful ARE.

Such sharpness shows the sweetest FRIEND;
Such cuttings rather heal than REND;
And such beginnings touch their END.

THE METHOD.

Poor heart, lament;
For since thy God refuseth still,
There is some rub, some discontent,
Which cools His will.

Thy Father could
Quickly effect what thou dost move;
For He is Power: and sure He would;
For He is Love.

Go, search this thing,
Tumble thy breast, and turn thy book:
If thou hadst lost a glove or ring,
Wouldst thou not look?

What do I see
Written above there? Yesterday
I did behave me carelessly,
When I did pray.

And should God's ear
To such indifferents chained be,
Who do not their own motions hear?
Is God less free?

But stay! what 's there?
Late when I would have something done,
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.

And should God's ear,
Which needs not man, be tied to those
Who hear not Him, but quickly hear
His utter foes?

Then once more pray;
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice:
Seek pardon first, and God will say,
Glad heart, rejoice.

DIVINITY.

As men, for fear the stars should sleep and nod,
And trip at night, have spheres supplied;
As if a star were duller than a clod,
Which knows his way without a guide:

Just so the other heaven they also serve,
Divinity's transcendent sky;
Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve.
Reason triumphs, and Faith lies by.

Could not that Wisdom, which first broach'd the wine,
Have thicken'd it with definitions?
And jagg'd His seamless coat, had that been fine,
With curious questions and divisions?

But all the doctrine which He taught and gave,
Was clear as heaven, from whence it came.
At least those beams of truth, which only save,
Surpass in brightness any flame.

Love God, and love your neighbor. Watch and pray.
Do as you would be done unto.
O dark instructions, e'en as dark as day!
Who can these Gordian knots undo?

But He doth bid us take His blood for wine.
Bid what He please; yet I am sure,
To take and taste what He doth there design,
Is all that saves, and not obscure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, foolish man;
Break all thy spheres, and save thy head;
Faith needs no staff of flesh, but stoutly can
To heaven alone both go and lead.

GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT, ETC.

EPHESIANS IV. 30.

AND art Thou grieved, sweet and sacred Dove,
When I am sour,
And cross Thy love?
Grieved for me? the God of strength and power
Grieved for a worm, which, when I tread,
I pass away and leave it dead?

Then weep, mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve:
Weep, foolish heart,
And weeping live;
For death is dry as dust. Yet if we part,
End as the night, whose sable hue
Your sins express; melt into dew.

When saucy mirth shall knock or call at door,
Cry out, Get hence,
Or cry no more.
Almighty God doth grieve, He puts on sense:
I sin not to my grief alone,
But to my God's too; He doth groan.

O take thy lute, and tune it to a strain,
Which may with thee
All day complain.
There can no discord but in ceasing be.

Marbles can weep; and surely strings
More bowels have, than such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge myself to tears and grief,
E'en endless tears
Without relief.
If a clear spring for me no time forbears,
But runs, although I be not dry;
I am no crystal, what shall I?

Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail
Nature denies;
And flesh would fail,
If my deserts were masters of mine eyes:
Lord, pardon, for Thy Son makes good
My want of tears with store of blood.

THE FAMILY.

What doth this noise of thoughts within my heart,
As if they had a part?
What do these loud complaints and pulling fears,
As if there were no rule or ears?

But, Lord, the house and family are Thine,
Though some of them repine.
Turn out these wranglers, which defile Thy seat
For where Thou dwellest all is neat.

First Peace and Silence all disputes control,
Then Order plays the soul;
And giving all things their set forms and hours,
Makes of wild woods sweet walks and bowers.

Humble Obedience near the door doth stand,
Expecting a command:
Than whom in waiting nothing seems more slow,
Nothing more quick when she doth go.

Joys oft are there, and griefs as oft as joys;
But griefs without a noise:
Yet speak they louder than distemper'd fears:
What is so shrill as silent tears?

This is Thy house; with these it doth abound:
And where these are not found,
Perhaps Thou comest sometimes, and for a day;
But not to make a constant stay.

THE SIZE.

CONTENT thee, greedy heart.
Modest and moderate joys, to those that have
Title to more hereafter when they part,
Are passing brave.
Let the upper springs into the low
Descend and fall, and thou dost flow.

What though some have a fraught
Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinnamon sail?
If thou hast wherewithal to spice a draught,
When griefs prevail,
And for the future time art heir
To the isle of spices, is 't not fair?

To be in both worlds full
Is more than God was, Who was hungry here.
Wouldst thou His laws of fasting disannul?
Enact good cheer?
Lay out thy joy, yet hope to save it?
Wouldst thou both eat thy cake, and have it?

Great joys are all at once;
But little do reserve themselves for more:
Those have their hopes; these what they have renounce,
And live on score:
Those are at home; these journey still,
And meet the rest on Sion's hill.

Thy Saviour sentenced joy,
And in the flesh condemn'd it as unfit,
At least in lump: for such doth oft destroy;
Whereas a bit
Doth 'tice us on to hopes of more,
And for the present health restore.

A Christian's state and case
Is not a corpulent, but a thin and spare,

Yet active strength : whose long and bony face
Content and care
Do seem to equally divide,
Like a pretender, not a bride.

Wherefore sit down, good heart ;
Grasp not at much, for fear thou losest all.
If comforts fell according to desert,
They would great frosts and snows destroy :
For we should count, Since the last joy.

Then close again the seam
Which thou hast open'd ; do not spread thy robe
In hope of great things. Call to mind thy dream,
An earthly globe,
On whose meridian was engraven,
These seas are tears, and Heaven the haven.

ARTILLERY.

As I one evening sat before my cell,
Me thought a star did shoot into my lap.
I rose, and shook my clothes, as knowing well,
That from small fires come oft no small mishap ;
When suddenly I heard one say, —
Do as thou usest, disobey ;
Expel good motions from thy breast,
Which have the face of fire, but end in rest.

I, who had heard of music in the spheres,
But not of speech in stars, began to muse;
But turning to my God, Whose ministers
The stars and all things are: If I refuse,
Dread Lord, said I, so oft my good,
Then I refuse not e'en with blood
To wash away my stubborn thought:
For I will do, or suffer what I ought.

But I have also stars and shooters too,
Born where Thy servants both artilleries use.
My tears and prayers night and day do woo,
And work up to Thee; yet Thou dost refuse.
Not but I am (I must say still)
Much more obliged to do Thy will,
Than Thou to grant mine; but because
Thy promise now hath e'en set Thee Thy laws.

Then we are shooters both, and Thou dost deign
To enter combat with us, and contest
With Thine own clay. But I would parley fain
Shun not my arrows, and behold my breast.
Yet if Thou shunnest, I am Thine:
I must be so, if I am mine.
There is no articling with Thee:
I am but finite, yet Thine infinitely.

CHURCH-RENTS AND SCHISMS.

BRAVE Rose, (alas!) where art thou? in the chair,
Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine,
A worm dost sit, whose many feet and hair
Are the more foul, the more thou wert divine.
This, this hath done it, this did bite the root
And bottom of the leaves: which when the wind
Did once perceive, it blew them underfoot,
Where rude unhallowed steps do crush and grind
Their beauteous glories. Only shreds of thee,
And those all bitten, in thy chair I see.

Why doth my Mother blush? is she the rose,
And shows it so? Indeed Christ's precious blood
Gave you a color once; which when your foes
Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,
And made you look much fresher than before.
But when debates and fretting jealousies
Did worm and work within you more and more,
Your color faded, and calamities
Turned your ruddy into pale and bleak:
Your health and beauty both began to break.

Then did your several parts unloose and start:
Which when your neighbors saw, like a north-
wind
They rushed in, and cast them in the dirt
Where Pagans tread. O Mother, dear and kind,

Where shall I get me eyes enough to weep,
As many eyes as stars? since it is night,
And much of Asia and Europe fast asleep,
And e'en all Afric; would at least I might
With these two poor ones lick up all the dew,
Which falls by night, and pour it out for you!

JUSTICE.

O DREADFUL Justice, what a fright and terror
Wast thou of old,
When sin and error
Did show and shape thy looks to me,
And through their glass discolor thee!
He that did but look up, was proud and bold.

The dishes of thy balance seem'd to gape,
Like two great pits;
The beam and scape
Did like some tottering engine show:
Thy hand above did burn and glow,
Daunting the stoutest hearts, the proudest wits.

But now that Christ's pure veil presents the sight,
I see no fears:
Thy hand is white;
Thy scales like buckets, which attend
And interchangeably descend,
Lifting to heaven from this well of tears.

For where before thou still didst call on me,
Now I still touch
And harp on thee.
God's promises hath made thee mine:
Why should I justice now decline?
Against me there is none, but for me much.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

I TRAVELL'D on, seeing the hill, where lay
My expectation.
A long it was and weary way.
The gloomy cave of Desperation
I left on the one, and on the other side
The rock of Pride.

And so I came to Fancy's meadow, strow'd
With many a flower:
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quicken'd by my hour.
So to Care's copse I came, and there got through
With much ado.

That led me to the wild of Passion; which
Some call the wold:
A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
Here I was robb'd of all my gold,
Save one good Angel, which a friend had tied
Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladsome hill,
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart; and climbing still,
When I had gain'd the brow and top,
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that abash'd, and struck with many a sting
Of swarming fears,
I fell, and cried, Alas, my King!
Can both the way and end be tears?
Yet, taking heart, I rose, and then perceived
I was deceived:

My hill was further: so I flung away,
Yet heard a cry
Just as I went, "None goes that way
And lives." If that be all, said I,
After so foul a journey death is fair,
And but a chair.

THE HOLD-FAST.

I THREATEN'D to observe the strict decree
Of my dear God with all my power and
might:
But I was told by one it could not be;
Yet I might trust in God to be my light.

Then will I trust, said I, in Him alone.
Nay, e'en to trust in Him, was also His:
We must confess, that nothing is our own.
Then I confess that He my succor is:

But to have nought is ours, not to confess
That we have nought. I stood amazed at this,
Much troubled, till I heard a friend express,
That all things were more ours by being His.
What Adam had, and forfeited for all,
Christ keepeth now, Who cannot fail or fall.

COMPLAINING.

Do not beguile my heart,
Because Thou art
My power and wisdom. Put me not to shame,
Because I am
Thy clay that weeps, Thy dust that calls.

Thou art the Lord of glory;
The deed and story
Are both Thy due: but I, a silly fly,
That live or die,
According as the weather falls.

Art thou all justice, Lord?
Shows not thy word

More attributes? Am I all throat or eye,
To weep or cry?
Have I no parts but those of grief?

Let not Thy wrathful power
Afflict my hour,
My inch of life: or let Thy gracious power
Contract my hour,
That I may climb and find relief.

THE DISCHARGE.

Busy enquiring heart, what wouldst thou know?
Why dost thou pry,
And turn, and leer, and with a licorous eye
Look high and low;
And in thy lookings stretch and grow?

Hast thou not made thy counts, and summ'd up all?
Did not thy heart
Give up the whole, and with the whole depart?
Let what will fall:
That which is past who can recall?

Thy life is God's, thy time to come is gone,
And is His right.
He is thy night at noon: He is at night
Thy noon alone.
The crop is His, for he hath sown.

And well it was for thee, when this befell,
That God did make
Thy business His, and in thy life partake:
For thou canst tell,
If it be His once, all is well.

Only the present is thy part and fee.
And happy thou,
If, though thou didst not beat thy future brow,
Thou couldst well see
What present things required of thee.

They ask enough; why shouldst thou further go?
Raise not the mud
Of future depths, but drink the clear and good.
Dig not for woe
In times to come; for it will grow.

Man and the present fit: if he provide,
He breaks the square.
This hour is mine: if for the next I care,
I grow too wide,
And do encroach upon death's side:

For death each hour environs and surrounds.
He that would know
And care for future chances, cannot go
Unto those grounds,
But thro' a churchyard which them bounds.

Things present shrink and die; but they that spend
Their thoughts and sense
On future grief, do not remove it thence,
But it extend,
And draw the bottom out an end.

God chains the dog till night: wilt loose the chain,
And wake thy sorrow?
Wilt thou forestall it, and now grieve to-morrow,
And then again
Grieve over freshly all thy pain?

Either grief will not come; or, if it must,
Do not forecast:
And while it cometh, it is almost past.
Away, distrust:
My God hath promised; He is just.

PRAISE.

KING of glory, King of peace,
I will love Thee;
And, that love may never cease,
I will move Thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me:
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing Thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring Thee.

Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise Thee.
In my heart, though not in Heaven,
I can raise Thee.

Thou grew'st soft and moist with tears,
Thou relentedst.
And when justice call'd for fears,
Thou dissentedst.

Small it is, in this poor sort
To enrol Thee:
E'en eternity is too short
To extol Thee.

AN OFFERING.

Come, bring thy gift. If blessings were as slow
As men's returns, what would become of fools?
What hast thou there? a heart? but is it pure?
Search well and see; for hearts have many holes
Yet one pure heart is nothing to bestow:
In Christ two natures met to be thy cure.

O that within us hearts had propagation,
Since many gifts do challenge many hearts!
Yet one, if good, may title to a number;
And single things grow fruitful by deserts.
In public judgments one may be a nation,
And fence a plague, while others sleep and slumber.

But all I fear is lest thy heart displease,
As neither good, nor one: so oft divisions
Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone;
Thy passions also have their set partitions.
These parcel out thy heart: recover these,
And thou may'st offer many gifts in one.

There is a balsam, or indeed a blood,
Dropping from heaven, which doth both cleanse and close

All sorts of wounds; of such strange force it is.
Seek out this All-heal, and seek no repose
Until thou find; and use it to thy good:
Then bring thy gift; and let thy hymn be this:

Since my sadness
Into gladness,
Lord, Thou dost convert,
O accept
What Thou hast kept,
As Thy due desert.

Had I many,
Had I any,
(For this heart is none,)
All were Thine,
And none of mine,
Surely Thine alone.

Yet Thy favor
May give savor
To this poor oblation;
And it raise
To be Thy praise,
And be my salvation.

LONGING.

With sick and famish'd eyes,
With doubling knees and weary bones,
To Thee my cries,
To Thee my groans,
To Thee my sighs, my tears ascend:
No end?

My throat, my soul, is hoarse;
My heart is wither'd like a ground
Which Thou dost curse.
My thoughts turn round,
And make me giddy; Lord, I fall,
Yet call.

From Thee all pity flows.
Mothers are kind, because Thou art,
And dost dispose
To them a part:
Their infants, them; and they suck Thee
More free.

Bowels of pity, hear!
Lord of my soul, love of my mind,
Bow down Thine ear!
Let not the wind
Scatter my words, and in the same
Thy name!

Look on my sorrows round!
Mark well my furnace! O what flames,
What heats abound!
What griefs, what shames!
Consider, Lord; Lord, bow Thine ear,
And hear!

Lord Jesu, Thou didst bow
Thy dying Head upon the tree:
O be not now
More dead to me!
Lord, hear! Shall He that made the ear
Not hear?

Behold, Thy dust doth stir;
It moves, it creeps, it aims at Thee:
Wilt Thou defer
To succor me,
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumb
Says, Come?

To Thee help appertains.
Hast Thou left all things to their course,
And laid the reins
Upon the horse?
Is all lock'd? Hath a sinner's plea
No key?

Indeed, the world 's Thy book,
Where all things have their leaf assign'd;

Yet a meek look
Hath interlined.
Thy board is full, yet humble guests
Find nests.

Thou tarriest, while I die,
And fall to nothing: Thou dost reign,
And rule on high,
While I remain
In bitter grief: yet am I styled
Thy child.

Lord, didst Thou leave Thy throne,
Not to relieve? How can it be,
That Thou art grown
Thus hard to me?
Were sin alive, good cause there were
To bear.

But now both sin is dead,
And all Thy promises live and bide.
That wants his head;
These speak and chide,
And in Thy bosom pour my tears,
As theirs.

Lord JESU, hear my heart,
Which hath been broken now so long,
That every part
Hath got a tongue!

Thy beggars grow; rid them away
To-day.

My love, my sweetness, hear!
By these Thy feet, at which my heart
Lies all the year,
Pluck out Thy dart,
And heal my troubled breast which cries,
Which dies.

THE BAG.

Away, Despair; my gracious Lord doth hear,
Though winds and waves assault my keel,
He doth preserve it: He doth steer,
E'en when the boat seems most to reel.
Storms are the triumph of His art:
Well may He close His eyes, but not His heart.

Hast thou not heard that my Lord Jesus died?
Then let me tell thee a strange story.
The God of power, as He did ride
In His majestic robes of glory,
Resolved to light; and so one day
He did descend, undressing all the way.

The stars His tire of light and rings obtain'd,
The cloud His bow, the fire His spear,

The sky His azure mantle gain'd.
And when they ask'd what He would wear,
He smiled, and said, as He did go,
He had new clothes a making here below.

When He was come, as travellers are wont,
He did repair unto an inn.
Both then and after, many a brunt
He did endure to cancel sin:
And having given the rest before,
Here He gave up His life to pay our score.

But as He was returning, there came one
That ran upon Him with a spear.
He who came hither all alone,
Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,
Received the blow upon His side,
And straight He turn'd and to His brethren cried,

If ye have anything to send or write
(I have no bag, but here is room)
Unto My Father's hands and sight,
(Believe Me,) it shall safely come.
That I shall mind what you impart,
Look, you may put it very near My heart.

Or, if hereafter any of My friends
Will use Me in this kind, the door
Shall still be open. What he sends
I will present, and somewhat more,

Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
Anything to Me. Hark, Despair, away!

THE JEWS.

POOR nation, whose sweet sap and juice
Our scions have purloin'd, and left you dry;
Whose streams we got by the Apostles' sluice
And use in baptism, while ye pine and die:
Who, by not keeping once, became a debtor;
And now by keeping lose the letter:

O that my prayers! mine, alas!
O that some Angel might a trumpet sound,
At which the Church, falling upon her face,
Should cry so loud, until the trump were drown'd,
And by that cry of her dear Lord obtain,
That your sweet sap might come again!

THE COLLAR.

I STRUCK the board, and cried, No more;
I will abroad.
What? shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?

Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine,
Before my sighs did dry it: there was corn,
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted?
All wasted?
Not so, my heart: but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit, and not; forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away; take heed:
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's-head there; tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need,
Deserves his load.
But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, Child;
And I replied, My Lord!

THE GLIMPSE.

WHITHER away, Delight?
Thou cam'st but now; wilt thou so soon depart,
And give me up to night?
For many weeks of lingering pain and smart
But one half hour of comfort for my heart?

Methinks delight should have
More skill in music, and keep better time.
Wert thou a wind or wave,
They quickly go and come with lesser crime:
Flowers look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy short abode and stay
Feeds not, but adds to the desire of meat.
Lime begg'd of old, (they say,)
A neighbor spring to cool his inward heat;
Which by the spring's access grew much more great.

In hope of thee, my heart
Pick'd here and there a crumb, and would not die;
But constant to his part,
When as my fears foretold this, did reply, —
A slender thread a gentle guest will tie.

Yet, if the heart that wept
Must let thee go, return when it doth knock.
Although thy heap be kept
For future times, the droppings of the stock
May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to spin,
The wheel shall go, so that thy stay be short.
Thou know'st how grief and sin
Disturb the work. O make me not their sport,
Who by thy coming may be made a court!

ASSURANCE.

O SPITEFUL, bitter thought!
Bitterly spiteful thought! Couldst thou invent
So high a torture? Is such poison bought?
Doubtless, but in the way of punishment,
When wit contrives to meet with thee,
No such rank poison can there be.

Thou saidst, but even now,
That all was not so fair as I conceived,
Betwixt my God and me; that I allow
And coin large hopes; but, that I was deceived
Either the league was broke, or near it;
And, that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this? What more
Could poison, if it had a tongue, express?
What is thy aim? Wouldst thou unlock the door
To cold despairs, and gnawing pensiveness?
Wouldst thou raise devils? I see, I know,
I writ thy purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,
If all the hope and comfort that I gather,
Were from myself, I had not half a word,
Not half a letter to oppose
What is objected by my foes.

But Thou art my desert:
And in this league, which now my foes invade,
Thou art not only to perform Thy part,
But also mine; as, when the league was made,
Thou didst at once Thyself indite,
And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore, if Thou canst fail,
Then can Thy truth and I: but while rocks stand,
And rivers stir, Thou canst not shrink or quail:
Yea, when both rocks and all things shall disband,
Then shalt Thou be my rock and tower,
And make their ruin praise Thy power.

Now, foolish thought, go on,
Spin out thy thread, and make thereof a coat

To hide thy shame: for thou hast cast a bone,
Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy throat.
What for itself love once began,
Now love and truth will end in man.

THE CALL.

COME, my Way, my Truth, my Life!
Such a Way, as gives us breath;
Such a Truth, as ends all strife;
Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength!
Such a Light, as shows a feast;
Such a Feast, as mends in length;
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart!
Such a Joy, as none can move;
Such a Love, as none can part;
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

CLASPING OF HANDS.

LORD, Thou art mine, and I am Thine,
If mine I am; and Thine much more,
Than I or ought or can be mine.
Yet to be Thine, doth me restore;

So that again I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more.
Since this being mine, brings with it Thine,
And Thou with me dost Thee restore.
If I without Thee would be mine,
I neither should be mine nor Thine.

Lord, I am Thine, and Thou art mine:
So mine Thou art, that something more
I may presume Thee mine, than Thine.
For Thou didst suffer to restore
Not Thee, but me, and to be mine:
And with advantage mine the more,
Since Thou in death wast none of Thine,
Yet then as mine didst me restore.
O be mine still! still make me Thine;
Or rather make no Thine and Mine!

PRAISE.

LORD, I will mean and speak Thy praise
Thy praise alone.
My busy heart shall spin it all my days;
And when it stops for want of store,
Then will I wring it with a sigh or groan,
That Thou may'st yet have more.

When Thou dost favor any action,
It runs, it flies;

All things concur to give it a perfection.
That which had but two legs before,
When Thou dost bless, hath twelve: one whee
doth rise
To twenty then, or more.

But when Thou dost on business blow,
It hangs, it clogs:
Not all the teams of Albion in a row
Can hale or draw it out of door.
Legs are but stumps, and Pharaoh's wheels but
logs,
And struggling hinders more.

Thousands of things do Thee employ
In ruling all
This spacious globe: Angels must have their joy
Devils their rod, the sea his shore,
The winds their stint; and yet, when I did call,
Thou heardst my call, and more.

I have not lost one single tear:
But when mine eyes
Did weep to heaven, they found a bottle there,
(As we have boxes for the poor,)
Ready to take them in; yet of a size
That would contain much more.

But after Thou hadst slipt a drop
From Thy right eye,

(Which there did hang like streamers near the top
Of some fair church, to show the sore
And bloody battle which Thou once didst try,)
The glass was full and more.

Wherefore I sing. Yet since my heart,
Though press'd, runs thin ;
O that I might some other hearts convert,
And so take up at use good store ;
That to Thy chests there might be coming in
Both all my praise, and more !

JOSEPH'S COAT.

WOUNDED I sing, tormented I endite,
Thrown down I fall into a bed, and rest.
Sorrow hath changed its note : such is His will
Who changeth all things as Him pleaseth best.
For well He knows, if but one grief and smart
Among my many had his full career,
Sure it would carry with it e'en my heart,
And both would run until they found a bier
To fetch the body ; both being due to grief.
But He hath spoil'd the race ; and given to anguish
One of joy's coats, 'ticing it with relief
To linger in me, and together languish.
I live to show His power, Who once did bring
My joys to weep, and now my griefs to sing.

THE PULLEY.

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessing standing by,
Let us, said He, pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flow'd; then wisdom, honor, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should, said He,
Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in nature, not the God of nature:
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast.

THE PRIESTHOOD.

Blest Order, which in power doth so excel,
That with the one hand thou liftest to the sky,
And with the other throwest down to hell
In thy just censures ; fain would I draw nigh ;
Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay sword
For that of the Holy Word.

But thou art fire, sacred and hallow'd fire ;
And I but earth and clay : should I presume
To wear thy habit, the severe attire
My slender compositions might consume.
I am both foul and brittle, much unfit
To deal in Holy Writ.

Yet have I often seen, by cunning hand
And force of fire, what curious things are made
Of wretched earth. Where once I scorn'd to stand,
That earth is fitted by the fire and trade
Of skilful artists, for the boards of those
Who make the bravest shows.

But since those great ones, be they ne'er so great,
Come from the earth, from whence those vessels come ;

So that at once both feeder, dish, and meat
Have one beginning and one final sum;
I do not greatly wonder at the sight,
If earth in earth delight.

But the holy men of God such vessels are,
As served Him up, Who all the world commands.
When God vouchsafeth to become our fare,
Their hands convey Him, Who conveys their hand.
O what pure things, most pure, must those things be,
Who bring my God to me!

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
To hold the Ark, although it seem to shake
Through the old sins and new doctrines of our land.
Only, since God doth often vessels make
Of lowly matter for high uses meet,
I throw me at His feet.

There will I lie, until my Maker seek
For some mean stuff whereon to show His skill:
Then is my time. The distance of the meek
Doth flatter power. Lest good come short of ill
In praising might, the poor do by submission
What pride by opposition.

THE SEARCH.

WHITHER, O, whither art Thou fled,
My Lord, my Love?
My searches are my daily bread;
Yet never prove.

My knees pierce the earth, mine eyes the sky;
And yet the sphere
And centre both to me deny
That Thou art there.

Yet can I mark how herbs below
Grow green and gay;
As if to meet Thee they did know,
While I decay.

Yet can I mark how stars above
Simper and shine,
As having keys unto Thy love,
While poor I pine.

I sent a sigh to seek Thee out,
Deep drawn in pain,
Wing'd like an arrow; but my scout
Returns in vain.

I turn'd another (having store)
Into a groan,
Because the search was dumb before;
But all was one.

Lord, dost Thou some new fabric mould,
Which favor wins,
And keeps Thee present, leaving the old
Unto their sins?

Where is my God? What hidden place
Conceals Thee still?
What covert dare eclipse Thy face?
Is it Thy will?

O, let not that, of anything!
Let rather brass,
Or steel, or mountains be Thy ring;
And I will pass.

Thy will such an intrenching is,
As passeth thought:
To it all strength, all subtilties
Are things of nought.

Thy will such a strange distance is,
As that to it
East and West touch, the poles do kiss,
And parallels meet.

Since then my grief must be as large
As is Thy space,
Thy distance from me; see my charge,
Lord, see my case.

O take these bars, these lengths, away;
Turn, and restore me:
Be not Almighty, let me say,
Against, but for me.

When Thou dost turn, and wilt be near,
What edge so keen,
What point so piercing can appear
To come between?

For as Thy absence doth excel
All distance known,
So doth Thy nearness bear the bell,
Making two one.

GRIEF.

O WHO will give me tears? Come, all ye springs,
Dwell in my head and eyes; come, clouds and rain:
My grief hath need of all the watery things
That nature hath produced. Let every vein

Suck up a river to supply mine eyes,
My weary weeping eyes too dry for me,
Unless they get new conduits, new supplies,
To bear them out, and with my state agree.
What are two shallow fords, two little spouts
Of a less world? The greater is but small,
A narrow cupboard for my griefs and doubts,
Which want provision in the midst of all.
Verses, ye are too fine a thing, too wise
For my rough sorrows: cease, be dumb and
mute;
Give up your feet and running to mine eyes,
And keep your measures for some lover's lute,
Whose grief allows him music and a rhyme;
For mine excludes both measure, tune, and time.
Alas, my God!

THE CROSS.

What is this strange and uncouth thing
To make me sigh, and seek, and faint, and die,
Until I had some place where I might sing,
And serve Thee; and not only I,
But all my wealth and family might combine
To set Thy honor up, as our design.

And then, when, after much delay,
Much wrestling, many a combat, this dear end,

So much desired, is given, to take away
My power to serve Thee; to unbend
All my abilities, my designs confound,
And lay my threatenings bleeding on the ground.

One ague dwelleth in my bones,
Another in my soul (the memory
What I would do for Thee, if once my groans
Could be allowed for harmony):
I am in all a weak, disabled thing,
Save in the sight thereof, where strength doth sting.

Besides, things sort not to my will,
E'en when my will doth study Thy renown:
Thou turnest the edge of all things on me still,
Taking me up to throw me down:
So that, e'en when my hopes seem to be sped,
I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be
Farther from it than when I bent my bow;
To make my hopes my torture, and the fee
Of all my woes another woe,
Is in the midst of delicates to need,
And e'en in Paradise to be a weed.

Ah, my dear Father, ease my smart!
These contrarieties crush me; these cross actions

Do wind a rope about, and cut my heart:
And yet, (since these Thy contradictions
Are properly a cross felt by Thy Son,
With but four words, my words,) Thy will be done.

THE FLOWER.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are Thy returns! e'en as the flowers in spring,
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone
Quite under ground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together,
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing bell.
We say amiss,
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in Thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Offering at heaven, growing and groaning thither;
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-shower,
My sins and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heaven were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What frost to that? what pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When Thou dost turn,
And the least frown of Thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O my only Light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom Thy tempests fell at night.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide;
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

DOTAGE.

False, glozing pleasures, casks of happiness,
Foolish night-fires, women's and children's wishes
Chases in arras, gilded emptiness,
Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career,
Embroider'd lies, nothing between two dishes;
These are the pleasures here.

True, earnest sorrows, rooted miseries,
Anguish in grain, vexations ripe and blown,
Sure-footed griefs, solid calamities,
Plain demonstrations, evident and clear,
Fetching their proofs e'en from the very bone;
These are the sorrows here.

But O the folly of distracted men,
Who griefs in earnest, joys in jest pursue;
Preferring, like brute beasts, a loathsome den
Before a court, e'en that above so clear,
Where are no sorrows, but delights more true
Than miseries are here!

THE SON.

Let foreign nations of their language boast,
What fine variety each tongue affords:
I like our language, as our men and coast;
Who cannot dress it well, want wit, not words.
How neatly do we give one only name
To parents' issue and the sun's bright star!
A son is light and fruit; a fruitful flame,
Chasing the father's dimness; carried far
From the first man in the east, to fresh and new
Western discoveries of posterity.
So, in one word, our Lord's humility
We turn upon Him in a sense most true;
For what Christ once in humbleness began,
We Him in glory call, The Son of Man.

A TRUE HYMN.

My Joy, my Life, my Crown!
My heart was meaning all the day,
Somewhat it fain would say;
And still it runneth, muttering up and down,
With only this, My Joy, my Life, my Crown!

Yet slight not these few words;
If truly said, they may take part

Among the best in art.
The fineness which a hymn or psalm affords,
Is, when the soul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the mind,
And all the soul, and strength, and time,
If the words only rhyme,
Justly complains, that somewhat is behind
To make his verse, or write a hymn in kind.

Whereas if the heart be moved,
Although the verse be somewhat scant,
God doth supply the want.
As when the heart says, (sighing to be approved,)
O, could I love! and stops; God writeth, Loved.

THE ANSWER.

My comforts drop and melt away like snow:
I shake my head, and all the thoughts and ends,
Which my fierce youth did bandy, fall and flow
Like leaves about me, or like summer friends,
Flies of estates and sunshine. But, to all
Who think me eager, hot, and undertaking,
But in my prosecutions slack and small;
As a young exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his first bed of dirt, and means the sky;
But cooling by the way, grows pursy and slow,

And settling to a cloud, doth live and die
In that dark state of tears: to all, that so
Show me, and set me, I have onė reply,
Which they that know the rest, know more than I.

A DIALOGUE-ANTHEM.

CHRISTIAN. DEATH.

CHR. ALAS, poor Death! where is thy glory?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting?

DEA. Alas, poor mortal, void of story!
Go spell and read how I have kill'd thy King.

CHR. Poor Death! and who was hurt thereby?
Thy curse being laid on Him makes thee accurst.

DEA. Let losers talk, yet thou shalt die:
These arms shall crush thee.

CHR. Spare not, do thy worst.
I shall be one day better than before;
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

THE WATER-COURSE.

THOU who dost dwell and linger here below,
Since the condition of this world is frail,
Where, of all plants, afflictions soonest grow;
If troubles overtake thee, do not wail:
For who can look for less, that loveth { Life? / Strife?

But rather turn the pipe, and water's course
To serve thy sins, and furnish thee with store
Of sovereign tears, springing from true remorse:
That so in pureness thou mayst Him adore
Who gives to man, as He sees fit, { Salvation. / Damnation

SELF-CONDEMNATION.

THOU who condemnest Jewish hate
For choosing Barabbas a murderer
Before the Lord of glory,
Look back upon thine own estate,
Call home thine eye, that busy wanderer,
That choice may be thy story.

He that doth love, and love amiss
This world's delights before true Christian joy,
Hath made a Jewish choice:
The world an ancient murderer is;
Thousands of souls it hath and doth destroy
With her enchanting voice.

He that hath made a sorry wedding
Between his soul and gold, and hath preferr'd
False gain before the true,
Hath done what he condemns in reading:
For he hath sold for money his dear Lord,
And is a Judas-Jew.

Thus we prevent the last great day,
And judge ourselves. That light which sin and passion
Did before dim and choke,
When once those snuffs are ta'en away,
Shines bright and clear, e'en unto condemnation,
Without excuse or cloak.

BITTER-SWEET.

Ah, my dear angry Lord,
Since Thou dost love, yet strike;
Cast down, yet help afford;
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise;
I will bewail, approve;
And all my sour-sweet days
I will lament, and love.

THE GLANCE.

When first Thy sweet and gracious eye
Vouchsafed e'en in the midst of youth and night
To look upon me, who before did lie
Weltering in sin;
I felt a sugar'd, strange delight,
Passing all cordials made by any art,
Bedew, embalm, and overrun my heart,
And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm
My soul hath felt, e'en able to destroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
His swing and sway:
But still Thy sweet original joy,
Sprung from Thine eye, did work within my soul,
And surging griefs, when they grew bold, control,
And got the day.

If Thy first glance so powerful be,
A mirth but open'd and seal'd up again,

What wonders shall we feel, when we shall see
Thy full-eyed love!
When Thou shalt look us out of pain,
And one aspect of Thine spend in delight
More than a thousand suns disburse in light,
In Heaven above.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

The God of love my shepherd is,
And He that doth me feed:
While He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gently pass:
In both I have the best.

Or, if I stray, He doth convert,
And bring my mind in frame:
And all this not for my desert,
But for His holy name.

Yea, in death's shady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
To guide, Thy staff to bear.

Nay, Thou dost make me sit and dine,
E'en in my enemies' sight:
My head with oil, my cup with wine
Runs over day and night.

Surely Thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days;
And, as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

MARY MAGDALEN.

When blessed Mary wiped her Saviour's feet,
(Whose precepts she had trampled on before,)
And wore them for a jewel on her head,
Showing His steps should be the street,
Wherein she thenceforth evermore
With pensive humbleness would live and tread:

She being stain'd herself, why did she strive
To make Him clean, Who could not be defiled?
Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,
And not His feet? Though we could dive
In tears like seas, our sins are piled
Deeper than they in words, and works, and thoughts.

Dear soul, she knew Who did vouchsafe and deign
To bear her filth, and that her sins did dash

E'en God Himself: wherefore she was not loath.
As shé had brought wherewith to stain,
So to bring in wherewith to wash;
And yet in washing one, she washed both.

AARON.

HOLINESS on the head;
Light and perfections on the breast;
Harmonious bells below, raising the dead
To lead them unto life and rest:
Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profaneness in my head;
Defects and darkness in my breast;
A noise of passions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no rest:
Poor Priest! thus am I drest.

Only another head
I have; another heart and breast;
Another music, making live, not dead;
Without Whom I could have no rest:
In Him I am well drest.

Christ is my only head;
My alone only heart and breast;
My only music, striking me e'en dead;
That to the old man I may rest,
And be in Him new drest.

So, holy in my head;
Perfect and light in my dear breast;
My doctrine tuned by Christ, who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do rest:
Come, people: Aaron's drest.

THE ODOR.

2 COR. II.

How sweetly doth My Master sound! My Master!
As ambergris leaves a rich scent
Unto the taster,
So do these words a sweet content,
An oriental fragrancy, My Master.

With these all day I do perfume my mind,
My mind e'en thrust into them both;
That I might find
What cordials make this curious broth,
This broth of smells that feeds and fats my mind.

My Master, shall I speak? O that to Thee
My Servant were a little so,
As flesh may be;
That these two words might creep and grow
To some degree of spiciness to Thee!

Then should the pomander, which was before
A speaking sweet, mend by reflection,
And tell me more:
For pardon of my imperfection
Would warm and work it sweeter than before.

For when My Master, which alone is sweet,
And e'en in my unworthiness pleasing,
Shall call and meet
My Servant, as Thee not displeasing,
That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains, by sweetening me,
(As sweet things traffic when thy meet,)
Return to Thee:
And so this new commerce and sweet
Should all my life employ, and busy me.

THE FOIL.

If we could see below
The sphere of virtue, and each shining grace,
As plainly as that above doth show;
This were the better sky, the brighter place.

God hath made stars the foil
To set off virtues; griefs to set off sinning:
Yet in this wretched world we toil,
As if grief were not foul, nor virtue winning.

THE FORERUNNERS.

The harbingers are come. See, see their mark:
White is their color, and behold my head.
But must they have my brain? must they dispark
Those sparkling notions which therein were bred
Must dulness turn me to a clod?
Yet have they left me, Thou art still my God.

Good men ye be, to leave me my best room,
E'en all my heart, and what is lodged there:
I pass not, I, what of the rest become,
So, Thou art still my God, be out of fear.
He will be pleased with that ditty;
And, if I please Him, I write fine and witty.

Farewell, sweet phrases, lovely metaphors:
But will ye leave me thus? When ye before
Of stews and brothels only knew the doors,
Then did I wash you with my tears, and, more,
Brought you to church well drest and clad:
My God must have my best, e'en all I had.

Lovely, enchanting language, sugar-cane,
Honey of roses, whither wilt thou fly?
Hath some fond lover 'ticed thee to thy bane?
And wilt thou leave the church, and love a sty?
Fy, thou wilt soil thy broider'd coat,
And hurt thyself, and him that sings the note.

Let foolish lovers, if they will love dung,
With canvas, not with arras, clothe their shame:
Let folly speak in her own native tongue.
True beauty dwells on high: ours is a flame
But borrow'd thence to light us thither.
Beauty and beauteous words should go together.

Yet if you go, I pass not; take your way:
For, Thou art still my God, is all that ye
Perhaps with more embellishment can say.
Go, birds of spring; let winter have his fee;
Let a bleak paleness chalk the door,
So all within be livelier than before.

THE ROSE.

Press me not to take more pleasure
In this world of sugar'd lies,
And to use a larger measure
Than my strict, yet welcome size

First, there is no pleasure here:
Color'd griefs indeed there are,
Blushing woes, that look as clear
As if they could beauty spare.

Or, if such deceits there be,
Such delights I meant to say;

There are no such things to me,
Who have pass'd my right away.

But I will not much oppose
Unto what you now advise:
Only take this gentle rose,
And therein my answer lies.

What is fairer than a rose?
What is sweeter? yet it purgeth.
Purgings enmity disclose,
Enmity forbearance urgeth.

If then all that worldlings prize
Be contracted to a rose;
Sweetly there indeed it lies,
But it biteth in the close.

So this flower doth judge and sentence
Worldly joys to be a scourge;
For they all produce repentance,
And repentance is a purge.

But I health, not physic, choose:
Only though I you oppose,
Say that fairly I refuse;
For my answer is a rose.

DISCIPLINE.

THROW away Thy rod,
Throw away Thy wrath:
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my heart's desire
Unto Thine is bent:
I aspire
To a full consent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
But by book,
And Thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep;
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove:
Love will do the deed;
For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot;
Love 's a man of war,
And can shoot,
And can hit from far.

Who can 'scape his bow?
That which wrought on Thee,
Brought Thee low,
Needs must work on me.

Throw away Thy rod;
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God:
Throw away Thy wrath.

THE INVITATION

Come ye hither, all whose taste
Is your waste;
Save your cost, and mend your fare.
God is here prepared and dress'd,
And the feast,
God, in whom all dainties are.

Come ye hither, all whom wine
Doth define,
Naming you not to your good:
Weep what ye have drunk amiss,
And drink this,
Which, before ye drink, is blood.

Come ye hither, all whom pain
Doth arraign,
Bringing all your sins to sight:
Taste and fear not; God is here
In this cheer,
And on sin doth cast the fright.

Come ye hither, all whom joy
Doth destroy,
While ye graze without your bounds:
Here is joy that drowneth quite
Your delight,
As a flood the lower grounds.

Come ye hither, all whose love
Is your dove,
And exalts you to the sky:
Here is love, which, having breath
E'en in death,
After death can never die.

Lord, I have invited all,
And I shall
Still invite, still call to Thee;
For it seems but just and right
In my sight,
Where is all, there all should be.

THE BANQUET.

Welcome, sweet and sacred cheer;
Welcome dear;
With me, in me, live and dwell:
For thy neatness passeth sight;
Thy delight
Passeth tongue to taste or tell.

O what sweetness from the bowl
Fills my soul,
Such as is, and makes divine!
Is some star (fled from the sphere)
Melted there,
As we sugar melt in wine?

Or hath sweetness in the bread
Made a head
To subdue the smell of sin,
Flowers, and gums, and powders giving
All their living,
Lest the enemy should win?

Doubtless neither star nor flower
Hath the power
Such a sweetness to impart:
Only God, who gives perfumes,
Flesh assumes,
And with it perfumes my heart.

But as pomanders and wood
Still are good,
Yet, being bruised, are better scented.;
God, to show how far His love
Could improve,
Here, as broken, is presented.

When I had forgot my birth,
And on earth
In delights of earth was drown'd,
God took blood, and needs would be
Spilt with me,
And so found me on the ground.

Having raised me to look up,
In a cup
Sweetly He doth meet my taste.
But, I still being low and short,
Far from court,
Wine becomes a wing at last.

For with it alone I fly
To the sky ;
Where I wipe mine eyes, and see
What I seek, for what I sue :
Him I view
Who hath done so much for me.

Let the wonder of this pity
Be my ditty,

And take up my lines and life:
Hearken unto pain of death,
Hands and breath,
Strive in this, and love the strife.

THE POSY.

Let wits contest,
And with their words and posies windows fill:
Less than the least
Of all Thy mercies, is my posy still.

This on my ring,
This by my picture, in my book I write:
Whether I sing,
Or say, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention, rest;
Comparisons, go play; wit, use thy will:
Less than the least
Of all God's mercies, is my posy still.

A PARODY.

Soul's joy, when Thou art gone,
And I alone;
Which cannot be,
Because Thou dost abide with me,
And I depend on Thee:

Yet, when Thou dost suppress
The cheerfulness
Of Thy abode,
And in my powers not stir abroad,
But leave me to my load;

O what a damp and shade
Doth me invade!
No stormy night
Can so afflict, or so affright,
As Thy eclipsed light.

Ah, Lord! do not withdraw,
Lest want of awe
Make sin appear;
And when Thou dost but shine less clear,
Say that Thou art not here.

And then what life I have,
(While sin doth rave,
And falsely boast,
That I may seek, but Thou art lost,)
Thou, and alone Thou, know'st.

O what a deadly cold
Doth me infold!
I half believe
That sin says true: but while I grieve,
Thou com'st and dost relieve.

THE ELIXIR.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee:

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make Thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture (for Thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

A WREATH.

A WREATHED garland of deserved praise,
Of praise deserved, unto Thee I give;
I give to Thee, who knowest all my ways,
My crooked winding ways, wherein I live;
Wherein I die, not live; for life is straight,
Straight as a line, and ever tends to Thee, —
To Thee, who art more far above deceit,
Than deceit seems above simplicity.
Give me simplicity, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know Thy ways,
Know them and practise them: then shall I give
For this poor wreath, give Thee a crown of praise.

DEATH.

DEATH, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing,
Nothing but bones,
The sad effect of sadder groans:
Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we considered thee as at some six
Or ten years hence,
After the loss of life and sense,
Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

We look'd on this side of thee, shooting short;
Where we did find
The shells of fledge souls left behind,
Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But since our Saviour's death did put some blood
Into thy face,
Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
Much in request, much sought for, as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
As at doomsday;
When souls shall wear their new array,
And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
Half that we have
Unto an honest faithful grave;
Making our pillows either down or dust.

DOOMSDAY.

COME away,
Make no delay.
Summon all the dust to rise,
Till it stir, and rub the eyes;
While this member jogs the other,
Each one whispering, Live you, Brother?

Come away,
Make this the day.
Dust, alas! no music feels,
But thy trumpet: then it kneels,
As peculiar notes and strains
Cure Tarantula's raging pains.

Come away,
O make no stay!
Let the graves make their confession,
Lest at length they plead possession:
Flesh's stubbornness may have
Read that lesson to the grave.

Come away,
Thy flock doth stray.
Some to the winds their body lend,
And in them may drown a friend:
Some in noisome vapors grow
To a plague and public woe.

Come away,
Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcell'd out to all the world.
Lord, Thy broken concert raise,
And the music shall be praise.

JUDGMENT.

Almighty Judge, how shall poor wretches brook
Thy dreadful look,
Able a heart of iron to appall,
When Thou shalt call
For every man's peculiar book?

What others mean to do, I know not well;
Yet I hear tell,
That some will turn Thee to some leaves therein
So void of sin,
That they in merit shall excel.

But I resolve, when Thou shalt call for mine,
That to decline,
And thrust a Testament into Thy hand:
Let that be scann'd.
There Thou shalt find my faults are Thine

HEAVEN.

O WHO will show me those delights on high?
Echo. I.
Thou, Echo? thou art mortal, all men know.
Echo. No.
Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?
Echo. Leaves.
And are there any leaves that still abide?
Echo. Bide.
What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly
Echo. Holy.
Are holy leaves the echo then of bliss?
Echo. Yes.
Then tell me, what is that supreme delight?
Echo. Light.
Light to the mind: what shall the will enjoy?
Echo. Joy.
But are there cares and business with the pleasure?
Echo. Leisure.
Light, joy, and leisure; but shall they persever?
Echo. Ever.

LOVE.

LOVE bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lack'd anything.

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here:
Love said, You shall be he
I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth, Lord, but I have marr'd them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?
My dear, then I will serve.
You must sit down, says Love and taste my meat:
So I did sit and eat.

GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN.

THE CHURCH Mmilitant.

Almighty Lord, who from Thy glorious throne
Seest and rulest all things e'en as one;
The smallest ant or atom knows Thy power,
Known also to each minute of an hour:
Much more do commonweals acknowledge Thee,
And wrap their policies in Thy decree,
Complying with Thy counsels, doing nought
Which doth not meet with an eternal thought.
But, above all, Thy Church and Spouse doth prove
Not the decrees of power, but bands of love.
Early didst Thou arise to plant this Vine,
Which might the more endear it to be Thine.
Spices come from the East; so did Thy Spouse,
Trim as the light, sweet as the laden boughs
Of Noah's shady vine, chaste as the dove,
Prepared and fitted to receive Thy love.
The course was westward, that the sun might light
As well our understanding as our sight.
Where the ark did rest, there Abraham began
To bring the other ark from Canaan.
Moses pursued this: But king Solomon
Finish'd and fix'd the old religion.

When it grew loose, the Jews did hope in vain
By nailing Christ to fasten it again.
But to the Gentiles He bore cross and all,
Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall.
Only whereas the ark in glory shone,
Now with the cross, as with a staff, alone,
Religion, like a pilgrim, westward bent,
Knocking at all doors, ever as she went.
Yet as the sun, though forward be his flight,
Listens behind him, and allows some light,
Till all depart, so went the Church her way,
Letting, while one foot stept, the other stay
Among the eastern nations for a time,
Till both removed to the western clime.
To Egypt first she came, where they did prove
Wonders of anger once, but now of love.
The ten commandments there did flourish more
Than the ten bitter plagues had done before.
Holy Macarius and great Anthony
Made Pharaoh Moses, changing the history.
Goshen was darkness; Egypt full of lights;
Nilus for monsters brought forth Israelites.
Such power hath mighty Baptism to produce,
For things misshapen, things of highest use.
How dear to me, O God, Thy counsels are!
Who may with Thee compare?
Religion thence fled into Greece, where arts
Gave her the highest place in all men's hearts.
Learning was posed, philosophy was set,
Sophisters taken in a fisher's net.

Plato and Aristotle were at a loss,
And wheel'd about again to spell Christ's-cross.
Prayers chased syllogisms into their den,
And Ergo was transform'd into Amen.
Though Greece took horse as soon as Egypt did,
And Rome as both, yet Egypt faster rid,
And spent her period and prefixed time
Before the other. Greece being past her prime,
Religion went to Rome, subduing those,
Who, that they might subdue, made all their foes
The warrior his dear scars no more resounds,
But seems to yield Christ hath the greater wounds,
Wounds willingly endured to work his bliss,
Who by an ambush lost his Paradise.
The great heart stoops, and taketh from the dust
A sad repentance, not the spoils of lust;
Quitting his spear, lest it should pierce again
Him in his members, Who for him was slain.
The shepherd's hook grew to a sceptre here,
Giving new names and numbers to the year.
But the empire dwelt in Greece, to comfort them,
Who were cut short in Alexander's stem.
In both of these prowess and arts did tame
And tune men's hearts against the Gospel came:
Which using, and not fearing skill in the one,
Or strength in the other, did erect her throne.
Many a rent and struggling the empire knew,
(As dying things are wont,) until it flew
At length to Germany, still westward bending,
And there the Church's festival attending;

That, as before empire and arts made way,
(For no less harbingers would serve than they,)
So they might still, and point us out the place,
Where first the Church should raise her downcast
face.
Strength levels grounds, art makes a garden there;
Then showers Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the empire shared with Germany,
But England in the higher victory;
Giving the Church a crown to keep her state,
And not go less than she had done of late.
Constantine's British line meant this of old,
And did this mystery wrap up and fold
Within a sheet of paper, which was rent
From time's great chronicle, and hither sent.
Thus both the Church and Sun together ran
Unto the farthest old meridian.
How dear to me, O God, Thy counsels are!
Who may with Thee compare?
Much about one and the same time and place,
Both where and when the Church began her race,
Sin did set out of Eastern Babylon,
And travell'd westward also. Journeying on,
He chid the Church away, where'er he came,
Breaking her peace, and tainting her good name.
At first he got to Egypt, and did sow
Gardens of gods, which every year did grow
Fresh and fine deities. They were at great cost,
Who for a god clearly a sallet lost.
Ah, what a thing is man devoid of grace,

Adoring garlic with an humble face,
Begging his food of that which he may eat,
Starving the while he worshippeth his meat!
Who makes a root his god, how low is he,
If God and man be sever'd infinitely!
What wretchedness can give him any room,
Whose house is foul, while he adores his broom?
None will believe this now, though money be
In us the same transplanted foolery.
Thus Sin in Egypt sneaked for a while;
His highest was an ox or crocodile,
And such poor game. Thence he to Greece doth pass;
And, being craftier much than Goodness was,
He left behind him garrisons of sins,
To make good that which every day he wins.
Here Sin took heart, and for a garden-bed
Rich shrines and oracles he purchasèd:
He grew a gallant, and would needs foretell
As well what should befall as what befell.
Nay, he became a poet, and would serve
His pills of sublimate in that conserve.
The world came both with hands and purses full
To this great lottery, and all would pull.
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit,
Where some poor truths were shuffled for a bait
To credit him, and to discredit those
Who after him should braver truths disclose.
From Greece he went to Rome; and as before
He was a god, now he 's an emperor.

Nero and others lodged him bravely there,
Put him in trust to rule the Roman sphere.
Glory was his chief instrument of old:
Pleasure succeeded straight, when that grew cold
Which soon was blown to such a mighty flame,
That, though our Saviour did destroy the game,
Disparking oracles, and all their treasure,
Setting affliction to encounter pleasure;
Yet did a rogue, with hope of carnal joy,
Cheat the most subtle nations. Who so coy,
So trim, as Greece and Egypt? yet their hearts
Are given over, for their curious arts,
To such Mahometan stupidities,
As the old Heathen would deem prodigies.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with Thee compare?
Only the West and Rome do keep them free
From this contagious infidelity.
And this is all the rock whereof they boast,
As Rome will one day find unto her cost.
Sin, being not able to extirpate quite
The Churches here, bravely resolved one night
To be a Churchman too, and wear a mitre:
The old debauched ruffian would turn writer.
I saw him in his study, where he sate,
Busy in controversies sprung of late.
A gown and pen became him wondrous well:
His grave aspect had more of Heaven than Hell
Only there was a handsome picture by,
To which he lent a corner of his eye.

As Sin in Greece a prophet was before,
And in old Rome a mighty emperor,
So now, being priest, he plainly did profess
To make a jest of Christ's three offices;
The rather since his scatter'd jugglings were
United now in one both time and sphere.
From Egypt he took petty deities,
From Greece oracular infallibilities,
And from old Rome the liberty of pleasure,
By free dispensings of the Church's treasure.
Then, in memorial of his ancient throne,
He did surname his palace Babylon.
Yet, that he might the better gain all nations,
And make that name good by their transmigrations,
From all these places, but at divers times,
He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes:
From Egypt, anchorism and retiredness,
Learning from Greece, from old Rome stateliness;
And blending these, he carried all men's eyes,
While Truth sat by, counting his victories:
Whereby he grew apace and scorn'd to use
Such force as once did captivate the Jews;
But did bewitch, and finally work each nation
Into a voluntary transmigration.
All post to Rome: princes submit their necks
Either to his public foot or private tricks.
It did not fit his gravity to stir,
Nor his long journey, nor his gout and fur:
Therefore he sent out able ministers,

Statesmen within, without doors cloisterers;
Who, without spear, or sword, or other drum,
Than what was in their tongue, did overcome;
And having conquer'd, did so strangely rule,
That the whole world did seem but the Pope's
mule.
As new and old Rome did one empire twist,
So both together are one Antichrist;
Yet with two faces, as their Janus was,
Being in this their old crack'd looking-glass.
How dear to me, O God, Thy counsels are!
Who may with Thee compare?
Thus Sin triumphs in Western Babylon:
Yet not as Sin, but as Religion.
Of his two thrones he made the latter best,
And to defray his journey from the East.
Old and new Babylon are to hell and night
As is the moon and sun to Heaven and light.
When the one did set, the other did take place,
Confronting equally the law and grace.
They are hell's land-marks, Satan's double crest:
They are Sin's nipples, feeding the East and West.
But as in vice the copy still exceeds
The pattern, but not so in virtuous deeds,
So, though Sin made his latter seat the better,
The latter Church is to the first a debtor.
The second Temple could not reach the first;
And the late Reformation never durst
Compare with ancient times and purer years;
But in the Jews and us deserveth tears.

Nay, it shall every year decrease and fade,
Till such a darkness do the world invade
At Christ's last coming, as His first did find :
Yet must there such proportions be assign'd
To these diminishings, as is between
The spacious world and Jewry to be seen.
Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.
When height of malice, and prodigious lusts,
Impudent sinning, witchcrafts, and distrusts,
(The marks of future bane,) shall fill our cup
Unto the brim, and make our measure up ;
When Seine shall swallow Tiber ; and the Thames
By letting in them both, pollutes her streams ;
When Italy of us shall have her will,
And all her calendar of sins fulfil ;
Whereby one may foretell what sins next year
Shall both in France and England domineer :
Then shall religion to America flee :
They have their times of Gospel, e'en as we.
My God, Thou dost prepare for them a way,
By carrying first their gold from them away ;
For gold and grace did never yet agree :
Religion always sides with poverty.
We think we rob them, but we think amiss :
We are more poor, and they more rich by this.
Thou wilt revenge their quarrel, making grace
To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place
To go to them, while that which now their nation
But lends to us shall be our desolation.

Yet as the Church shall thither westward fly,
So Sin shall trace and dog her instantly:
They have their period also and set times
Both for their virtuous actions and their crimes.
And where of old the empire and the arts
Usher'd the Gospel ever in men's hearts,
Spain hath done one; when arts perform the other,
The Church shall come, and Sin the Church shall smother:
That, when they have accomplished the round,
And met in the East their first and ancient sound,
Judgment may meet them both, and search them round.
Thus do both lights, as well in Church as Sun,
Light one another, and together run.
Thus also Sin and Darkness follow still
The Church and Sun with all their power and skill.
But as the Sun still goes both west and east,
So also did the Church, by going west,
Still eastward go; because it drew more near
To time and place, where judgment shall appear.
How dear to me, O God, Thy counsels are!
Who may with Thee compare?

L'ENVOY.

KING of glory, King of peace,
With the one make war to cease;
With the other bless Thy sheep,
Thee to love, in Thee to sleep.
Let not sin devour Thy fold,
Bragging that Thy blood is cold;
That Thy death is also dead,
While his conquests daily spread;
That thy flesh hath lost his food,
And Thy cross is common wood.
Choke him, let him say no more,
But reserve his breath in store,
Till Thy conquest and his fall
Make his sighs to use it all;
And then bargain with the wind
To discharge what is behind.

Blessed be God alone,
Thrice blessed Three in One.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A SONNET.

SENT BY GEORGE HERBERT TO HIS MOTHER AS A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT FROM CAMBRIDGE.

My God, where is that ancient heat towards Thee
Wherewith whole shoals of martyrs once did burn,
Besides their other flames? Doth poetry
Wear Venus' livery? only serve her turn?
Why are not sonnets made of Thee? and lays
Upon Thine altar burnt? Cannot Thy love
Heighten a spirit to sound out Thy praise
As well as any she? Cannot Thy Dove
Outstrip their Cupid easily in flight?
Or, since Thy ways are deep, and still the same,
Will not a verse run smooth that bears Thy name?
Why doth that fire, which by Thy power and might
Each breast does feel, no braver fuel choose
Than that which, one day, worms may chance refuse?

Sure, Lord, there is enough in Thee to dry
  Oceans of ink; for, as the deluge did
Cover the earth, so doth Thy Majesty:
  Each cloud distils Thy praise, and doth forbid
Poets to turn it to another use.
  Roses and lilies speak Thee; and to make
A pair of cheeks of them, is thy abuse.
  Why should I women's eyes for crystal take?
Such poor invention burns in their low mind
  Whose fire is wild, and doth not upward go
  To praise, and on Thee, Lord, some ink bestow.
Open the bones, and you shall nothing find
In the best faith but filth; when, Lord, in Thee
The beauty lies in the discovery.

INSCRIPTION

IN THE PARSONAGE, BEMERTON.

TO MY SUCCESSOR.

If thou chance for to find
  A new house to thy mind,
And built without thy cost:
  Be good to the poor,
  As God gives thee store,
And then my labor 's not lost.

ON LORD DANVERS.

SACRED marble, safely keep
His dust, who under thee must sleep,
Until the years again restore
Their dead, and time shall be no more.
Meanwhile, if he (which all things wears)
Does ruin thee, or if thy tears
Are shed for him, dissolve thy frame;
Thou art requited: for his fame,
His virtue, and his worth shall be
Another monument to thee.

A PARADOX.

THAT THE SICK ARE IN A BETTER CASE THAN THE WHOLE.

YOU who admire yourselves because
You neither groan nor weep,
And think it contrary to nature's laws
To want one ounce of sleep,
Your strong belief
Acquits yourselves, and gives the sick all grief.

Your state to ours is contrary,
That makes you think us poor,

So Black-moors think us foul, and we
Are quit with them, and, more,
Nothing can see,
And judge of things but mediocrity.

The sick are in themselves a state
Which health hath nought to do.
How know you that our tears proceed from woe,
And not from better fate?
Since that mirth hath
Her waters also and desired bath.

How know you that the sighs we send
From want of breath proceed,
Not from excess? and therefore we do spend
That which we do not need:
So trembling may
As well show inward warbling as decay.

Cease then to judge calamities
By outward form and show,
But view yourselves, and inward turn your eyes,
Then you shall fully know
That your estate
Is, of the two, the far more desperate.

You always fear to feel those smarts
Which we but sometimes prove,
Each little comfort much affects our hearts,
None but gross joys you move:

Why then confess
Your fears in number more, your joys are less.

Then for yourselves not us embrace
Plaints to bad fortune due,
For though you visit us, and plaint our case,
We doubt much whether you
Come to our bed
To comfort us, or to be comforted.

LATIN AND GREEK POEMS.

PARENTALIA.

AUCTORE G. HERBERT.

MEMORIÆ MATRIS SACRUM.

THE following verses were printed at the end of the Sermon which Donne preached at Chelsea in 1627, in memory of Herbert's mother, of whose tender watchfulness his life makes mention. "And this great care of hers," writes Barnabas Oley, "this good son of hers studied to improve and requite, as is seen in those many Latin and Greek verses, the obsequious Parentalia, he made and printed in her memory; which though they be good, very good, yet (to speak freely even of this man whom I so much honour) they be dull or dead in comparison of his Temple Poems; and no marvel. To write those, he made his ink with water of Helicon; but these inspirations prophetical were distilled from above. In those are weak motions of nature; in these, raptures of grace."—B. OLEY, 1652.

AH Mater, quo te deplorem fonte? Dolores
  Quæ guttæ poterunt enumerare meos?
Sicca meis lacrymis Thamesis vicina videtur,
  Virtutumque choro siccior ipse tuo.

In flumen mœrore nigrum si funderer ardens.
Laudibus haud fierem sepia justa tuis.
Tantùm istæc scribo gratus, ne tu mihi tantùm
Mater: et ista Dolor nunc tibi Metra parit.

Corneliæ sanctæ, graves Semproniæ,
Et quicquid uspiam est severæ fœminæ,
Conferte lacrymas: Illa, quæ vos miscuit
Vestrasque laudes, poscit et mixtas genas.
Namque hanc ruinam salva Gravitas defleat,
Pudorque constet vel solutis crinibus;
Quandoque vultûs sola majestas, Dolor.
Decus mulierum periit: et metuunt viri
Utrumque sexum dote ne mulctaverit.
Non illa soles terere comptu lubricos,
Struices superbas atque turritum caput
Molita, reliquum deinde garriens diem,
(Nam post Babelem linguæ adest confusio,)
Quin post modestam, qualis integras decet,
Substructionem capitis et nimbum brevem,
Animam recentem rite curavit sacris,
Adorta numen acri et igneâ prece.
Dein familiam lustrat, et res prandii,
Horti, colique distributim pensitat.
Suum cuïque tempus et locus datur.
Inde exiguntur pensa crudo vespere.
Ratione certâ vita constat et domus,
Prudentèr inito quot-diebus calculo.

Totâ renident æde decus et suavitas
Animo renidentes priùs. Sin rarior
Magnatis appulsu extulit se occasio,
Surrexit unà et illa, seseque extulit:
Occasione certat imò et obtinet.
Proh ! quantus imber, quanta labri comitas,
Lepos severus, Pallas mixta Gratiis ;
Loquitur numellas, compedes, et retia :
Aut si negotio hora sumenda est, rei
Per angiportus et mæandros labitur,
Ipsos Catones provocans oraculis.
Tum quanta tabulis artifex ? quæ scriptio ?
Bellum putamen, nucleus bellissimus
Sententiæ cum voce mirè convenit.
Volant per orbem literæ notissimæ :
O blanda dextra, neutiquam istoc pulveris,
Quò nunc recumbis, scriptio merita est tua,
Pactoli arena tibi tumulus est unicus.
Adde his trientem Musices, quæ molliens
Mulcensque dotes cæteras, visa est quasi
Cælestis harmoniæ breve præludium.
Quam mira tandem Sublevatrix pauperum ?
Languentium baculus, teges jacentium,
Commune cordis palpitantis balsamum :
Benedictiones publicæ cingunt caput,
Cælique referunt et præoccupant modum.
Fatisco, referens tanta quæ numerant mei
Solùm dolores, — et dolores, stellulæ !
At tu qui ineptè hæc dicta censes filio,
Nato parentis auferens Encomium,

Abito trunce cum tuis pudoribus.
Ergo ipse solùm mutus atque excors ero
Strepente mundo tinnulis præconiis?
Mihine Matris urna clausa est unico,
Herbæ exoletæ, ros-marinus aridus?
Matrine linguam refero solum ut mordeam?
Abito barde! Quàm piè istìc sum impudens?
Tu verò mater perpetìm laudabere
Nato dolenti: literæ hoc debent tibi
Quêis me educasti; sponte chartas illinunt
Fructum laborum consecutæ maximum
Laudando Matrem, cum repugnant inscii.

Cur splendes, O Phœbe? ecquid demittere matrem
Ad nos cum radio tam rutilante potes?
At superat caput illa tuum, quantum ipsa cadaver
Mens superat; corpus solùm Elementa tenent.
Scilicet id splendes: hæc est tibi causa micandi
Et lucro apponis gaudia sancta tuo.
Verùm heus si nequeas cœlo demittere Matrem,
Sitque omnis motûs nescia, tanta quies,
Fac radios saltem ingemines, ut dextera tortos
Implicet, et Matrem, Matre manente, petam.

Quid nugor calamo favens?
Mater perpetuis uvida gaudiis,

Horto pro tenui colit
Edenem Boreæ flatibus invium.
  Quin cœli mihi sunt mei,
Materni decus, et debita nominis,
  Dumque his invigilo frequens
Stellarum socius, pellibus exuor.
  Quare Sphæram egomet meam
Connixus, digitis impiger urgeo :
  Te, Mater, celebrans diû,
Noctû te celebrans luminis æmulo.
  Per te nascor in hunc globum,
Exemploque tuo nascor in alterum :
  Bis tu Mater eras mihi,
Ut currat paribus gloria tibiis.

Horti, deliciæ Dominæ, marcescite tandem ;
  Ornâstis capulum, nec superesse licet.
Ecce decus vestrum spinis horrescit, acutâ
  Cultricem revocans anxietate manum :
Terram et funus olent flores : Dominæque cadaver
  Contiguas stirpes afflat, eæque rosas.
In terram violæ capite inclinantur opaco,
  Quæque domus Dominæ sit, gravitate docent.
Quare haud vos hortos, sed cæmeteria dico,
  Dum torus absentem quisque reponit heram.
Eugè, perite omnes ; nec posthâc exeat ulla
  Quæsitum Dominam gemma vel herba suam.

Cuncta ad radices redeant, tumulosque paternos;
(Nempe sepulcra Satis numen inempta dedit)
Occidite; aut sanè tantispèr vivite, donec
Vespere ros mæstis funus honestet aquis.

GALENE frustrà es, cur miserum premens
Tot quæstionum fluctibus obruis,
Arterias tractans micantes
Corporeæ fluidæque molis,
Aegroto mentis? quam neque pixides
Nec tarda possunt pharmaca consequi,
Utrumque si præderis Indum,
Ultrà animus spatiatur exlex.
Impos medendi, occidere si potes,
Nec sic parentem ducar ad optimam:
Ni sanctè, uti Mater, recedam,
Morte magis viduabor illâ.
Quin cerne ut erres inscie, brachium
Tentando sanum: si calet, æstuans,
Ardore scribendi calescit,
Mater inest saliente venâ.
Si totus infler, si tumeam crepax,
Ne membra culpes, causa animo latet
Qui parturit laudes parentis:
Nec gravidis medicina tuta est.
Irregularis nunc habitus mihi est:
Non exigatur crasis ad alterum.
Quod tu febrem censes, salubre est
Atque animo medicatur unum.

Pallida materni Genii atque exanguis imago,
In nebulas similesque tui res gaudia numquid
Mutata? et pro matre mihi phantasma dolosum
Uberaque aerea hiscentem fallentia natum?
Væ nubi pluviâ gravidæ, non lacte, measque
Ridenti lacrymas quibus unis concolor unda est.
Quin fugias? mea non fuerat tam nubila Juno,
Tam segnis facies auroræ nescia vernæ,
Tam languens genitrix cineri supposta fugaci:
Verum augusta parens, sanctum os cæloque locandum,
Quale paludosos jamjam lictura recessus
Prætulit Astræa, aut solio Themis alma vetusto
Pensilis, atque acri dirimens examine lites.
Hunc vultum ostendas, et tecum nobile spectrum
Quod superest vitæ, insumam; Solisque jugales
Ipse tuæ solùm adnectam, sine murmure, thensæ.
Nec querar ingratos, studiis dum tabidus insto,
Effluxisse dies, suffocatamve Minervam,
Aut spes productas, barbataque somnia vertam
In vicium mundo sterili, cui cedo cometas
Ipse suos, tanquam digno, pallentiaque astra.
Est mihi bis quinis laqueata domuncula tignis
Rure; brevisque hortus, cujus cum vellere florum
Luctatur spacium, qualem tamen eligit æqui
Judicii dominus, flores ut junctiùs halent
Stipati, rudibusque volis impervius hortus
Sit quasi fasciculus crescens, et nidus odorum
Hìc ego tuque erimus, variæ suffitibus herbæ

Quotidiè pasti : tantùm verum indue vultum
Affectusque mei similem ; nec languida misce
Ora meæ memori menti : ne dispare cultu
Pugnaces, teneros florum turbemus odores,
Atque inter reliquos horti crescentia fœtus
Nostra etiam paribus marcescant gaudia fatis.

Parvam piamque dum lubentèr semitam
Grandi reæque præfero,
Carpsit malignum sydus hanc modestiam,
Vinumque felle miscuit.
Hinc fremere totus et minari gestio
Ipsis severus orbibus,
Tandem prehensâ comiter lacernulâ
Susurrat aure quispiam,
Hæc fuerat olim potio Domini tui.
Gusto proboque dolium.

Hoc, Genitrix, scriptum proles tibi sedula mittit.
Siste parum cantus, dum legis ista, tuos.
Nôsse sui quid agant, quædam est quoque musica sanctis,
Quæque olim fuerat cura, manere potest.
Nos miserè flemus, solesque obducimus almos
Occiduis, tanquam duplice nube, genis.
Interea classem magnis Rex instruit ausis :
Nos autem flemus : res ea sola tuis.

Ecce solutura est, ventos causata morantes:
Sin pluviam: fletus suppeditâsset aquas.
Tillius incumbit Dano: Gallusque marinis:
Nos flendo: hæc nostrûm tessera sola ducum.
Sic ævum exigitur tardum, dum præpetis anni
Mille rotæ nimiis impediuntur aquis.
Plura tibi missurus eram (nam quæ mihi laurus,
Quod nectar, nisi cum te celebrare diem?)
Sed partem in scriptis etiam dum lacryma poscit,
Diluit oppositas candidus humor aquas.

Nempe hujusque notos tenebricosos,
Et mæstum nimio madore Cœlum,
Tellurisque Britannicæ salivam
Injustè satis arguit viator.
At te commoriente, Magna Mater,
Rectè, quem trahit, aerem repellit
Cum probro madidum, reumque difflat.
Nam te nunc Ager, Urbs, et Aula plorant:
Te nunc Anglia, Scotiæque binæ
Quin te Cambria pervetusta deflet,
Deducens lacrymas prioris ævi
Ne seræ meritis tuis venirent.
Non est angulus uspiam serenus,
Nec cingit mare, nunc inundat omnes.

Dum librata suis hæret radicibus ilex
Nescia Vulturnis cedere, firma manet.
Post ubi crudelem sentit divisa securem,
Quò placet oblato, mortua fertur, hero:
Arbor et ipse inversa vocor: dumque insitus almæ
Assideo Matri, robore vinco cedros.
Nunc sorti pateo, expositus sine matre procellis,
Lubricus, et superans mobilitate salum.
Tu radix, tu petra mihi firmissima, Mater
Ceu Polypus, chelis saxa prehendo tenax:
Non tibi nunc soli filum abrupere sorores
Dissutus videor funere et ipse tuo.
Unde vagans passim rectè vocer alter Ulysses,
Alteraque hæc tua mors, Ilias esto mihi.

Facesse Stoica plebs, obambulans cautes.
Exuta strato carnis, ossibus constans,
Iisque siccis, adeo ut os Molossorum
Haud glubat inde tres teruncios escæ.
Dolere prohibes? aut dolore me gentis
Adeò inficetæ, plumbeæ, Meduseæ,
Ad saxa speciem retrahentis humanam,
Tantoque nequioris optimâ Pyrrhâ.
At forte matrem perdere haud soles demens:
Quin nec potes; cui præbuit Tigris partum.
Proinde parco belluis, nec irascor.

EPITAPHIUM.

Hic sita fœminei laus et victoria sexus :
Virgo pudens, uxor fida, severa parens :
Magnatumque inopumque æquum certamen et ardor :
Nobilitate illos, hos pietate rapit.
Sic excelsa humilisque simul loca dissita junxit,
Quicquid habet tellus, quicquid et astra, fruens.

Ψυχῆς ἀσθενὲς ἔοκος, ἀμαυρὸν πνεύματος ἄγγος
Τῷδε παρὰ τύμβῳ δίζεο, φίλε, μόνον.
Νοῦ δ' αὐτοῦ τάφος ἐστ' ἀστήρ· φέγγος γὰρ ἐκείνου
Φεγγώδη μόνον, ὡς εἶκος, ἔπαυλιν ἔχει.
Νῦν δράας ὅτι κάλλος ἀπείριτον ὠπὸς ἀπαυγοῦς
Οὐ σαθρὸν, οὐδὲ μελῶν ἔπλετο, ἀλλὰ νοός.
Ὅς διὰ σωματίου πρότερον καὶ νῦν δι' Ὀλύμπου
Ἀστράπτων, θυρίδων ὡς δία, νεῖμε σέλας.

Μῆτερ, γυναικῶν ἄγλη, ἀνθρώπων ἔρις,
Ὀδύομα Δαιμόνων, Θεοῦ γεώργιον,
Πῶς νῦν ἀφίπτασαι, γόου καὶ κινδύνου
Ἡμᾶς λιποῦσα κυκλόθεν μεταιχμίους.
Μενοῦνγε σοφίην, εἰ δ' ἀπηλλάχθαι χρεών,
Ζωῆς ξυνεργὸν σήνδε διαθεῖναι τέκνοις
Ἔχρην φυγοῦσα, τήν τ' ἐπιστήμην βίου.
Μενοῦν τὸ γλαφυρὸν, καὶ μελίῤῥοον τρόπων,

Λόγων τε φίλτρον, ὥστ' ὑπεξελθεῖν λεών.
Νῦν δ' ὤχου ἐνθενδ' ὡς στρατὸς νικηφόρος
Φέρων τὸ πᾶν, κἄγων· ἢ ὡς 'Απαρκτίας
Κήπου συνωθῶν ἀνθινὴν εὐωδίαν,
Μιάν τ' ἄταρπον συμπορεύεσθαι δράσας
'Εγὼ δὲ ῥινὶ ξυμβαλὼν ἰχνηλατῶ
Εἶπον τύχοιμι τῆσδ' ἀρίστης ἀτραποῦ,
Θανεῖν συνειδὼς κρεῖττον, ἢ ἄλλως βιοῦν.

Χαλεπὸν δοκεῖ δακρῦσαι.
Χαλεπὸν μὲν οὐ δακρῦσαι·
Χαλεπώτερον δὲ πάντων
Δακρύοντας ἀμπαύεσθαι.
Γενέτειραν οὐ τις ἀνδρων
Διδύμαις κόραις τοιαῦτην
'Εποδύρεται πρεπόντως.
Τάλας; εἴθε γ' Αργος εἴην
Πολυόμματος, πολύτλας,
Ἵνα μητρὸς εὐθενούσης
'Αρετὰς διακριθείσας
'Ιδίαις κόραισι κλαύσω.

Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσι καὶ ἄλλοι,
Οὐκ ἐθ' ἐμὴν ἰδίας φύλης γράψαντες ἀρωγὸν,
Προυνομίῳ δ' ἀρετῆς κοινὴν γενέτειραν ἑλόντες.
Οὐκ ἔνι θαῦμα τόσον σφετερίζειν· οὔδε γὰρ ὕδωρ,
Οὐ φέγγος, κοινὸν τ' ἀγαθὸν, μίαν εἰς θύραν εἴργειν
'Η θέμις, ἢ δυνατόν. σεμνώματος ἔπλετο στάθμη,
Δημόσιον τ' ἴνδαλμα καλοῦ, θεῖόν τε κατόπτρον.
Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσι γυναῖκες,
Οὐκ ἔτι βαλλομένης χάρισιν βεβολημέναι ἦτορ,

Αὖταρ ἄχει μεγάλῳ κεντούμεναι: εὖτε γὰρ αὗται
Τῆς περὶ συλλαλέουσιν, ἑοῦ ποικίλματος ἄρδην
Λὴσμονες, ἡ βελόνη σφαλερῷ κῆρ τράυματι νύττει
Ἔργου ἁμαρτηκυῖα, νέον πέπλον αἵματι στικτὸν
Μητέρι τικταίνουσα, γόῳ καὶ πένθεσι σύγχρουν.
Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσιν ὀπῶραι,
Οὐκ, ἔτι δεσποίνης γλυκερᾷ μελεδῶνι τραφεῖσαι·
Ἧς βίος ἠελίοιο δίκην, ἀκτῖνας ἱέντος
Πραεῖς εἰαρινούς τε χαραῖς ἐπικίδνατι κῆπον·
Αὖταρ ὁδ' αὖ θάνατος κυρίης ὡς ἦλιος αὖος
Σειρίου ἡττηθεὶς βουλήμασι, πάντα μαραίνει.
Ζῶ δ' αὐτὸς βραχύ τι πνείων, ὥς ἔμπαλιν αὐτῆς
Αἶνον ὁμοῦ ζώειν καὶ πνεύματος ἄλλο γενέσθαι
Πνεῦμα, βίου πάροδον μούνοις ἐπέεσσι μετρῆσαν.

Κύματ' ἐπαφριοῶντα Θαμήσεος, αἶκε σελήνης
Φωτὸς ἀπαυρομένης, ὄγκου ἐφεῖσθε πλέον.
Νῦν θέμις ὀρφναίῃ μεγάλης ἐπὶ γείτονος αἴσῃ,
Οὐλυμπόνδε βιβᾶν ὕμμιν ἀνισταμένοις.
Ἀλλὰ μενεῖτ', οὐ γὰρ τάραχος ποτὶ μητέρα βαίνῃ,
Καὶ πρέπον ὧδε παρὰ δακρυόεσσι ῥέειν.

Excussos manibus calamos, falcemque resumptam
Rure, sibi dixit Musa fuisse probro.
Aggreditur Matrem (conductis carmine Parcis)
Funereque hoc cultum vindicat ægra suum.
Non potui non ire acri stimulante flagello:
Quin matris superans carmina poscit honos.
Eja, agedum scribo: vicisti Musa; sed audi,
Stulta semel scribo, perpetuò ut sileam.

GEORGII HERBERTI ANGLI

MUSÆ RESPONSORIÆ.

AD ANDREÆ MELVINI SCOTI

Anti-tami-cami-categoriam.

[Andrew Melvin, or Melvill, a noisy and remarkable person in his own day, was born in 1545; and, after spending some time in Switzerland, returned to England with a commendatory letter from Beza. The question of episcopal titles in 1578 fanned a flame, which later circumstances made dangerous to himself. Walton says,—"He, being a man of learning, and inclined to satirical poetry, had scattered many malicious, bitter verses against our liturgy, our ceremonies, and our church-government; which were by some of that party (the dissenters) so magnified for the wit, that they were therefore brought into Westminster School, when Mr. George Herbert then, and often after, made such answers to them, and such reflections on him and his kirk, as might unbeguile any man that was not too deeply pre-engaged in such a quarrel." At an earlier period, Walton had spoken more gently of the polemical Scotchman, as a master of wit, and among his countrymen only exceeded by Buchanan. A more competent critic, Robertson, praises his learning, his pure manners, and his intrepidity of mind. He died in 1621. Herbert's verses were collected and published by Dr. Duport, the Dean of Peterborough

On neither side is the wit or the anger of a very sharp edge; and the epigrams of Herbert are the mere sword-play of an accomplished scholar, more anxious to show his skill, than to wound his opponent.]

PRO SUPPLICI

Evangelicorum Ministrorum in Anglia, ad Serenissimum Regem contra larvatam geminæ Academiæ Gorgonem Apologia;

SIVE, ANTI-TAMI-CAMI-CATEGORIA.

AUCTORE ANDREA MELVINO.

RESPONSUM, NON DICTUM.

INSOLENS, audax, facinus nefandum,
Scilicet, (poscit ratio ut decori,
Poscit ex omni officio ut sibi mens
Conscia recti)

Anxiam Christi vigilémque curam,
Quæ pias terris animas relictis
Sublevans deducit in astra, nigróque
Invidet Orco,

De sacri casta ratione cultûs,
De Sacro-sancti Officii decoro
Supplicem ritu veteri libellum
Porr'gere Regi,

Simplici mente atque animo integello,
Spiritu recto, et studiis modestis,
Numinis sancti veniam, et benigni
Regis honorem

Ritè præfantem : Scelus expiandum
Scilicet taurorum, ovium, suúmque
Millibus centum, voluisse nudo
Tangere verbo

Præsulum fastus ; monuisse Ritus
Impios, deridiculos, ineptos
Lege, ceu labes, maculásque lectâ ex
Gente fugandos.

Júsque-jurandum ingemuisse jura
Exigi contra omnia ; tum misellis
Mentibus tristem laqueum injici per
Fásque, nefásque.

Turbida illimi Crucis in lavacro
Signa consignem ? magico rotatu
Verba devolvam ? sacra vox sacratâ im-
Murmuret undâ

Strigis in morem ? Rationis usu ad-
Fabor Infantem vacuum ? canoras
Ingeram nugas minùs audienti
Dicta puello ?

Parvulo impôstis manibus sacrabo
Gratiæ fœdus? digitóne Sponsæ
Annulus Sponsi impositus sacrabit
Connubiale

Fœdus æternæ bonitatis? Undâ
Num salutari mulier Sacerdos
Tinget in vitam, Sephorámque reddet
Lustrica mater?

Pilei quadrum capiti rotundo
Ritè quadrabit? Pharium camillo
Supparum Christi, et decus Antichristi
Pontificale?

Pastor examen gregis exigendum
Curet invitus, celebrare cœnam
Promptus arcanam, memorando Jesu
Vulnera dira?

Cantibus certent Berecynthia æra
Musicûm fractis? reboéntve rauco
Templa mugitu? Illecebris supremi ah
Rector Olympi

Captus humanis? libitúmque nobis,
Scilicet, Regi id Superûm allubescet?
Somniúmque ægri cerebri profanum est
Dictio sacra?

Haud secus lustri Lupa Vaticani
Romuli fæcem bibit, et bibendam
Porrigit poc'lo, populisque et ipsis
Regibus aureo.

Non ità æterni Witakerus acer
Luminis vindex, patriæque lumen
Dixit, aut sensit; neque celsa summi
Penna Renoldi,

Certa sublimes aperire calles,
Sueta cœlestes iterare cursus,
Læta misceri niveis beatæ
Civibus aulæ;

Nec Tami, aut Cami accola saniore
Mente, qui cœlum sapit in frequenti
Hermathenæo, et celebri Lyceo
Culta juventus,

Cujus affulget genio Jovæ lux,
Cui nitens Sol justitiæ renidet,
Quem jubar Christi radiantis alto
Spectat Olympo.

Bucerum laudem? memorémque magnum
Martyrem? gemmas geminas renati
Aurei sæc'li, duo dura sacri
Fulmina belli?

Alterum Camus liquido recursu,
Alterum Tamus trepidante lymphâ
Audiit, multum stupuítque magno
Ora sonantem.

Anne mulcentem Rhodanum, et Lemanum
Prædicem Bezam viridi in ṡenecta ?
Octies cujus trepidavit ætas
Claudere denos

Solis anfractus, reditúsque, et ultra
Quinque percurrens spatiosa in annos
Longiùs florem viridantis ævi
Prorogat et ver.

Oris erumpit scatebra perenni
Amnis exundans, gravidíque rores
Gratia fœcunda animos apertis
Auribus implent.

Major hic omni invidia, et superstes
Millibus mille, et Sadecle, et omnium
Maximo CALVINO, aliísque veri
Testibus æquis ;

Voce olorina liquidas ad undas
Nunc canit laudes Genitoris almi
Carmen, et Nato canit, eliquante
Numinis aurâ,

Sensa de castu sacra puriore,
Dicta de cultu potiore Sancta,
Arma quæ in castris jugulent severi
Tramitis hostes.

Cano cantanti juga ninguidarum
Alpium applaudunt, resonántque valles;
Jura concentu nemorum sonoro,
Et pater Ister

Consonant longè; pater et bicornis
Rhenus assensum ingeminat, Garumna,
Sequana, atque Arar, Liger: insularum et
Undipotentum

Magna pars intenta Britannicarum
Voce conspirat liquida: solúmque,
Et salum, et cœlum, æmula præcinentis
More, modóque

Concinunt Bezæ numeris, modísque
Et polo plaudunt; referúntque leges
Lege quas sanxit pius ardor, et Rex
Scoto-britannus.

Sicut edictum in tabulis ahenis
Servat æternum pia cura Regis
Qui mare, et terras, variísque mundum
Temperat horis:

Cujus æqualis Soboles Parenti
Gentis electæ pater, atque custos ;
Par et ambobus, veniens utrinque
Spiritus almus ;

Quippe Tres-unus Deus ; unus actus
Una natura est tribus ; una virtus,
Una majestas, Deitas et una,
Gloria et una.

Una vis immensa, perennis una
Vita, lux una, et sapientia una,
Una mens, una et ratio, una vox, et
Una voluntas

Lenis, indulgens, facilis, benigna ;
Dura, et inclemens, rigida, et severa ;
Semper æterna, omnipotens, et æqua,
Semper et alma :

Lucidum cujus speculum est, reflectens
Aureum vultûs jubar, et verendum,
Virginis proles, sata cœlo, et alti In-
Terpres Olympi :

Qui Patris mentémque, animúmque sancti
Filius pandit face noctilucâ,
Sive Doctrinæ documenta, seu com-
Pendia Vitæ,

Publicæ, privæ, sacra scita Regni
Regis ad natum referens, Domûsque
Ad voluntatem Domini instituta
Singula librans,

Luce quam Phœbus melior refundit,
Lege, quam Legum- tulit ipse -lator,
Cujus exacti officii suprema est
Norma voluntas.

Cœca mens humana, hominum voluntas
Prava, et affectus rabidi : indigétque
Luce mens, normâ officii voluntas,
Lege libido,

Quisquis hanc surda negat aure, qua se
Fundit ubertim liquidas sub auras,
Ille ter prudens, sapiénsque, et omni ex
Parte beatus.

Ergò vos Cami proceres, Tamique,
Quos viâ flexit malesuadus error,
Denuo rectum, duce Rege Regum, in-
Sistite callem.

Vos metus tangit si hominum nec ullus,
At Deum fandi memorem et nefandi
Vindicem sperate, et amœna solis
Tartara Diris ;

Quæ manent sontes animas, trucésque
Præsulum fastus, malè quas perurit
Pervigil zelus vigilum, et gregis cu-
Stodia pernox;

Veste bis tinctâ Tyrio superbos
Murice, et pastos dape pinguiore
Regia quondam aut Saliari inuncta a-
Bdomine cœna.

Qualis Ursini, Damasíque fastus
Turgidus, luxúque ferox, feróque
Ambitu pugnax, sacram et ædem, et urbem
Cæde nefandâ

Civium incestavit, et ominosum
Traxit exemplum veniens in ævum
Præsulum quod nobilium indecorus
Provocat ordo.

Quid fames auri sacra? quid cupido
Ambitu diro fera non propagat
Posteris culpæ? mala damna quanta
Plurima fundit?

PRO DISCIPLINA ECCLESIÆ NOSTRÆ,

EPIGRAMMATA APOLOGETICA.

AUGUSTISSIMO POTENTISSIMOQUE MONARCHÆ JACOBO, D. G., MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ, FRANCIÆ, ET HIBERNIÆ, REGI, FIDEI DEFENSORI, ETC. GEO. HERBERTUS.

Ecce recedentis fœcundo in littore Nili
Sol generat populum luce fovente novum.
Antè tui, Cæsar, quàm fulserat aura favoris,
Nostræ etiam Musæ vile fuere lutum:
Nunc adeò per te vivunt, ut repere possint,
Síntque ausæ thalamum solis adire tui.

ILLUSTRIS: CELSISSIMOQUE CAROLO, WALLIÆ, ET JUVENTUTIS PRINCIPI.

Quam chartam tibi porrigo recentem,
Humanæ decus atque apex juventæ,
Obtutu placido benignus affles,
Nam [que] aspectibus è tuis vel unus
Mordaces tineas, nigrásque blattas,
Quas livor mihi parturit, retundet,
Ceu, quas culta timet seges, pruinas

Nascentes radii fugant, vel acres
Tantùm dulcia leniunt catarrhos.
Sic ô te (juvenem, senémve) credat
Mors semper juvenem, senem Britanni.

REVERENDISSIMO IN CHRISTO PATRI AC DOMINO EPISCOPO VINTONIENSI, ETC.*

Sancte Pater, cœli custos, quo doctius uno
Terra nihil, nec quo sanctius astra vident;
Cùm mea futilibus numeris se verba viderent
Claudi, penè tuas præterîre fores.
Sed properè, dextréque reduxit euntia sensus,
Ista docens soli scripta quadrare tibi.

AD REGEM.

INSTITUTI EPIGRAMMATICI RATIO.

Epigr. 1.

Cum millena tuam pulsare negotia mentem
Constet, et ex illa pendeat orbis ope;
Nè te productis videar lassare Camœnis,
Pro solido, Cæsar, carmine frusta dabo.
Cùm tu contundens Catharos, vultúque librísque,
Grata mihi mensæ sunt analecta tuæ.

* Launcelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester.

AD MELVINUM.

Epigr. 2.

Non mea fert ætas, ut te, veterane, lacessam;
Non ut te superem: res tamen ipsa feret.
Ætatis numerum supplebit causa minorem;
Sic tu nunc juvenis factus egóque senex.
Aspice, dum perstas, ut te tua deserat ætas;
Et mea sint canis scripta referta tuis.
Ecce tamen quàm suavis ero! cùm, fine duelli,
Clauserit extremas pugna peracta vices,
Tum tibi, si placeat, fugientia tempora reddam;
Sufficiet votis ista juventa meis.

IN MONSTRUM VOCABULI ANTI-TAMI-CAMI CATEGORIA.

Epigr. 3. Ad eundem.

O quam bellus homo es! lepido quàm nomine fingis
Istas Anti-Tami-Cami-Categorias!
Sic Catharis nova sola placent; res, verba novantur:
Quæ sapiunt ævum, ceu cariosa jacent.
Quin liceat nobis aliquas procudere voces:
Non tibi fingendi sola taberna patet.
Cùm sacra perturbet vester furor omnia, scriptum
Hoc erit, Anti-furi-Puri-Categoria.
Pollubra vel cùm olim damnâris Regia in ara,
Est Anti-pelvi-Melvi-Categoria.

PARTITIO ANTI-TAMI-CAMI-CATEGORIÆ.

Tres video partes, quò re distinctiùs utar,
Anticategoriæ, Scoto-Britanne, tuæ :
Ritibus una Sacris opponitur ; altera Sanctos
Prædicat auctores ; tertia plena Deo est.
Postremis ambabus idem sentimus uterque ;
Ipse pios laudo ; Numen et ipse colo.
Non nisi prima suas patiuntur prælia lites.
O bene quòd dubium possideamus agrum !

IN METRI GENUS.

Cur, ubi tot ludat numeris antiqua poesis,
Sola tibi Sappho, feminàque una placet ?
Cur tibi tam facilè non arrisêre poëtæ
Heroum grandi carmina fulta pede ?
Cur non lugentes Elegi ? non acer Iambus ?
Commotos animos rectiùs ista decent.
Scilicet hoc vobis proprium, qui puriùs itis,
Et populi spurcas creditis esse vias ;
Vos ducibus missis, missis doctoribus, omnes
Femineum blanda fallitis arte genus :
Nunc etiam teneras quò versus gratior aures
Mulceat, imbelles complacuêre modi.

DE LARVATA GORGONE.

Gorgona cur diram, larvásque obtrudis inanes,
Cùm propè sit nobis Musa, Medusa procul?
Si, quia felices olim dixêre poëtæ
Pallada gorgoneam, sic tua verba placent.
Vel potiùs liceat distinguere. Túque tuíque
Sumite Gorgoneam, nostráque Pallas erit.

DE PRÆSULUM FASTU.

Præsulibus nostris fastus, Melvine, tumentes
Sæpius aspergis. Siste, pudore vacas.
An quod semotum populo laquearibus altis
Eminet, id tumidum protinus esse feres?
Ergò etiam Solem dicas, ignave, superbum,
Qui tam sublimi conspicit orbe viam:
Ille tamen, quamvìs altus, tua crimina ridens
Assiduo vilem lumine cingit humum.
Sic laudandus erit nactus sublimia Præsul,
Qui dulci miseros irradiabit ope.

DE GEMINA ACADEMIA.

Quis hîc superbit, oro? túne, an Præsules?
Quos dente nigro corripis?
Tu duplicem solus Camœnarum thronum
Virtute percellis tuâ;

Et unus impar æstimatur viribus,
Utrumque sternis calcitro:
Omnésque stulti audimus, aut hypocritæ,
Te perspicaci atque integro.
An rectiùs nos, si vices vertas, probi,
Te contumaci, et livido?
Quisquis tuetur perspicillis Belgicis
Qua parte tractari solent,
Res ampliantur, sin per adversam videt,
Minora fiunt omnia:
Tu qui superbos cæteros existimas
(Superbius cùm te nihil)
Vertas specillum: nam, prout se res habent,
Vitro minùs rectè uteris.

DE S. BAPTISMI RITU.

Cum tener ad sacros infans sistatur aquales,
Quòd puer ignorat, verba profana putas?
Annon sic mercamur agros? quibus ecce Redemp-
Comparat æterni regna beata Dei. [tor
Scilicet emptorem si res aut parcior ætas
Impediant, apices legis amicus obit.
Forsitan et prohibes infans portetur ad undas,
Et per se Templi limen adire velis:
Sin, Melvine, pedes alienos postulet infans,
Cur sic displiceat vox aliena tibi?
Rectiùs innocuis lactentibus omnia præstes,
Quæ ratio per se, si sit adulta, facit.

Quid vetat ut pueri vagitus suppleat alter,
Cùm nequeat claras ipse litare preces?
Sævus es eripiens parvis vadimonia cœli:
Et tibi sit nemo præs, ubi poscis opem.

DE SIGNACULO CRUCIS.

Cur tanta sufflas probra in innocuam Crucem?
Non plùs maligni dæmones Christi cruce
Unquam fugari, quàm tui socii solent.
Apostolorum culpa non levis fuit
Vitâsse Christi spiritum efflantis crucem.
Et Christianus quisque piscis dicitur
Tertulliano, propter undæ pollubrum,
Quo tingimur parvi. Ecquis autem brachiis
Natare sine clarissima potest cruce?
Sed non moramur: namque vestra crux erit,
Vobis faventibúsve, vel negantibus.

DE JURAMENTO ECCLESIÆ.

Articulis sacris quidam subscribere jussus,
Ah! Cheiragra vetat, quò minùs, inquit, agam.
O verè dictum, et bellè! cùm torqueat omnes
Ordinis osores articulare malum.

DE PURIFICATIONE POST PUERPERIUM.

Enixas pueros matres se sistere templis
  Displicit, et laudis tura litare Deo.
Fortè quidem, cùm per vestras Ecclesia turbas
  Fluctibus internis exagitata natet,
Vos sine maternis hymnis infantia vidit,
  Vitáque neglectas est satìs ulta preces.
Sed nos, cum nequeat parvorum lingua parentem
  Non laudare Deum, credimus esse nefas.
Quotidiana suas poscant si fercula grates,
  Nostra caro sanctæ nescia laudis erit?
Adde piis animis quævis occasio lucro est,
  Quæ possint humili fundere corde preces.
Sic ubi jam mulier decerpti conscia pomi
  Ingemat ob partus, ceu maledicta, suos,
Appositè quem commotum subfugerat olim,
  Nunc redit ad mitem, ceu benedicta, Deum.

DE ANTICHRISTI DECORE PONTIFICALI.

Non quia Pontificum sunt olim afflata veneno,
  Omnia sunt temere projicienda foras.
Tollantur si cuncta malus quæ polluit usus,
  Non remanent nobis corpora, non animæ.

DE SUPERPELLICEO.

Quid sacræ tandem meruêre vestes?
Quas malus livor jaculis lacessit
Polluens castam chlamydis colorem
Dentibus atris?
Quicquid ex urna meliore ductum
Luce prælustri, vel honore pollet,
Mens sub insigni specie coloris
Concipit albi.
Scilicet talem liquet esse solem;
Angeli vultu radiante candent;
Incolæ cœli melioris albâ
Veste triumphant.
E creaturis sine mentis usu
Conditis binas homini sequendas
Spiritus proponit, et est utrique
Candor amicus.
Ergò ringantur pietatis hostes,
Filii noctis, populus malignus,
Dum suum nomen tenet, et triumphat
Albion albo.

DE PILEO QUADRATO.

Quæ dicteria fuderat Britannus
Superpellicei tremendus hostis,
Isthæc pileus audiit propinquus,
Et partem capitis petit supremam;

Non sic effugit angulus vel unus
Quo dictis minùs acribus notetur.
Verùm heus! si reputes, tibi tuísque
Longè pileus anteit galerum,
Ut fervor cerebri refrigeretur,
Qui vestras edit intimè medullas.
Sed qui tam malè pileos habetis,
Quos Ecclesia comprobat, verendum
Nè tandem caput ejus impetatis.

IN CATHARUM.

Cur Latiam linguam reris nimis esse profanaın?
Quam præmissa probant secula, nostra probant?
Cur teretem Græcam damnas, atque Hellada totam,
Qua tamen occisi fœdera scripta Dei?
Scilicet Hebræam cantas, et perstrepis unam:
Hæc facit ad nasum sola loquela tuum.

DE EPISCOPIS.

Quos charos habuit Christus Apostolos,
Testatósque suo tradiderat gregi;
Ut cum mors rabidis unguibus imminens
Doctrinæ fluvios clauderet aureæ,
Mites acciperent Lampada Præsules,
Servaréntque sacrum clavibus ordinem;

Hos nunc barbaries impia vellicat
Indulgens propriis ambitionibus,
Et quos ipsa nequit scandere vertices
Hos ad se trahere, et mergere gestiens.
O cœcum populum! si bona res siet
Præsul, cur renuis? sin mala, pauculos
Quàm cunctos fieri præstat Episcopos.

DE IISDEM AD MELVINUM.

Præsulibus dirum te Musa coarguit hostem,
An quia Textores, Artificésque probas?

DE TEXTORE CATHARO.

Cum piscatores Textor legit esse vocatos,
Ut sanctum Domini persequerentur opus;
Ille quóque invadit Divinam Flaminis artem,
Subtegmen reti dignius esse putans,
Et nunc perlongas Scripturæ stamine telas
Torquet, et in Textu Doctor utróque cluet.

DE MAGICIS ROTATIBUS.

Quos tu rotatus, quale murmur auscultas
In ritibus nostris? Ego audio nullum.
Agè, provocemus úsque ad Angelos ipsos,
Aurésque superas: arbitri ipsi sint litis,

Utrum tenore sacra nostra sint necne
Æquabili facta. Ecquid ergo te tanta
Calumniandi concitavit urtica,
Ut, quæ Papicolis propria, assuas nobis,
Falsúmque potiùs, quàm crepes [vero?] versu?
Tu perstrepis tamen; útque turgeat carmen
Tuum tibi, poëta belle non mystes
Magicos rotatus, et perhorridas Striges,
Dicteriis mordacibus notans, clamas
Non convenire precibus ista Divinis.
O sævus hostis! quàm ferociter pugnas!
Nihilne respondebimus tibi? Fatemur.

AD FRATRES.

O SEC'LUM lepidum! circumstant undique Fratres,
Papicolísque sui sunt, Catharísque sui.
Sic nunc plena boni sunt omnia Fratris, amore
Cùm nil fraterno rarius esse queat.

DE LABE, MACULISQUE.

LABECULAS, maculâsque nobis objicis,
Quid? hoccine est mirum? Viatores sumus.
Quò sanguis est Christi, nisi ut maculas lavet,
Quas spargit animæ corporis propius lutum?
Vos ergo puri! O nomen appositissimum
Quo vulgus ornat vos? At audias parum;

Astronomus olim (ut fama) dum maculas diu,
Quas Luna habet, tuetur, in foveam cadit,
Totúsque cænum Cynthiæ ignoscit notis.
Ecclesia est mihi Luna; perge in Fabulâ.

DE MUSICA SACRA.

Cur efficaci, Deucalion, manu,
Post restitutos fluctibus obices,
Mutas in humanam figuram
Saxa supervacuásque cautes?
Quin redde formas, O bone, pristinas,
Et nos reducas ad lapides avos:
Nam saxa mirantur canentes,
Saxa lyras, citharásque callent.
Rupes tenaces, et silices ferunt
Potentiori carmine percitas
Saltus per incultos, lacúsque
Orphea mellifluum secutas.
Et saxa diris hispida montibus
Amphionis testitudine nobili
Percussa dum currunt ad urbem,
Mænia contribuêre Thebis.
Tantùm repertum est trux hominum genus,
Qui templa sacris expoliant choris,
Non erubescentes vel ipsas
Duritiâ superare cautes.
O plena centum Musica Gratiis,
Præclariorum spirituum cibus,

Quò me vocas tandem, tuúmque
Ut celebrem decus insusurras?
Tu Diva miro pollice spiritum
Cæno profani corporis exuens
Ter millies cælo reponis:
Astra rogant, Novus hic quis hospes?
Ardore Moses concitus entheo,
Mersis revertens lætus ab hostibus
Exuscitat plebem sacratos
Ad Dominum properare cantus.
Quid hocce? Psalmos audión'? O dapes!
O succulenti balsama spiritus!
Ramenta cæli, guttulæque
Deciduæ melioris orbis
Quos David, ipsæ deliciæ Dei,
Ingens piorum gloria Principum,
Sionis excelsas ad arces
Cum citharis, lituisque miscet.
Miratur æquor finitimum sonos,
Et ipse Jordan sistit aquas stupens;
Præ quo Tibris vultum recondit,
Eridanúsque pudore fusus.
Tun' obdis aures, grex nove, barbaras,
Et nullus audis? Cantibus obstrepens,
Ut, quò fatiges verberésque
Pulpita, plus spatii lucreris?
At cui videri prodigium potest
Mentes, quietis tympana publicæ,
Discordiis plenas sonoris
Harmoniam tolerare nullam!

DE EADEM.

CANTUS sacros, profane, mugitus vocas?
Mugire multò mavelim quàm rudere.

DE RITUUM USU.

CUM primùm ratibus suis
Nostram Cæsar ad insulam
Olim appelleret, intuens
Omnes indigenas loci
Viventes sine vestibus,
O victoria, clamitat,
Certa, ac perfacilis mihi!
  Non alio Cathari modo
Dum sponsam Domini piis
Orbam ritibus expetunt,
Atque ad barbariem patrum
Vellent omnia regredi,
Illam tegminis insciam
Prorsus Dæmoni, et hostibus
Exponunt superabilem.
  Atqui vos secus, O boni,
Sentire ac sapere addecet,
Si vestros animos regant
Scripturæ canones sacræ:

Námque hæc, jure, cuipiam
Vestem non adimi suam,
Sed nudis et egentibus
Non suam tribui jubet.

DE ANNULO CONJUGALI.

Sed nec conjugii signum, Melvine, probabis?
Nec vel tantillum pignus habebit amor?
Nulla tibi si signa placent, è nubibus arcum
Eripe cælesti qui moderatur aquæ.
Illa quidem à nostro non multùm abludit imago,
Annulus et plenus tempore forsan erit.
Sin nebulis parcas, et nostro parcito signo,
Cui non absimilis sensus inesse solet.
Scilicet, ut quos ante suas cum conjuge tedas
Merserat in lustris perniciosa Venus,
Annulus hos revocet, sistátque libidinis undas
Legitimi signum connubiale tori.

DE MUNDIS ET MUNDANIS.

Ex prælio undæ ignísque (si Physicis fides)
Tranquillus aer nascitur:
Sic ex profano Cosmico et Catharo potest
Christianus extundi bonus.

DE ORATIONE DOMINICA.

QUAM Christus immortalis innocuo gregi
Voce suâ dederat,
Quis crederet mortalibus
Orationem rejici septemplicem,
Quæ miseris clypeo
Ajacis est præstantior?
Hæc verba, superos advolaturus thronos
Christus, ut auxilii
Nos haud inanes linqueret,
(Cùm dignius nil posset aut melius dare)
Pignora chara sui
Fruenda nobis tradidit.
Quis sic amicum excipiet, ut Cathari Deum,
Qui renovare sacri
Audent amoris Symbolum?
Tu verò quisquis es, cave, nè dum neges
Improbe verba Dei,
Te deneget VERBUM Deus.

IN CATHARUM QUENDAM.

CUM templis effare, madent sudaria, mappæ,
Trux caper alarum, suppara, læna, sagum.
Quin populo, clemens, aliquid largire caloris:
Nunc sudas solus; cætera turba riget.

DE LUPA LUSTRI VATICANI.

CALUMNIARUM nec pudor quis nec modus
Nec Vaticanæ desines unquam Lupæ?
Metus inanes! Nos pari prætervehi
Illam Charybdim cautione novimus
Vestramque Scyllam, æquis parati spiculis
Britannicam in Vulpem, inque Romanam Lupam.
Dicti fidem firmabimus Anagrammate.

ROMA DABIT ORAM, MARO, RAMO, ARMO, MORA, ET AMOR.

ROMA, tuum nomen quam non pertransiit Oram,
  Cùm Latium ferrent sæcula prisca jugum?
Non deerat vel fama tibi, vel carmina famæ,
  Unde Maro laudes duxit ad astra tuas.
At nunc exsucco similis tua gloria Ramo
  A veteri trunco et nobilitate cadit.
Laus antiqua et honor perierunt, te velut Armo
  Jam deturbârunt tempora longa suo.
Quin tibi jam desperatæ Mora nulla medetur;
  Quâ Fabio quondam sub duce nata salus.
Hinc te olim Gentes miratæ odêre vicissim;
  Et cum sublatâ laude recedit Amor.

DE IMPOSITIONE MANUUM.

Nec dextra te fugit almi Amoris emblema?
Atqui manus imponere integras præstat,
Quàm (more vestro) imponere inscio vulgo.
Quanto Impositio melior est Impposturâ!

SUPPLICUM MINISTRORUM RAPTUS.

Κωμῳδούμενος.

I. Ambitio Cathari quínque constat Actibus.
Primò, unus aut alter parum ritus placet.
Jam repit impietas volatura illico.
II. Mox displicent omnes. Ubi hoc permanserit
III. Paulò, secretis mussitans in angulis
Quærit recessus. Incalescit fabula,
IV. Erumpit inde, et continere nescius
V. Sylvas pererrat. Fibulis dein omnibus
Præ spiritu ruptis, quò eas resarciat
Amstellodamum corripit se. Plaudite.

DE AUCTORUM ENUMERATIONE.

Quo magis invidiam nobis, et crimina confles,
Pertrahis in partes nomina magna tuas;
Martyra, Calvinum, Bezam, doctúmque Bucerum,
Qui tamen in nostros fortiter ire negant.

Whitaker, erranti quem præfers carmine, miles
Assiduus nostræ papilionis erat.
Nos quóque possemus longas conscribere turmas,
Si numero starent prælia, non animis.
Primus adest nobis, Pharisæis omnibus hostis,
Christus Apostolici cinctus amore gregis.
Tu geminas belli portas, O Petre, repandis,
Dum gladium stringens Paulus ad arma vocat.
Indè Patres pergunt quadrati, et tota Vetustas.
Nempe Novatores quis Veteranus amat?
Jam Constantinus multo se milite miscet;
Invisámque tuis erigit hasta Crucem.
Hipponensis adest properans, et torquet in hostes
Lampada, quâ studiis invigilare solet.
Téque Deum alternis cantans Ambrosius iram,
Immemor antiqui mellis, eundo coquit.
Hæc etiam ad pugnam præsens, quâ vivimus, ætas
Innumeram nostris partibus addit opem.
Quos inter plenusque Deo, genióque Jacobus
Defendit veram mente manúque fidem.
Interea ad sacrum stimulat sacra Musica bellum,
Qua sine vos miseri lentiùs itis ope.
Militat et nobis, quem vos contemnitis, Ordo,
Ordine discerni maxima bella solent.
O vos invalidos! Audi quem talibus armis
Eventum Naso vidit et admonuit;
Una dies Catharos ad bellum miserat omnes:
Ad bellum missos perdidit una dies.

DE AURI SACRA FAME.

CLAUDIS avaritiâ Satyram; statuísque sacrorum
Esse recidendas, Æace noster, opes.
Cætera condonabo tibi, scombrísque remittam:
Sacrilegum carmen, censeo, flamma voret.

AD SCOTIAM, PROTREPTICON AD PACEM.

SCOTIA, quæ frigente jaces porrecta sub Arcto,
Cur adeo immodicâ religione cales?
Anne tuas flammas ipsa Antiperistasis auget,
Ut nive torpentes incaluêre manus?
Aut ut pruna gelu summo mordaciùs urit,
Sic acuunt zelum frigora tanta tuum?
Quin nocuas extingue faces, precor: unda propin-
Et tibi vicinas porrigit æquor aquas; [qua est,
Aut potiùs Christi sanguis demissus ab alto,
Vicinúsque magis nobiliórque fluit:
Nè, si flamma novis adolescat mota flabellis,
Ante diem vestro mundus ab igne ruat.

AD SEDUCTOS INNOCENTES.

INNOCUÆ mentes, quibus inter flumina mundi
Ducitur illimi candida vita fide,
Absit ut ingenuum pungant mea verba pudorem;

Perstringunt vestros carmina sola duces.
O utinam aut illorum oculi (quod comprecor unum)
Vobis, aut illis pectora vestra forent.

AD MELVINUM.

Atqui te precor unicè per ipsam,
Quæ scripsit numeros, manum ; per omnes
Musarum calices, per et beatos
Sarcasmos quibus artifex triumphas ;
Quin per Presbyteros tuos ; per urbem
Quam curto nequeo referre versu ;
Per charas tibi, nobilésque dextras,
Quas subscriptio neutiquam inquinavit ;
Per quicquid tibi suaviter probatur ;
Nè me carminibus nimis dicacem,
Aut sævum reputes. Amica nostra est
Atque edentula Musa, nec veneno
Splenis perlita contumeliosi.
Nam si te cuperem secare versu,
Totámque evomerem potenter iram
Quam aut Ecclesia despicata vobis,
Aut læsæ mihi suggerunt Athenæ,
(Et quem non stimularet hæc simultas ?)
Jam te funditus igneis Camœnis,
Et Musa crepitante subruissem :
Omnis linea sepiam recusans
Plumbo ducta fuisset æstuanti,
Centum stigmatibus tuos inurens

Profanos fremitus bonásque sannas:
Plus charta hæc mea delibuta dictis
Hæsisset tibi, quàm suprema vestis
Olim accreverit Herculi furenti:
Quin hoc carmine lexicon probrorum
Extruxissem, ubi, cum moneret usus,
Haurirent tibi tota plaustra Musæ.
Nunc hæc omnia sustuli, tonantes
Affectus sociis tuis remittens.
Non te carmine turbidum vocavi,
Non deridiculumve, sive ineptum,
Non striges, magiámve, vel rotatus,
Non fastus tibi turgidos repono;
Errores, maculas, superbiámque,
Labes, somniáque, ambitúsque diros,
Tinnitus Berecynthios omittens
Nil horum regero tibi merenti.
Quin te laudibus orno: quippe dico,
Cæsar sobrius ad rei Latinæ
Unus dicitur advenire cladem:
Et tu solus ad Angliæ procellas
(Cum plerúmque tuâ sodalitate
Nil sit crassius, impolitiúsve)
Accedis benè doctus, et poëta.

AD EUNDEM.

Incipis irridens; stomachans in carmine pergis
Desinis exclamans: Tota figura, vale.

AD SEREN. REGEM.

Ecce pererratas, regum doctissime, nugas,
Quas gens inconsulta, suis vexata procellis,
Libandas nobis, absorbendásque propinat!
O cæcos animi fratres! quis vestra fatigat
Corda furor, spissáque afflat caligine sensus?
Cernite, quàm formosa suas Ecclesia pennas
Explicat, et radiis ipsum pertingit Olympum!
Vicini populi passim mirantur, et æquos
Mentibus attonitis cupiunt addiscere ritus:
Angelicæ turmæ nostris se cætibus addunt:
Ipse etiam Christus cœlo speculatus ab alto
Intuitúque uno stringens habitacula mundi,
Sola mihi plenos, ait, exhibet Anglia cultus.
Scilicet has olim divisas æquore terras
Seposuit Divina sibi, cùm conderet orbem,
Progenies gemmámque suâ quasi pyxide clausit.
O qui Defensor Fidei meritissimus audis,
Responde æternùm titulo; quóque ordine felix
Cœpisti, pergas simili res texere filo.
Obrue ferventes, ruptis conatibus, hostes:
Quásque habet aut patulas, aut cæco tramite, moles
Hæresis, evertas. Quid enim te fallere possit?
Tu venas, laticésque omnes quos sacra recludit
Pagina, gustâsti, multóque interprete gaudes:
Tu Synodósque, Patresque, et quod dedit alta
vetustas

Haud per te moritura, Scholámque introspicis omnem.
Nec transire licet quo mentis acumine findis
Viscera naturæ, commistúsque omnibus astris
Ante tuum tempus cœlum gratissimus ambis.
Hac ope munitus securior excipis undas,
Quas Latii, Catharíque movent, atque inter utrasque
Pastor agis proprios, medio tutissimus, agnos.
Perge, decus Regum ; sic, Augustissime, plures
Sint tibi vel stellis laudes, et laudibus anni :
Sic pulsare tuas, exclusis luctibus, ausint
Gaudia sola fores : sic quicquid somnia mentis
Intus agunt, habeat certum meditatio finem ;
Sic positis nugis, quibus irretita libido
Innumeros mergit vitiatâ mente poëtas,
Sola Jacobæum decantent carmina nomen.

AD DEUM.

Quem tu, summe Deus, semel
Scribentem placido rore beaveris,
Illum non labor irritus
Exercet miserum ; non dolor unguium
Morsus increpat anxios ;
Non mæret calamus ; non queritur caput :
Sed fœcunda poëseως
Vis, et vena sacris regnat in artubus
Qualis nescius aggerum
Exundat fluvio Nilus amabili.

O dulcissime spiritus,
Sanctos qui gemitus mentibus inseris
A Te Turture defluos,
Quòd scribo, et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

INVENTA BELLICA.

E MSTO. AUTOG.

Oh Mortis longæva fames, venterque perennis!
Quem non Emathius torrens, non sanguine pinguis
Daunia, non satiat bis ter millesima cædis
Progenies, mundique ætas abdomine tanto
Ingluvieque minor. Quercus habitare feruntur
Prisci, crescentesque una cum prole cavernas;
Hinc tamen excludi mors noluit, ipsaque vitam
Glans dedit, et truncus tectum, et ramalia mortem.
Confluere interea passim ad Floralia pubes
Cœperat, agricolis mentemque et aratra solutis.
Compita fervescunt pedibus, clamoribus æther.
Hîc ubi discumbunt per gramina, salsior unus
Omnia suspendit naso, sociosque lacessit:
Non fert Ucalegon, atque amentata retorquet
Dicta ferox, hærent lateri convitia fixo.
Scinditur in partes vulgus ceu compita, telum
Ira facit, mundusque ipse est apotheca furoris,
Liber alit rixas, potantibus omnia bina
Sunt præter vitam: saxis hic sternitur, alter
Ambustis sudibus, pars vitam in pocula fundunt,
Bacchantur Lapithæ, furit inconstantia vini,
Sanguine quem dederat spolians: primordia belli
Hæc fuerant, sic Tisiphone virguncula lusit.

Non placuit rudis atque ignara occisio, morti
Quæritur ingenium, doctusque homicida probatur.
Hinc tyrocinium, parvoque assueta juventus,
Fictaque Bellona, et veræ ludibria pugnæ,
Instructæque acies, hyemesque in pellibus actæ.
Omniaque hæc ut transadigant sine crimine costas
Artificesque necis clueant et mortis alumni.
Nempe et millenos ad palum interficit hostes
Assiduus tyro, si sit spectanda voluntas.
O superi! quis tantum ipsis virtutibus instat,
Quantum cædi? adeone unam nos vivere vitam,
Perdere sexcentas? crescet tamen hydra nocendi
Tristis, ubi ac ferrum tellure reciditur imâ,
Fœcundusque chalybs sceleris, jam sanguine tinctus,
Expleri nequit, at totum depascitur orbem.
Quid memorem tormenta, quibus prius horruit ævum,
Balistasque, Onagrosque, et quicquid Scorpio sævus
Vel Catapulta potest, Siculique inventa magistri,
Angligenûmque arces, gaudentes sanguine Galli
Fustibales, fundasque quibus cum numine fretus
Stravit Idumæum divinus Tityrus hostem.
Adde etiam currus et cum temone Britanno
Arviragum, falcesque obstantia quæque metentes.
Quin aries ruit et multâ Demetrius arte,
Sic olim cecidere.
Deerat adhuc vitiis nostris dignissima mundo
Machina, quam nullum satis execrabitur ævum;
Liquitur ardenti candens fornace metallum,
Fusaque decurrit notis aqua ferrea sulcis:

Exoritur tubus, atque instar Cyclopis Homeri,
Luscum prodigium, medioque foramine gaudens!
Inde rotæ atque axis subeunt, quasi sella curulis,
Qua mors ipsa sedens hominum de gente triumphat.
Accedit Pyrius pulvis laquearibus Orci
Exulis, Infernæ pretiosa tragemata mensæ,
Sulphureaque lacu, totaque imbuta Mephiti.
Hinc glans adjicitur, non quam ructare vetustas
Creditur, ante satas prono cum vertice fruges.
Plumbea glans, livensque suæ quasi conscia noxæ,
Purpureus lictor Plutonis, epistola fati.
Plumbis obsignata, colosque et stamina vitæ
Perrumpens, Atropi vetulæ marcentibus ulnis.
Hæc ubi vincta, subit vivo cum fune minister,
Fatalemque levans dextram, qua stupeus ignis
Mulcetur vento, accendit cum fomite partem
Pulveris inferni, properat, datur ignis, et omnem
Materiam vexat, nec jam se continet antro
Tisiphone, flammâ et fallaci fulmine cincta;
Evolat, horrendumque ciet bacchata fragorem.
It stridor, cælosque omnes et Tartara findit.
Non jam exaudiri quidquam vel musica sphæræ
Vel gemitus Erebi, piceo se turbine volvens,
Totamque eructans nubem glans proruit imo
Precipitata, cadunt urbes formidine, muri
Diffugiunt, fragilisque crepant cœnacula mundi.
Strata jacent toto millena cadavera campo,
Uno ictu; non sic pestis, non stella maligno
Afflatu perimunt. En Cymba Cocytia turbis
Ingemit, et defessus opem jam portitor orat.

Nec glans sola nocet, mortem quandoque susurrat
Aura volans, vitamque aer quam paverat, aufert.
Dicite vos, Furiæ! qua gaudet origine monstrum?
Nox Ætnam, noctemque Chaos genuere priores,
Ætna Cacum ignivomum dedit, hic Ixiona Græcis
Cantatum, deinde Ixion cum nubibus atris
Congrediens genuit monachum, qui limen opacæ
Triste colens sellæ, noctuque et Dæmone plenum
Protulit horrendum hoc primum cum pulvere mon-
strum.
Quis monachos mortem meditari, et pulvere tristi
Versatos neget? atque humiles queis talia cordi
Tam demissa, ipsamque adeo subeuntia terram?
Nec tamen hic mortis rabies stetit; exilit omni
Tormento pejor Jesuita, et fulminat orbem,
Ridens bombardas miseras, quæ corpora perdunt
Non animas; raroque ornantur sanguine regum
Obstreperæ stulto sonitu, crimenque fatentes.
Sistimus hic, inquit fatum, sat prata biberunt
Sanguinis, innocuum tandem luet orbis Abelum.

G. Herberte.

ALIA POEMATA LATINA.

AD AUCTOREM INSTAURATIONIS MAGNÆ.

[FRANCISCUM BACON.]

PER strages licet auctorum veterúmque ruinam
Ad famæ properes vera Tropæa tuæ,
Tam nitidè tamen occidís, tam suaviter hostes,
Se quasi donatum funere quisque putat.
Scilicet apponit pretium tua dextera fato,
Vulneréque emanat sanguis, ut intret honos.
O quám felices sunt, qui tua castra sequuntur,
Cùm per te sit res ambitiosa mori.

IN HONOREM ILLUSTRISSIMI DOMINI FRANCISCI DE VERULAMIO VICE-COMITIS STI. ALBANI.

POST EDITAM AB EO INSTAUR. MAGNAM.

QUIS iste tandem? non enim Vultu ambulat
Quotidiano. Nescis, ignare? audies.
Dux Notionum; Veritatis Pontifex;
Inductionis Dominus, et Verulamii;
Rerum Magister Unicus, at non Artium:
Profunditatis Pinus, atque Elegantiæ;

Naturæ Aruspex intimus; Philosophiæ
Ærarium, Sequester Experientiæ,
Speculationísque; Æquitatis Signifer;
Scientiarum sub pupillari statu
Degentium olim Emancipator; Luminis
Promus: Fugator Idolûm, atque Nubium:
Collega Solis: Quadra Certitudinis:
Sophismatum Mastix; Brutus Literarius,
Authoritatis exuens Tyrannidem:
Rationis et Sensus stupendus Arbiter.
Repumicator mentis: Atlas Physicus,
Alcide succumbente Stagiritico;
Columba Noæ, quæ in vetustate Artibùs
Nullum locum requiemque cernens, præstitit
Ad se suumque Matris, Arcam regredi.
Subtilitatis terebra; Temporis nepos
Ex veritate Matre; Mellis Alveus;
Mundique et Animarum Sacerdos Unicus;
Securisque Errorum; ínque Natalibus
Granum Sinapis, acre aliis, Crescens sibi;
O me prope Lassum! Juvate Posteri.

GEOR. HERBERT. ORAT. PUB. IN ACADEM. CANTAB.

IN OBITUM INCOMPARABILIS FRANCISCI VICECOMITIS SANCTI ALBANI, BARONIS VERULAMII.

DUM longi lentíque gemis sub pondere morbi,
Atque hæret dubio tabida vita pede;
Quid voluit prudens Fatum, jam sentio tandem:

Constat, Aprile uno te potuisse mori:
Ut Flos hinc lacrymis, illinc Philomela querelis,
Deducant linguæ funera sola tuæ.

COMPARATIO INTER MUNUS SUMMI CANCELLARIATUS ET LIBRUM.

Munere dum nobis prodes, Libróque futuris,
In laudes abeunt sæcula quæque tuas;
Munere dum nobis prodes, Libróque remotis,
In laudes abeunt jam loca quæque tuas:
Hæ tibi sunt alæ laudum. Cui contigit unquam
Longius æterno, latius orbe decus?

ÆTHIOPISSA AMBIT CESTUM DIVERSI COLORIS VIRUM.

Quid mihi si facies nigra est? hoc, Ceste, colore
Sunt etiam tenebræ, quas tamen optat amor.
Cernis ut exustâ semper sit fronte viator;
Ah longum, quæ te deperit, errat iter.
Si nigro sit terra solo, quis despicit arvum?
Claude oculos, et erunt omnia nigra tibi:
Aut aperi, et cernes corpus quas projicit umbras;
Hoc saltem officio fungar amore tui.
Cum mihi sit facies fumus, quas pectore flammas
Jamdudum tacitè delituisse putes?
Dure, negas? O fata mihi præsaga doloris,
Quæ mihi lugubres contribuêre genas!

IN NATALES ET PASCHA CONCURRENTES.

Cum tu, Christe, cadis, nascor; mentémque ligavit
  Una meam membris horula, téque cruci.
O me disparibus natum cum numine fatis!
  Cur mihi das vitam, quam tibi, Christe, negas?
Quin moriar tecum: vitam, quam negligis ipse,
  Accipe; ni talem des, tibi qualis erat.
Hoc mihi legatum tristi si funere præstes,
  Christe, duplex fiet mors tua vita mihi:
Atque ibi per te sanctificer natalibus ipsis,
  In vitam, et nervos Pascha coæva fluet.

AD JOHANNEM DONNE, D.D.

DE UNO SIGILLORUM EJUS, ANCHORA ET CHRISTO

Quod crux nequibat fixa, clavique additi
(Tenere Christum scilicet, ne ascenderet)
Tuíve Christum devocans facundia
Ultra loquendi tempus; addit Anchora:
Nec hoc abundè est tibi, nisi certæ Anchoræ
Addas Sigillum: nempè symbolum suæ
Tibi dedit unda et terra certitudinis.
  Quondam fessus amor loquens amato,
  Tot et tanta loquens amica, scripsit;
  Tandem et fessa manus, dedit Sigillum.

Suavis erat, qui scripta, dolens, lacerando recludi
Sanctiùs in regno magni credebat amoris
(In quo fas nihil est rumpi) donare Sigillum.
Munde, fluas fugiásque licet, nos nostráque fixi:
Deridet motus sancta Catena tuos.

IN OBITUM SERENISSIMÆ REGINÆ ANNÆ.

(E LACHRYMIS CANTABRIGIENSIBUS.)

Quo te, felix Anna, modo deflere licebit?
Cui magnum imperium, gloria major erat:
Ecce meus torpens animus succumbit utrique,
Cui tenuis fama est, ingeniumque minus.
Quis, nisi qui manibus Briareus, oculisque sit Argus,
  Scribere te dignùm vel lacrymare queat?
Frustra igitur sudo; superest mihi sola voluptas,
  Quod calamum excusent Pontus et Astra meum:
Namque Annæ laudes cœlo scribuntur aperto,
  Sed luctus noster scribitur Oceano.

IN OBITUM HENRICI PRINCIPIS WALLIÆ.

(EX EPICEDIO CANTABRIGIENSI.)

Ite leves (inquam), Parnassia numina, musæ
Non ego vos posthac, hederæ velatus amictu,
Somnis nescio queis nocturna ad vota vocabo
Sed nec Cirrhæi saltus, Libethriave arva
In mea dicta ruant; non tam mihi pendula mens est,

Sic quasi Diis certem, magnos accersere montes;
Nec vaga de summo deducam flumina monte,
Qualia parturiente colunt sub rupe sorores:
Si quas mens agitet moles (dum pectora sævo
Tota stupent luctu) lacrymisque exæstuet æquis
Spiritus, hi mihi jam montes, hæc flumina sunto:
Musa, vale! et tu, Phœbe! dolor mea carmina dictet;
Hinc mihi principium: vos, o labentia mentis
Lumina, nutantes paullatim acquirite vires,
Vivite, dum mortem ostendam: sic tempora vestram
Non comedant famam, sic nulla oblivia potent.
Quare age, mens! effare, precor, quo numine læso?
Quæ suberant causæ? quid nos committere tantum,
Quod non lanigeræ pecudes, non agmina lustrent?
Annon longa fames, miseræque injuria pestis
Pœna minor fuerat, quam fatum Principis ægrum?
Jam felix Philomela, et menti conscia Dido!
Felices quos bella premunt et plurimus ensis!
Non metuunt ultra; nostra infortunia tantum
Fataque, Fortunasque et spem læsere futuram.
Quod si fata illi longam invidere salutem
Et patrio regno (sub quo jam Principe nobis
Quid sperare, immo quid non sperare licebat?)
Debuit ista pati prima et non nobilis ætas:
Aut cita mors est danda bonis aut longa senectus.
Sic lætare animos et sic ostendere gemmam
Excitat optatus avidos, et ventilat ignem.
Quare etiam nuper Pyrii de pulveris ictu
Principis innocuam servâstis numina vitam
Ut morbi perimant, alioque in pulvere prostet.

Phœbe, tui puduit, quum summo mane redires,
Sol sine sole tuo! quum te tum nubibus atris
Totum offuscari peteres, ut nocte silenti
Humana æternos agerent præcordia questus:
Tantum etenim vestras, Parcæ, non flectit habenas
Tempus edax rerum, tuque o mors improba sola es
Cui cæcas tribuit vires annosa vetustas!
Quid non mutatum est? requiêrunt flumina cursus:
Plus etiam veteres cœlum videre remotum:
Cur ideo verbis tristes effundere curas
Expeto, tanquam hæc sic nostri medicina doloris?
Immodicus luctus tacito vorat igne medullas,
Ut fluvio currente, vadum sonat, alta quiescunt.

Innupta Pallas, nata Diespatre!
Æterna summæ gloria regiæ!
Cui dulcis arrident camœnæ
Pieridis Latiæque Musæ.

Cur tela mortis, vel tibi, vel tuis
Quacunque gutta temporis imminent?
Tantaque propendet statera
Regula sanguinolenta fati?

Numne Hydra talis tantaque bellua est
Mors tot virorum sordida sanguine,
Ut mucro rumpatur Minervæ
Utque minax superetur Ægis?

Tu flectis amnes, tu mare cærulum
Ussisse prono fulmine diceris,
Ajacis exesas triremes
Præcipitans graviore casu.

Tu discidisti Gorgoneas manus
Nexas, capillos anguibus oblitos,
Furvosque vicisti Gigantem
Enceladum, pharetramque Rhœci.

Ceu victa, musis porrigit herbulas
Pennata cæci dextra cupidinis,
Non ulla Bellonæ furentis
Arma tui metuunt alumni.

Pallas retortis cæsia vocibus
Respondit ; Eia ! ne metuas, precor,
Nam fata non justis repugnant
Principibus, sed amica fiunt.

Ut si recisis arboribus meis
Nudetur illic lucus amabilis,
Fructusque post mortem recusent
Perpetuos mihi ferre rami.

Dulcem rependent tum mihi tibiam
Pulchre renatam ex arbore mortua,
Dignamque cœlesti corona
Harmoniam dabit inter astra.

E. MSTO. AUTOG.

Cum petit Infantem Princeps, Grantamque Jacobus,
Quisnam horum major sit, dubitatur, amor?
Vincit more suo Noster: nam millibus Infans
Non tot abest, quot nos Regis ab ingenio.

E. MSTO. AUTOG.

Vero verius ergo quid sit, audi;
Verum, Gallice, non libenter audis.

THE END.

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

HENRY VAUGHAN.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

HENRY VAUGHAN.

BY REV. H. F. LYTE.

THE principal collections of the British Poets were made at a time when the taste for French correctness was in the ascendant among us. This may in some measure account for the fact that so many smooth rhymsters, such as Pomfret, Yalden, Lansdown, &c. have been placed on that august list, while Lord Brooke, the Fletchers, Withers, Herrick, Habington, and Quarles, have been excluded from it; and it is only when some happy accident brings these writers and their productions under our notice, that we discover how many of the true poets of England have been pushed from their places, to make room for mere pretenders to the title. In some instances it would almost seem as if these writers had been studiously run down by those who stole from them first, and then sought to consign them to obscurity, in order to cover their own plagiarisms. From the days of Milton, however, down to those of Burns and Cowper, a very low

standard of poetic excellence prevailed in this country; and a trifling offence against good taste, a slight ruggedness in style and composition, were sufficient to condemn a poet of no mean order to oblivion; as if any correctness of taste or smoothness of versification could atone for the actual dearth of originality. Among those who have experienced in a remarkable degree this unfair treatment is the poet, a part of whose works we propose now to republish. He is entirely unnoticed in the great collections of Bell, Anderson, and Chalmers; and even Campbell, in his "Specimens of the British Poets," speaks in the most slighting manner of his talents and productions. All this, however, is trifling in comparison with the treatment he receives at the hands of his own county historian, Jones. This writer actually doubts whether Henry Vaughan ever produced any poetry whatever. He tells us that two little pieces of his, the "Olor Iscanus" and the "Charnel House," were published by Thomas Vaughan, in the name of his brother Henry; but that they were generally believed to be Thomas Vaughan's own compositions. So ignorantly and flippantly could the historian of Brecknockshire write respecting one of its greatest literary ornaments, whose works, now before us, amount to seven printed volumes. How far this depreciation was deserved, the poems preserved in the following pages will best testify; but we are much deceived if many of them do not commend

hemselves to all readers of true poetic taste, as among the most striking compositions of their age. In this case a desire will naturally arise to know something respecting the author, and this curiosity the editor here endeavours to gratify; and after carefully looking through the aforesaid volumes, and making what inquiries he could both at Oxford and in the neighbourhood where Vaughan lived and died, he offers in the following biographical sketch the results of his researches. It may be as well here further to observe, that Henry Vaughan the poet must not be confounded with another of the same name, college, and neighbourhood, who wrote two little theological pieces of some merit. Though possessing so many features in common, they were, as the records of Jesus College show, totally different persons.

Henry Vaughan, styled by his contemporaries "the Silurist," from his having been born among the Silures, or people of South Wales, was descended from one of the most ancient and respectable families of the principality, deducing its pedigree from the ancient kings of that country. Two of his ancestors, Sir Roger Vaughan and Sir David Gam, lost their lives at the battle of Agincourt. His great grandmother was Lady Frances Somerset, daughter of Thomas Somerset, third son of Henry Earl of Worcester; and the possessions of the Vaughan family were very extensive both in Brecknockshire and in other parts of Wales. The

chief family residence was the castle of Tretower, in the parish of Cwmdû, and, when it was dismantled, Skethrock, or Scethrog, in the same neighbourhood. At this latter place, Shakespeare is said to have paid a visit to one of the family; and his commentator Malone thinks that it was perhaps there that he picked up the word "Puck," respecting the origin of which some of his critics have been much puzzled. Pooky, in Welsh, signifies a goblin; and near Scethrog exists a valley, Cwm-Pooky, the goblin's vale, which belonged to the Vaughans, and which a tradition, still extant, states to have been a favorite resort of some distinguished "Bard," who had once visited that neighbourhood. The grandfather of the poet appears to have migrated from Tretower to Newton, in the parish of Llansaintfread, about five miles distant from the family residence; and there his son Henry, in the year 1621, had issue Henry and Thomas Vaughan, twin brothers, the former of them the subject of the present memoir. Newton, once a comfortable mansion, is now a farm-house near the Usk, on the road leading from Crickhowel to Brecon, and distant about five miles from the latter place. Henry Vaughan styles it himself, in the date affixed to one of his dedications, "Newton by Uske, near Sketh-rock." The situation is a very beautiful one, well calculated to nurse poetic thought and feeling; and there is abundant evidence in Vaughan's works to show that it was not unap-

preciated by its poetic occupant. There are some very sweet Latin verses in one of his early volumes addressed to the Usk, and the following lines occur in one of his English apostrophies to the same river: —

"Garlands and songs and roundelayes,
Mild dewie nights and sunshine dayes,
The turtle's voyce, joy without fear,
Dwell on thy bosome all the year!
To thee the wind from far shall bring
The odours of the scattered spring,
And loaden with the rich arreare
Spend it in spicie whispers here."

At the age of eleven years, Henry Vaughan and his brother were sent for education to the Rev. Matthew Herbert, rector of Llangattock, under whose tuition they continued during the ensuing six years. Here they seem to have made considerable progress in classical literature, and to have imbibed a strong affection for their tutor, as well as a lively sense of their obligations toward him. They have both left behind them elegant and affectionate tributes in Latin Elegiacs to their old preceptor, and the graceful classicality of these compositions proves how well their praises were deserved.

From Llangattock the brothers in due time moved on to Oxford, and entered at Jesus College in the year 1638. They were then between seventeen and eighteen years of age, and well qualified

for engaging in the studies of the University. They had fallen, however, on times unpropitious to literary pursuits. The great rebellion was now fermenting, and politics seemed to push every thing else into the back-ground. The king, too, by and by moved his court from London to Oxford, where he had the sympathy and support of almost all the members of the University. It was scarcely to be expected that two young and ardent spirits, like those of the Vaughans, would be indifferent to the royal cause. They were sprung from a family distinguished for its loyalty, and Wales throughout the Civil War was always favorable to Charles: accordingly we find them both zealous royalists. Thomas Vaughan actually bore arms on the king's side, and Henry suffered obloquy and imprisonment for his known and avowed attachment to his royal master. This latter fact appears from a poem of his addressed to his "learned friend and *loyal fellow-prisoner*, Thomas Powell, D. D." Whether he ever actually took the field on the king's side may be a matter of doubt. He speaks, in a poem of his, of having been "torn from the side" of a dear young friend, R. W., in the battle of Rowton Heath, near Chester, 1645; and there are other passages in his works which seem to intimate that he had been engaged in actual conflict with the enemy. However, on the other hand, a Latin poem of his, written in 1647, expressly asserts that he had then nothing to do with open warfare. He

considered, he tells us, that there was a voice in a brother's blood, which would cry to Heaven against the shedder of it; and therefore he conscientiously abstained from meeting in the field his infatuated countrymen, though not from the advocacy of his sovereign's cause, by every means which he deemed legitimate. His brother Thomas, however, had none of these scruples; and as his history is rather a singular one, it may as well be here pursued to its close. Obtaining ordination from Bishop Mainwaring, he was presented by a distant relation to the living of Llansaintfread, the place of his birth, and went to reside there, close to his brother Henry. The Parliamentary Ecclesiastical Commissioners soon afterwards commenced their inquisitorial visitations; and Thomas Vaughan was expelled by them from his living, on the usual charges of drunkenness, swearing, incontinency, and having borne arms for the king; the latter probably being, as in many other instances, his only real offence. On this event he retired to Oxford, and devoted the rest of his life to chemistry, or rather alchemy, under the auspices of Sir Robert Murray, Secretary of State for Scotland, himself a great admirer of these studies. While in his service, Thomas Vaughan published several works in verse and prose under the title of Eugenius Philalethes. The names of some of these are very whimsical and amusing. There is, first, "Anima Magica Abscondita, or a Discourse of

the Universal Spirit of Nature, with the strange, abstruse, and miraculous ascent and descent. — London, 1650." "Anthroposophia Theomagica, or a Discourse of the Nature of Man, and his state after death, grounded on his Creator's proto-chemistry. — London, 1650." "Magia Adamica, or the Antiquity of Magic, and the descent thereof from Adam downward, proved; together with a perfect and full discovery of the true Cœlum Terræ, or the Magician's Heavenly Chaos, and first matter of all things. — London, 1650." The last that we shall mention is, "Euphrates, or the Waters of the East, being a short discourse of that secret fountain, whose water flows from fire, and carries in it the beams of the sun and moon. — London, 1653." In the year 1665, on the plague breaking out in London, the court of Charles II. removed to Oxford, and Thomas Vaughan and his patron accompanied it. A few days afterwards, however, he was taken ill; and, retiring to Albury, in the neighbourhood, he died there, Feb. 27th, 1665. Anthony Wood sums up his character by saying: "He was a great chymist, a noted lover of the fire, an experimental philosopher, a zealous brother of the Rosicrucian fraternity, an understander of some of the Oriental languages, and a tolerable good English and Latin poet. He was neither Papist nor sectary, but a true resolute Protestant, in the best sense of the church of England." The two brothers seem to have been always strongly

attached to each other. Thomas had the highest admiration of his brother's poetical powers, and ushered in his early works with strong prefatorial commendations; and Henry pathetically laments his more eccentric brother's untimely death, in the verses entitled "Daphnis," printed at the end of this volume.

It was during this period of Henry Vaughan's life that his earliest verses were produced. He was intimate with most of the young literary men of the day, and his occasional effusions appear to have been highly prized and long remembered among them. He speaks with much delight of his occasional visits to London at this time, and of the social evenings spent there at the Globe Tavern. He mentions Randolph as one whom he specially delighted in. He flung his poetic tribute, along with so many others, on Cartwright's premature hearse. Fletcher's plays, published in 1647, came out with commendatory verses of his prefixed to them. And Ben Jonson, "great Ben," seems to have been an object of his peculiar admiration. At this period also his own first publication was given to the world, a little volume of verses, chiefly amatory, addressed to Amoret, in the light easy style of the day, and closing with a translation — not a close one — of the tenth Satire of Juvenal. Some of these poems exhibit a good deal of vigour and freedom in their versification. The following is a favourable specimen: —

"But grant some richer planet at my birth
Had spied me out, and measured so much earth
Or gold unto my share, I should have been
Slave to these lower elements, and seen
My high-born soul flagge with their drosse, and lye
A prisoner to base mud and alchemie.
I should perhaps eate orphans, and sucke up
A dozen distrest widowes in one cup.

. . . . . .

Thanks then for this deliverance, blessed Powers!
You that dispense man's fortune and his houres!
How am I to you all engaged! that thus
By such strange meanes, almost miraculous,
You should preserve me! you have gone the way
To make me rich by taking all away.
For I, had I been rich, as sure as fate,
Would have been meddling with the king or state,
Or something to undoe me; and 'tis fit,
We know, that who hath wealth should have no wit.
But, above all, thanks to that Providence,
That armed me with a gallant soule and sense
'Gainst all misfortunes, that hath breathed so much
Of Heaven into me, that I scorn the touch
Of these low things, and can with courage dare
Whatever fate or malice can prepare.
I envy no man's purse or mines. I know
That losing them I've lost their curses too."

The little volume from whence these lines are taken is entitled, "Poems, with the tenth Satyre of Juvenal Englished, by Henry Vaughan, Gent. London, 1646."

It became, however, now necessary that Henry Vaughan should turn his attention to some profession for a livelihood. Whatever patrimony may have descended to him by inheritance, it appears

to have been inadequate to his support. Besides, he was a poet, one of that race of whom he playfully says himself, —

"Thou shalt not find a rich one. Take each clime,
And run o'er all the pilgrimage of time,
Thou'lt meet them poor, and everywhere descrie
A threadbare, gold-less genealogie."

That this lot was not indeed a very distressing one to him, we may conjecture from a passage already quoted, as well as from other lines of his, in which, addressing Fortune, he says: —

"I care not for your wondrous hat and purse!
The world's my palace. I'le contemplate there,
And make my progress into every sphere.
The chambers of the aire are mine, those three
Well-furnished stories my possession be.
I hold them all in capite, and stand
Propt by my fancy there. I scorn your land,
It lies so far below me. Here I see
How all the sacred stars do circle me."

Then, after casting off all the grosser parts of nature, he proceeds: —

"Get up, my disentangled soul! thy fire
Is now refined, and nothing left to tire
Or clog thy wings. Now my auspicious flight
Hath brought me to the empyrean light.
I am a separate essence, and can see
The emanations of the Deitie;
And how they pass the seraphims, and run
Through every throne and domination.
With angels now and spirits do I dwell;
And here it is my nature to do well.
And shall I then forsake the stars and signs,
To dote upon thy dark and cursed mines?"

All this, however, though fine in the way of poetic speculation, would not do for every-day practice. Accordingly, Henry Vaughan, having no taste for the church (indeed there was not much to attract him thither in such times), turned his attention to medical pursuits; and, leaving Oxford without graduating there, he went to London, and, in due time, became M.D., and retired to practice at Brecknock (now Brecon), the county town, a few miles distant from his native place. He found things greatly changed there under the republican regime, and not very congenial, it would seem, to his own feelings.

"Here's brotherly ruffs and beards, and a strange sight
Of high monumental hats, tane at the fight
Of eighty-eight; while every burgesse foots
The mortal pavement in eternall boots."

We find him accordingly soon migrating from thence to his native residence, Newton, where he continued to pursue his profession, and to employ his leisure hours in various literary occupations.

About this time it was that he prepared for the press his little volume, entitled "Olor Iscanus," the swan of the Usk, the dedication of which, to the Lord Kildare Digby, bears date December 17, 1647. This volume, however, he never himself published. It appears to have been consigned to the hands of his brother, when he returned to Oxford, on his ejection from the living of Llansaint-

fread; and in 1651, three years afterwards, it was printed by him, with an apologetic advertisement, and commendatory verses from himself and other Oxford friends. Thomas Vaughan, in his address to the reader, expressly says: "I have not the author's approbation to the fact" (viz. of publication); "but I have the law on my side," (as) "I hold it no man's prerogative to fire his own house." It would appear, therefore, that Henry Vaughan wished to have destroyed these ebullitions of his youthful muse, as he had many others of the same kind; and that they were, in the end, published contrary to his desire. Yet there is really nothing objectionable in the volume. The poems contained in it are not of a strictly religious character; yet they are full of just and noble sentiments, and I am not aware of a line that any one need have been ashamed of. The volume, when complete, has a curious frontispiece, engraved by Robert Vaughan, (qu. a relation?) with the swan of the Usk very conspicuous in the centre of it, and some Latin verses, "ad Posteros," before it, giving, in enigmatical language, a slight sketch of the author's life and opinions. The matter consists of original poems, many of them addressed to persons of the author's acquaintance, together with translations from Ovid's Tristia, Boethius, and Casimir; and a brief specimen or two will suffice to show that they are not without their beauties.

In an Epithalamium occur these lines, —

"Fresh as the houres may all your pleasures be,
And healthfull as eternitie!
Sweet as the flowre's first breath, and close
As th' unseen spreadings of the rose,
When he unfolds his curtained head,
And makes his bosome the sun's bed!

Of the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of James I., he says:—

"Thou seem'st a rose-bud born in snow,
A flowre of purpose sprung to bow
To heedless tempests, and the rage
Of an incensèd stormie age.
And yet, as balm-trees gently spend
Their tears for those that doe them rend,
Thou did'st not murmure nor revile,
But drank'st thy wormwood with a smile."

In a different strain, he thus concludes an invitation to a friend to Brecknock:—

"Come, then! and while the slow isicle hangs
At the stiffe thatch, and winter's frostie pangs
Benumme the year, blithe as of old let us,
'Mid noise and war, of peace and mirth discusse.
This portion thou wert born for. Why should we
Vex at the time's ridiculous miserie?
An age that thus hath fooled itself, and will,
Spite of thy teeth and mine, persist so still.
Let's sit, then, at this fire; and, while wee steal
A revell in the town, let others seal,
Purchase, and cheat, and who can let them pay,
Till those black deeds bring on the darksome day.
Innocent spenders wee! a better use
Shall wear out our short lease, and leave the obtuse
Rout to their husks. They and their bags, at best,
Have cares in earnest. Wee care for a jest!"

Another poem, the "Christian Politician," thus ends: —

"Come, then, rare politicians of the time,
Brains of some standing, elders in our clime,
See here the method. A wise, solid state
Is quick in acting, friendly in debate,
Joynt in advice, in resolutions just,
Mild in successe, true to the common trust.
It cements ruptures, and by gentle hand
Allayes the heat and burnings of a land.
Religion guides it; and in all the tract
Designes so twist, that Heaven confirms the act.
If from these lists you wander, as you steere,
Look back, and catechise your actions here.
These are the marks to which true statesmen tend,
And greatness here with goodness hath one end."

We can only afford room for one specimen of the translations: —

BOETHIUS, METRUM 4.

"Whose calme soule in a settled state
Kicks under foot the frowns of fate,
And in his fortunes, bad or good,
Keep the same temper in his bloud,
Not him the flaming clouds above,
Nor Ætna's fierie tempests, move.
No fretting seas from shore to shore,
Boyling with indignation o'er,
Nor burning thunderbolt, that can
A mountain shake, can stirre this man!"

At the close of this volume are inserted four prose translations, all of them bearing more or less on the author's pursuits or circumstances. The first, "On the Benefit we may get by our Enemies," from Plutarch; the second, "Of the Dis-

eases of the Mind and Bodie," from the same, another, on the same subject, from Maximus Tyrius; and, lastly, "The Praise and Happinesse of the Country Life," from the Spanish of Guevara. All these have separate title-pages, and were published in the year 1651.

We now, however, approach a very important period of our poet's life, when a change seems to have come over his spirit, which influenced it to the close of his earthly career. He was at this time visited by a severe and lingering illness, of what character exactly is not specified. It was, however, of a nature to bring him to the brink of the grave, and to keep him long in a state of solitude and suffering; and, while he was in this condition, more deep and solemn religious views and feelings appear to have broken in upon his soul than any he had before harboured. The high and holy claims of God; the infinite importance of eternity; the worthlessness of the world, and the folly of living for it; the baseness of sin, and the consequences of indulging in it, — all seem to have pressed heavily on his mind at this crisis, and to have filled him with great humility and seriousness; and, though he subsequently learned to look with hope and comfort to the mercy of God, vouchsafed to the penitent, through the death and merits of Jesus Christ, still this spirit of lowly watchfulness, so suitable to frail humanity, seems never to have left him. He carried it with him to his

dying bed, and it appears in the epitaph he wished to be inscribed on his tomb. During this period likewise, he seems to have had his affections severely tried by the untimely death of friends. There are, in the pieces composed by him at this season, many touching, though obscure, allusions to such losses. And these, along with his other trials, contributed to break up the fallow ground in his heart, and prepare it for the reception of the divine seed that was subsequently sown there. Just at this time, he became acquainted with the writings of George Herbert, and derived from them so much of comfort and instruction, that he determined to make the life and compositions of that holy man his own future models. In imitation, therefore, of his Temple, he composed, during the intervals of exemption from acute suffering, a number of little "Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations;" and, while his Oxford friends were publishing, contrary to his wishes, the "Olor Iscanus," he gave the world a more faithful record of his mind and heart, in a collection of these, entitled, "Silex Scintillans" (Sparks from the Flintstone). This work was printed in London in the year 1650, and consisted of only one of the two parts subsequently published together.

Close upon this publication followed a little book of devotions in prose, entitled "The Mount of Olives," and printed in the year 1652. It consists entirely of prayers, meditations, and admoni-

tions, all excellent of their kind, and calculated at once to benefit the reader, and raise the writer in his estimation. There is little or no poetry in the volume, the only original poetical production there being a kind of preface to the last piece in the volume, "An excellent Discourse of the blessed State of Man in Glory, written by the most reverend and holy Father Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury." The lines are as follows: —

"Here holy Anselme lives in every page,
And sits archbishop still to vex the age.
Had he foreseen (and who knows but he did?)
This fatal wrack, which deepe in time lay hid,
'Tis but just to believe, that little hand,
Which clouded him, but now benights our land,
Had never, like Elias, driven him hence,
A sad retirer for a slight offence.
For were he now, like the returning year,
Restored to view these desolations here,
He would do penance for his old complaint,
And weeping say that Rufus was a saint."

This work is dedicated, October 1st, 1651, to Sir Charles Egerton, Knight, to whom the writer says: "I know, sir, you will be pleased to accept this poore olive leafe presented to you, so that I shall not be driven to put forth my hand to take in my dove again." It will be conjectured, from the epithets given to St. Anselm, that Vaughan's religious spirit, though very fervent and real, was not exactly of the character of that which prevailed at this time. The Puritan principle had

been to cry down antiquity, and pour contempt on that which was authorized and established. Vaughan, on the other hand, was a lover of order. He knew how to distinguish between forms and formality. He delighted to look up to the great and good of other days for direction and precedent. What others before him had found to be conducive to their spiritual welfare might, he thought, conduce to his. He was glad, therefore, to listen to their teaching, and conform to their example; and instruction always came to him with additional weight and force, when backed by such authority.

At no very distant period, Vaughan sent forth another little volume in prose, entitled, "Flores Solitudinis" (Flowers of Solitude), "certaine pieces collected by him in his sicknesse and retirement." There are, first, two discourses, the one "Of Temperance and Patience," and the other "Of Life and Death," translated, in 1652, from the Latin of Nierembergius; secondly, "The World Contemned," taken from Eucherius, Bishop of Lyons; and, thirdly, "The Life of Paulinus, Bishop of Nola," compiled by Vaughan himself. These are dedicated to the same Sir Charles Egerton to whom his "Mount of Olives" was inscribed; and his address to him concludes in these words: "You will look upon my suddaine and small presents as upon some forward flowers, whose kinde haste hath brought them above ground in cold weather. The

uncertainty of life, and a peevish, inconstant state of health, would not suffer me to stay for greater performances or a better season, lest, losing this, I should never again have the opportunity to manifest how much and how sincerely I am, sir, your servant, &c." These pieces, Vaughan tells us, were likewise translated by him during his long illness. They had comforted and instructed him under his heavy afflictions, and he published them in the hope that they might produce like effects on others, and enable them likewise to give up the world for God. "To leave the world," he says in his preface, "when it leaves us, is both sordid and sorrowful: I honour that temper which can lay by the garland when he might keep it on; which can pass by a rose-bud, and bid it grow, when he is invited to crop it." It is a remarkable circumstance, that some of the most sweet and simple prose writers in our language are to be found among those whose compositions in verse are the most full of affectations and conceits. What a dissimilarity, for instance, is there between Cowley's "Essays" and his "Mistress," between Donne's "Sermons" and his "Poems"! Quarles's grotesque quaintness in his "Emblems" curiously contrasts with the simple strength of his "Judgment and Mercy;" and we find little of the epigrammatic abruptness of the "Night Thoughts" in Young's "Centaur not Fabulous. "And, if Vaughan had attempted any great original work

in prose, it seems highly probable, from the brief specimens which we have of his capabilities, that he would have excelled in this species of composition likewise. The subjects, however, on which he employed his pen appear to have had no interest for the public at this period. Indeed, translations from the Fathers were not likely at such a time to meet with many sympathizing readers. The world had been deluged by the Puritans with their weak and washy publications. Still their crude theology was that generally in vogue. Those who had been disposed to go up, and drink at the stream a little nearer to its source, had passed away with the exiled Cosins and Bramhalls of a former generation. The court party was soon to come back from France vitiated alike in taste and principles, and ready to make a jest of every thing religious. This, then, was not a time at which treatises, such as those now published by Henry Vaughan, were likely to become popular. They were accordingly never reprinted, and their very existence is almost unknown to ordinary English readers. The following verses close this little volume, of which the last thirty-four lines are very striking.

ST. PAULINUS TO HIS WIFE THERASIA.

"Come, my true consort in my joyes and care,
Let this uncertaine and still wasting share
Of our fraile life be given to God! you see
How the swift dayes drive hence incessantlie;

And the fraile, drooping world, though still thought gay,
In secret slow consumption weares away.
All that we have passe from us, and, once past,
Returne no more. Like clouds they seeme to last,
And so delude loose greedy mindes. But where
Are now those trim deceits? To what dark sphere
Are all those false fires sunk, which once so shined,
They captivated soules and ruled mankind?
And what, Therasia, doth it us availe,
That spatious streames shall flow and never faile,
That aged forrests live to tyre the winds,
And flowers each spring returne and keepe their kinds?
Those still remaine; but all our fathers dyed,
And we ourselves but for few dayes abide.
This short tyme, then, was not given us in vaine,
To whom tyme dyes, in which we dying gaine;
But that in tyme eternall life should be
Our care, and endlesse rest our industrie.
And yet this taske, which the rebellious deeme
Too harsh, who God's mild lawes for chaines esteem,
Suites with the meeke and harmlesse heart so right,
That 'tis all ease, all comfort, and delight.
'To love our God with all our strength and will;
To covet nothing; to devise no ill
Against our neighbours; to procure or doe
Nothing to others which we would not to
Our very selves; not to revenge our wrong;
To be content with little; not to long
For wealth and greatnesse; to despise or jeare
No man; and, if we be despised, to bear:
To feed the hungry; to hold fast our crown;
To take from others nought to give our owne.'
Thèse are his precepts; and, alas! in these
What is so hard but faith may doe with ease?
He that the holy prophets doth beleeve,
And on God's words relies (words that still live,
And cannot dye), that in his heart hath writ
His Saviour's death and triumph; and doth yet,
With constant care admitting no neglect,

His second dreadfull coming still expect;
To such a liver, earthy things are dead;
With heaven alone, and hopes of heaven, hee's fed.
He is no vassall unto worldly trash,
Nor that black knowledge which pretends to wash,
But doth defile; a knowledge by which men
With studied care lose Paradise again.
Commands and titles, the vaine world's device,
With gold, the forward seed of sin and vice,
He never minds. His ayme is farre more high,
And stoopes to nothing lower than the skye.
Nor griefs nor pleasures breede him any pain:
He nothing feares to lose; would nothing gaine.
Whatever hath not God he doth detest.
He lives to Christ; is dead to all the rest.
This Holy One, sent hither from above,
A Virgin brought forth, shadowed by the Dove.
A crown of thornes his blessed head did wound,
Nayles pierced his hands and feet; and he, fast bound,
Stuck to the painfull crosse, where, hanged till dead,
With a cold speare his heart's dear blood was shed.
All this for man, for bad, ungratefull man,
The true God suffered: not that suffering can
Adde to his glory aught, who can receive
Accesse from nothing; whom none can bereave
Of his all-fulnesse: but the blest designe
Of his sad death was to save me from mine.
He dying bore my sins; and, the third day,
His early rising raised me from the clay.
To such great mercies, what shall I preferre,
Or who from loving God shall mee deterre?
Burne mee alive with curious, skilfull paine;
Cut up and search each warme and breathing vein;
When all is done, death brings a quick release,
And the poore mangled body sleepes in peace.
Hale mee to prisons; shut me up in brasse:
My still free soule from thence to God shall passe.
Banish or bind me; I can be no where
A stranger or alone; my God is there.

I fear not famine. How can he be said
To starve, who feedes upon the living bread?
And yet this courage springs not from my store.
Christ gave it mee, who can give much, much more.
I of myself can nothing dare or doe;
He bids mee fight, and makes mee conquer too.
If, like great Abraham, I should have command
To leave my father's house and native land,
I would with joy to unknown regions run,
Bearing the banner of his blessed Son.
On worldly goods I will have no designe;
But use my owne, as if mine were not mine.
Wealth I'll not wonder at, nor greatnesse seeke;
But chuse, though laughed at, to be poore and meake.
In woe and wealth, I'll keepe the same stayed mind;
Grief shall not breake me, nor joyes make me blind!
Then come, my faithfull consort, joyne with me
In this good fight, and my true helper be!
Cheer me when sad, advise me when I stray;
Let us be each the other's guide and stay.
Be your Lord's guardian. Give joynt ayde and due;
Helpe him when falne; rise when he helpeth you.
That so we may not onely one flesh bee,
But in one spirit and one will agree!"

It would be gratifying to be able to state, that Henry Vaughan's poetry, replete as it is with beauty and originality, had met with a better reception than his prose. But we cannot in honesty say that this was the case. That he had his admirers among the discerning few, there can be no doubt. His friends at Oxford, more especially, seem to have treasured up carefully every scrap of verse that fell from his pen. But with the public at large, and particularly with reference to his religious poetry, it was far otherwise. It

might at first sight appear that his "Silex Scintillans" had at least found readers enough to carry it through a second edition. A volume so designated by the publisher was sent forth in the year 1655, containing all the poems printed in the year 1651, together with a second part, almost equal in extent to the former, and the whole preceded by a very interesting preface, full of just thoughts and pious sentiments. But, on closer inspection, it is evident that we have here only the unsold copies of the volume before published, with the preface and second part added to them, and a new title prefixed to the whole. All this is discernible from the paging of this nominally second edition, and it speaks loudly of the neglect which the previous volume had experienced. The poems contained in this second part are in no respect inferior to those before published. Indeed, in some points, they present rather an improvement on them. They seem to exhibit more of Vaughan's own natural vein, and less of that of his excellent master. Preserving all the piety of George Herbert, they have less of his quaint and fantastic turns, with a much larger infusion of poetic feeling and expression. Their merits, however, seem to have been but ill appreciated by the tasteless and godless generation for whom Vaughan wrote, and his little volume accordingly soon sank into oblivion. We learn from its contents that the author was still a sufferer, his body still labouring under the

protracted illness that had attacked him five years before, and his heart bleeding from the further loss of beloved relatives and friends.

It is scarcely to be wondered, that, under such discouraging circumstances, Henry Vaughan, in the prime of life and the full maturity of his talents, should have ceased from all further authorship. Accordingly, during the forty years that he lived, after the second edition of his Silex, he gave nothing more to the public. In the year 1678, however, one of his zealous Oxford friends, J. W. (the initials have not been verified) sent forth a little volume, entitled, "Thalia Rediviva, the Passtimes and Diversions of a Countrey Muse," which, though it contains no reference to Henry Vaughan in the title-page, consists entirely of his poetry, together with a few of his brother Thomas's Latin verses appended. But, in this publication, Henry Vaughan took no part, though there is no reason to suppose that he was actually opposed to it. The contents are of a motley description, consisting of elegies, translations, addresses to individuals, and are evidently of the most various dates, some of them written in his youthful days at the University, and others in his maturer years, subsequently, in all probability, to the publication of the "Silex Scintillans." The volume is ushered in by commendatory verses from "the matchless Orinda," Mrs. Catherine Philips, Dr. Thomas Powell, and other Oxford friends and admirers, and contains

nothing which the most fastidious moralist could find fault with. At the close of the work is a collection of religious pieces, entitled, "Pious Thoughts and Ejaculations," the whole of which, together with a Pastoral Elegy on the death of Thomas Vaughan, we have included in the volume now published, so that the whole of Henry Vaughan's religious poetry may stand at once before the reader.

From the time of this last publication to that of his death, we have no further information to furnish respecting our author. He appears to have stolen away altogether from public life, to pursue his quiet walk with God, and enjoy the converse of such friends as were still left to him; and found abundant scope for the exercise of his powers in the labours of a useful profession, and the education of his growing family. He was twice married, and had by his first wife five children, two sons and three daughters; and by the second, one daughter. Of the latter alone is any thing further known. She married John Turberville; and her granddaughter died single in 1780, aged 92. For himself, he had the satisfaction of closing his days under the roof and amidst the scenes where they had commenced. His beloved Usk, and the beautiful vale through which it flows, were daily before his eyes to the last, and probably afforded him many a poetic ramble, when his more serious avocations admitted of them. It would appear from

one of his little Latin poems, that he was a fisherman; and the moral with which he accompanies a salmon of his own catching, sent as a present to a friend, would seem to imply that this amusement was occasionally pursued by him even in riper and more thoughtful years. But these little conjectural notices of his ordinary life and avocations must necessarily rest on very slender data. Much more satisfactory is it to know, that he died, as he lived, in holy consciousness of his own unworthiness, and in humble dependence on the merits of his Redeemer. He departed this life, April the 23d, in the year 1695, aged seventy-three, and desired that the following inscription should be placed on his tomb:—

" SERVUS INUTILIS,
PECCATOR MAXIMUS,
HIC JACEO.
GLORIA! † MISERERE!"

" An unprofitable servant, the chief of sinners, I lie here.
Glory be to God! † Lord have mercy upon me!"

Such are the particulars that we have been able to gather respecting Henry Vaughan and his works. They present a picture of one who lived to God rather than to man; and, if there is little of incident in the details, let us remember, that it is with the lives of private individuals as with the reigns of princes: those are often the happiest and most prosperous which make the least noise and show in the page of history. The mind and heart of our author are abundantly exhibited in his

writings, which are full of individuality; and, while we would deprecate pledging ourselves to every sentiment they contain, we feel that they claim for him unvarying respect, and commend themselves to us as the genuine overflowings of a sincere and humble spirit. We feel, while reading them, that we have to do with a truly good and earnest man. His poems display much originality of thought, and frequently likewise much felicity of expression. The former is, indeed, at times condensed into obscurity, and the latter defaced with quaintness. But Vaughan never degenerates into a smooth versifier of commonplaces. One, indeed, of his great faults as a poet, is the attempt to crowd too much of matter into his sentences, so that they read roughly and inharmoniously, the words almost elbowing each other out of the lines. His rhymes, too, are frequently defective; and he delights in making the sense of one line run over into the line following. This, when not overdone, is doubtless a beauty in versification, and redeems it from that monotony which so offends in the poets of Queen Anne's time. Yet even this may be pushed to excess, and become by its uniformity liable itself to the imputation of monotony. Take, for instance, the very beautiful lines of Vaughan entitled "Rules and Lessons," the first five stanzas of which strikingly exemplify the fault here specified; and it was perhaps their consequent harshness that induced Bernard Barton to transpose

them, not infelicitously, into a different stanza. A more favourable specimen of line flowing into line is the following morning address to a "Bird:" —

"Hither thou com'st. The busie wind all night
Blew through thy lodging; where thy own warm wing
Thy pillow was; and many a sullen storm,
For which coarse man seems much the fitter born,
Rained on thy bed,
And harmless head;
And now, as fresh and cheerful as the light,
Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing!"

This will be felt to be very tender and beautiful, notwithstanding the imperfect rhyme in the fourth line; and the volume now republished is full of like passages. Indeed, it may with truth be said of Vaughan, that his faults are in a great measure those of the age he lived in, and the master he imitated, while his beauties are all his own. That he will ever become a thoroughly popular poet is scarcely to be expected in this age. But among those who can prize poetic thought, even when clad in a dress somewhat quaint and antiquated, who love to commune with a heart overflowing with religious ardour, and who do not value this the less because it has been lighted at the earlier and purer fires of Christianity, and has caught a portion of their youthful glow, poems like these of Henry Vaughan's will not want their readers, nor will such readers be unthankful to have our author and his works introduced to their acquaintance.

Rome, April, 1847. H. F. L

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THAT this kingdom hath abounded with those ingenious persons which in the late notion are termed *wits*, is too well known,—many of them having cast away all their fair portion of time in no better imployments than a deliberate search or excogitation of idle words, and a most vain, insatiable desire to be reputed poets; leaving behinde them no other monuments of those excellent abilities conferred upon them, but such as they may (with a predecessor of theirs) term parricides, and a soul-killing issue; for that is the Βραβεῖον, and laureate crown, which idle poems will certainly bring to their unrelenting authors.

And well it were for them, if those willingly studied and wilfully-published vanities could defile no spirits but their own; but the case is far worse. These vipers survive their parents, and for many ages after (like epidemic diseases) infect whole generations, corrupting always and unhallowing the best-gifted souls and the most capable vessels;

for whose sanctification and wellfare the glorious Son of God laid down his life, and suffered the pretious blood of his blessed and innocent heart to be poured out. In the meantime it cannot be denyed but these men are had in remembrance, though we cannot say, with any comfort, their memorial is blessed; for, that I may speak no more than the truth (let their passionate worshippers say what they please), all the commendations that can be justly given them will amount to no more than what Prudentius the Christian sacred poet bestowed upon Symmachus:—

Os dignum æterno tinctum quod fulgeat auro
Si mallet laudare deum: cui sordida monstra
Prætulit, et liquidam temeravit crimine vocem;
Haud aliter, quàm cum rastris qui tentat eburnis
Cænosum versare solum, &c.

In English thus:

A wit most worthy in tryed gold to shine,
Immortal gold! had he sung the divine
Praise of his Maker; to whom he preferr'd
Obscene, vile fancies, and prophanely marr'd
A rich, rare stile with sinful, lewd contents;
No otherwise then if, with instruments
Of polish'd ivory, some drudge should stir
A dirty sink, &c.

This comparison is nothing odious, and it is as true as it is apposite; for a good wit in a bad subject is, as Solomon said of the fair and foolish woman, "like a jewel of gold in a swine's snowt, Prov. xi. 22. Nay, the more acute the author is,

there is so much the more danger and death in the work. Where the sun is busie upon a dunghill, the issue is always some unclean vermine. Divers persons of eminent piety and learning (I meddle not with the seditious and schismatical) have, long before my time, taken notice of this malady; for the complaint against vitious verse, even by peaceful and obedient spirits, is of some antiquity in this kingdom. And yet, as if the evil consequence attending this inveterate error were but a small thing, there is sprung very lately another prosperous device to assist it in the subversion of souls. Those that want the genius of verse fall to translating; and the people are every term plentifully furnished with various foraign vanities; so that the most lascivious compositions of France and Italy are here naturalized and made English; and this, as it is sadly observed, with so much favor and success, that nothing takes (as they rightly phrase it) like a romance. And very frequently, if that character be not an ivybush, the buyer receives this lewd ware from persons of honor; who want not reason to forbear, much private misfortune having sprung from no other seed at first, than some infectious and dissolving legend.

To continue, after years of discretion, in this vanity, is an inexcusable desertion of pious sobriety; and to persist so to the end is a wilful despising of God's sacred exhortations, by a constant, sensual

volutation or wallowing in impure thoughts and scurrilous conceits, which both defile their authors, and as many more as they are communicated to. If every idle word shall be accounted for, and if no corrupt communication should proceed out of our mouths, how desperate, I beseech you, is their condition, who all their life-time, and out of meer design, study lascivious fictions, then carefully record and publish them, that, instead of grace and life, they may minister sin and death unto their readers! It was wisely considered and piously said by one, "That he would read no idle books, both in regard of love to his own soul, and pity unto his that made them; for," said he, "if I be corrupted by them, their composer is immediately a cause of my ill; and at the day of reckoning, though now dead, must give an account for it, because I am corrupted by his bad example, which he left behinde him. I will write none, lest I hurt them that come after me; I will read none, lest I augment his punishment that is gone before me. I will neither write nor read, lest I prove a foe to my own soul: while I live, I sin too much; let me not continue longer in wickedness than I do in life." It is a sentence of sacred authority, that "he that is dead is freed from sin;" because he cannot in that state, which is without the body, sin any more; but he that writes idle books makes for himself another body, in which he always lives, and sins after death as fast and as foul as ever

he did in his life; which very consideration de serves to be a sufficient antidote against this evil disease.

And here, because I would prevent a just censure by my free confession, I must remember, that I myself have, for many years together, languished of this very sickness; and it is no long time since I have recovered. But, [blessed be God for it!] I have by his saving assistance supprest my greatest follies, and those which escaped from me are, I think, as innoxious as most of that vein use to be; besides, they are interlined with many virtuous and some pious mixtures. What I speak of them is truth; but let no man mistake it for an extenuation of faults, as if I intended an apology for them, or myself, who am conscious of so much guilt in both as can never be expiated without special sorrows, and that cleansing and pretious effusion of my Almighty Redeemer. And if the world will be so charitable as to grant my request, I do here most humbly and earnestly beg that none would read them.

But an idle or sensual subject is not all the poyson in these pamphlets. Certain authors have been so irreverendly bold as to dash Scriptures and the sacred relatives of God with their impious conceits; and (which I cannot speak without grief of heart) some of those desperate adventurers may, I think, be reckoned amongst the principal or most learned writers of English verse.

Others of a later date, being corrupted, it may be, by that evil genius which came in with the publique distractions, have stuffed their books with oathes, horrid execrations, and a most gross and studied filthiness. But the hurt that ensues by the publication of pieces so notoriously ill lies heavily upon the stationer's account, who ought in conscience to refuse them, when they are put into his hands. No loss is so doleful as that gain that will endamage the soul. He that prints lewdness and impieties is that madman in the Proverbs, who "casteth firebrands, arrows, and death."

The suppression of this pleasing and prevailing evil lies not altogether in the power of the magistrate; for it will flie abroad in manuscripts, when it fails of entertainment at the press. The true remedy lies wholly in their bosoms who are the gifted persons, by a wise exchange of vain and vitious subjects for divine themes and celestial praise. The performance is easie, and, were it the most difficult in the world, the reward is so glorious that it infinitely transcends it; for "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine like the stars for ever and ever:" whence follows this undenyable inference, that, the corrupting of many being a contrary work, the recompense must be so too; and then I know nothing reserved for them but "the blackness of darkness for ever;" from which, O God, deliver all penitent and reformed spirits!

The first, that with any effectual success attempted a diversion of this foul and overflowing stream, was the blessed man, Mr. George Herbert, whose holy life and verse gained many pious converts, of whom I am the least; and gave the first check to a most flourishing and admired wit of his time. After him followed diverse, — *sed non passibus æquis:* they had more of fashion than of force. And the reason of their so vast distance from him, besides differing spirits and qualifications (for his measure was eminent), I suspect to be, because they aimed more at verse than perfection, as may be easily gathered by their frequent impressions and numerous pages. Hence sprang those wide, those weak and lean conceptions, which in the most inclinable reader will scarce give any nourishment or help to devotion; for not flowing from a true, practick piety, it was impossible they should effect those things abroad which they never had acquaintance with at home; being onely the productions of a common spirit, and the obvious ebullitions of that light humor, which takes the pen in hand, out of no other consideration than to be seen in print. It is true, indeed, that to give up our thoughts to pious themes and contemplations, if it be done for pietie's sake, is a great step towards perfection; because it will refine, and dispose to devotion and sanctity. And further, it will procure for us (so easily communicable is that loving Spirit) some small

prelibation of those heavenly refreshments, which descend but seldom, and then very sparingly, upon men of an ordinary or indifferent holyness. But he that desires to excel in this kinde of Hagiography, or holy writing, must strive by all means for perfection and true holyness, "that a door may be opened to him in heaven," Rev. iv. 1; and then he will be able to write, with Hierotheus and holy Herbert, "a true hymn."

To effect this in some measure, I have begged leave to communicate this my poor talent to the church, under the protection and conduct of her glorious Head; who, if he will vouchsafe to own it, and go along with it, can make it as useful now in the publick as it hath been to me in private. In the perusal of it, you will, peradventure, observe some passages, whose history or reason may seem something remote; but were they brought nearer, and plainly exposed to your view, though that perhaps might quiet your curiosity, yet would it not conduce much to your greater advantage. And therefore I must desire you to accept of them in that latitude which is already allowed them. By the last poems in the book, were not that mistake here prevented, you would judge all to be fatherless, and the edition posthume; for indeed I was nigh unto death, and am still at no great distance from it; which was the necessary reason for that solemn and accomplished dress you will finde this impression in.

But the God of the spirits of all flesh hath granted me a further use of mine than I did look for in the body; and when I expected, and had by his assistance prepared for, a message of death, then did he answer me with life; I hope to his glory, and my great advantage; that I may flourish not with leafe onely, but with some fruit also; which hope and earnest desire of his poor creature, I humbly beseech him to perfect and fulfil for his dear Son's sake, unto whom, with him and the most holy and loving Spirit, be ascribed by angels, by men, and by all his works, all glory, and wisdom, and dominion, in this the temporal and in the eternal being. Amen.

NEWTON BY USK, near Sketh-Rock,
Septem. 30, 1654.

O Lord, the hope of Israel, all they that forsake thee shall be ashamed; and they that depart from thee shall be written in the earth, because they have forsaken the Lord, the fountain of living waters.

Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved; for thou art my health and my great deliverer.

I said in the cutting off of my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave; I have deprived myself of the residue of my years.

I said, I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord in the land of the living: I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world.

O Lord, by thee doth man live, and from thee is the life of my spirit: therefore wilt thou recover me, and make me to live.

Thou hast, in love to my soul, delivered it from the pit of corruption; for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back.

For thy name's sake hast thou put off thine anger; for thy praise hast thou refrained from me, that I should not be cut off.

For the grave cannot praise thee, death cannot celebrate thee; they that go down into the pit cannot hope for thy truth.

The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day; the father to the children shall make known thy truth.

O Lord, thou hast been merciful; thou hast brought back my life from corruption; thou hast redeemed me from my sin.

They that follow after lying vanities forsake their own mercy.

Therefore shall thy songs be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

I will go unto the altar of my God, unto God the joy of my youth; and in thy fear will I worship towards thy holy temple.

I will sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanksgiving; I will pay that which I have vowed: salvation is of the Lord.

TO

MY MOST MERCIFUL, MY MOST LOVING, AND
DEARLY LOVED REDEEMER,

THE EVER-BLESSED, THE ONELY HOLY AND JUST ONE,

JESUS CHRIST,

THE SON OF THE LIVING GOD, AND THE SACRED VIRGIN MARY.

I.

My God! thou that didst dye for me,
These thy death's fruits I offer thee;
Death, that to me was life and light,
But dark and deep pangs to thy sight.
Some drops of thy all-quickning blood
Fell on my heart; those made it bud,
And put forth thus, though, Lord, before
The ground was curst, and void of store.
Indeed, I had some here to hire
Which long resisted thy desire;
That ston'd thy servants, and did move
To have thee murthred for thy love:
But, Lord, I have expell'd them; and so bent,
Beg thou wouldst take thy tenant's rent.

II.

Dear Lord, 'tis finished! and now he
That copyed it, presents it thee.
'Twas thine first, and to thee returns;
From thee it shined, though here it burns:
If the sun rise on rocks, is't right
To call it their inherent light?
No, nor can I say, this is mine;
For, dearest Jesus, 'tis all thine.
Thy cloaths, when thou with cloaths wert clad,
Both light from thee and virtue had;
And now, as then within this place,
Thou to poor rags dost still give grace.
This is the earnest thy love sheds,
The candle shining on some heads;
Till at thy charges they shall be
Cloath'd all with immortality.

My dear Redeemer, the world's light,
And life too, and my heart's delight!
For all thy mercies and thy truth
Shew'd to me in my sinful youth;
For my sad failings, and my wilde
Murmurings at thee, when most milde;
For all my secret faults, and each
Frequent relapse and wilful breach;
For all designs meant against thee,
And ev'ry publish'd vanity,
Which thou divinely hast forgiven,
While thy blood wash'd me white as heaven:

I nothing have to give to thee,
But this thy own gift, given to me.
Refuse it not! for now thy token
Can tell thee where a heart is broken.

Rev. i. 5—7.

Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood,

And hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him: even so. Amen.

Vain wits and eyes,
Leave, and be wise;
Abuse not, shun not holy fire,
But with true tears wash off your mire.
Tears and these flames will soon grow kinde,
And mix an eye-salve for the blinde.
Tears cleanse and supple without fail,
And fire will purge your callous veyl.
Then comes the light! which when you spy,
And see your nakedness thereby,
Praise him who dealt his gifts so free,
In tears to you, in fire to me.

AUTHORIS (DE SE) EMBLEMA.

Tentâsti, fateor, sine vulnere sæpius, et me
Consultum voluit *Vox*, sine voce, frequens;
Ambivit placido divinior aura meatu,
Et frustrà sancto murmure præmonuit.
Surdus eram, mutusque *Silex:* Tu (quanta tuorum
Cura tibi est!) aliâ das renovare viâ;
Permutas curam: jamque irritatus *Amorem*
Posse negas, et vim, *Vi*, superare paras;
Accedis propior, molemque, et *Saxea* rumpis
Pectora, fitque *Caro*, quod fuit ante *Lapis*.
En lacerum! Cœlosque tuos ardentia tandem
Fragmenta, et liquidas ex *Adamante* genas!
Sic olim undantes *Petras*, *Scopulosque* vomentes
Curâsti, O populi providus usque tui!
Quam miranda tibi manus est! *Moriendo*, revixi;
Et *fractas* jam sum *ditior* inter *opes*.

SILEX SCINTILLANS.

PART I.

SILEX SCINTILLANS.

REGENERATION.

I.

A WARD, and still in bonds, one day
I stole abroad:
It was high-spring, and all the way
Primrosed, and hung with shade;
Yet was it frost within;
The surly wind
Blasted my infant-buds, and sinne
Like clouds ecclipsed my mind.

II.

Storm'd thus; I straight perceiv'd my spring
Meere stage and show,
My walke a monstrous, mountain'd thing
Rough-cast with rocks and snow;
And as a pilgrim's eye,
Far from reliefe,
Measures the melancholy skye,
Then drops, and rains for griefe,

III.

So sigh'd I upwards still: at last,
'Twixt steps and falls,
I reach'd the pinacle, where plac'd
I found a paire of scales;
I took them up, and layd
In th' one late paines;
The other smoake and pleasures weigh'd,
But prov'd the heavier graines.

IV.

With that some cryed, "Away!" straight I
Obey'd, and led
Full east, a faire, fresh field could spy:
Some call'd it Jacob's Bed;
A virgin soile, which no
Rude feet ere trod;
Where, since he stept there, only go
Prophets and friends of God.

V.

Here I repos'd; but scarce well set
A grove descryed
Of stately height, whose branches met
And mixt on every side:
I entred, and once in,
Amaz'd to see't,
Found all was chang'd, and a new spring
Did all my senses greet.

VI.

The unthrift sunne shot vitall gold
A thousand peeces,

And heaven its azure did unfold,
Chequer'd with snowie fleeces.
The aire was all in spice,
And every bush
A garland wore: thus fed my eyes,
But all the eare lay hush.

VII.

Only a little fountain lent
Some use for eares,
And on the dumbe shades language spent,
The musick of her teares:
I drew her neere, and found
The cisterne full
Of divers stones, some bright and round,
Others ill-shap'd and dull.

VIII.

The first (pray, marke!) as quick as light
Danc'd through the floud;
But th' last, more heavy than the night,
Nail'd to the centre stood:
I wonder'd much, but, tyr'd
At last with thought,
My restless eye, that still desir'd,
As strange an object brought.

IX.

It was a banke of flowers, where I descried
(Though 'twas mid-day)
Some fast asleepe, others broad-eyed,
And taking in the ray:

Here musing long I heard
A rushing wind,
Which still increas'd; but whence it stirr'd,
No where I could not find.

x.

I turn'd me round, and to each shade
Dispatch'd an eye,
To see if any leafe had made
Least motion or reply;
But, while I listning sought
My mind to ease
By knowing where 'twas, or where not,
It whisper'd, "Where I please."

"Lord," then said I, "on me one breath,
And let me dye before my death!"

Cant. v. 17.

Arise, O north, and come, thou south wind, and blow upon my garden that the spices thereof may flow out.

DEATH. — A DIALOGUE.

SOULE.

'Tis a sad land, that in one day
Hath dull'd thee thus, when death shall freeze
Thy bloud to ice, and thou must stay
Tenant for yeares and centuries:
How wilt thou brook't?

BODY.

I cannot tell;
But if all sence wings not with thee,
And something still be left the dead,
I'le wish my curtaines off, to free
Me from so darke and sad a bed;

A nest of nights, a gloomie sphere,
Where shadowes thicken, and the cloud
Sits on the sun's brow all the yeare,
And nothing moves without a shrowd.

SOULE.

'Tis so; but, as thou sawest that night
Wee travell'd in, our first attempts
Were dull and blind; but custome straight
Our fears and falls brought to contempt.

Then, when the ghastly twelve was past,
We breath'd still for a blushing east;
And bad the lazie sunne make haste,
And on sure hopes, though long, did feast.

But when we saw the clouds to crack,
And in those cranies light appear'd,
We thought the day then was not slack,
And pleas'd ourselves with what wee fear'd.

Just so it is in death. But thou
Shalt in thy mother's bosome sleepe,

Whilst I each minute grone to know
How neere redemption creepes.

Then shall wee meet to mixe again, and met,
'Tis last good-night; our sunne shall never set.

Job x. 21, 22.

Before I goe whence I shall not returne, even to the land of darknesse, and the shadow of death;

A land of darknesse, as darknesse itselfe, and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darknesse.

RESURRECTION AND IMMORTALITY.

Heb. x. 20.

By that new and living way which he hath prepared for us, through the veile, which is his flesh.

BODY.

I.

Oft have I seen, when that renewing breath,
That binds and loosens death,
Inspir'd a quickning power through the dead
Creatures abed,
Some drowsie silk-worme creepe
From that long sleepe,
And in weake, infant hummings chime, and knell
About her silent cell,
Until at last full with the vitall ray
She wing'd away,

And proud with life and sence,
Heaven's rich expence,
Esteem'd (vaine things!) of two whole elements
As meane, and span-extents.
Shall I then thinke such providence will be
Lesse friend to me;
Or that he can endure to be unjust
Who keeps his covenant even with our dust?

SOULE.

II.

Poore, querulous handfull! was't for this
I taught thee all that is?
Unbowel'd nature shew'd thee her recruits,
And change of suits,
And how of death we make
A meere mistake;
For no thing can to nothing fall, but still
Incorporates by skill,
And then returns, and from the wombe of things
Such treasure brings,
As Phenix-like renew'th
Both life and youth;
For a preserving spirit doth still passe
Untainted through this masse,
Which doth resolve, produce, and ripen all
That to it fall;
Nor are those births, which we
Thus suffering see,

Destroy'd at all; but when time's restless wave
Their substance doth deprave,
And the more noble essence finds his house
Sickly and loose,
He, ever young, doth wing
Unto that spring,
And source of spirits, where he takes his lot,
Till time no more shall rot
His passive cottage; which (though laid aside),
Like some spruce bride,
Shall one day rise, and cloath'd with shining light
All pure and bright,
Re-marry to the soule, for 'tis most plaine
Thou only fal'st to be refin'd againe.

III.

Then I that here saw darkly in a glasse
But mists and shadows passe, [springs
And, by their owne weake shine, did search the
And course of things,
Shall with inlightned rayes
Pierce all their wayes;
And as thou saw'st, I in a thought could goe
To heav'n or earth below
To reade some starre or min'rall, and in state
There often sate;
So shalt thou then with me,
Both wing'd and free,
Rove in that mighty and eternall light,
Where no rude shade or night

Shall dare approach us; we shall there no more
Watch stars, or pore
Through melancholly clouds, and say,
"Would it were day!"
One everlasting saboth there shall runne
Without succession, and without a sunne.

Dan. xii. 13.

But goe thou thy way untill the end be; for thou shalt rest, and stand up in thy lot at the end of the dayes.

DAY OF JUDGEMENT.

When through the north a fire shall rush
And rowle into the east,
And like a firie torrent brush
And sweepe up south and west,—

When all shall streame and lighten round,
And with surprizing flames
Both stars and elements confound,
And quite blot out their names,—

When thou shalt spend thy sacred store
Of thunders in that heate,
And low as ere they lay before
Thy six-dayes' building beate,—

When like a scrowle the heavens shall passe
And vanish cleane away,
And nought must stand of that vast space
Which held up night and day, —

When one lowd blast shall rend the deepe,
And from the wombe of earth
Summon up all that are asleepe
Unto a second birth, —

When thou shalt make the clouds thy seate,
And in the open aire
The quick and dead, both small and great,
Must to thy barre repaire;

O then it will be all too late
To say, "What shall I doe?"
Repentance there is out of date,
And so is mercy too.

Prepare, prepare me then, O God!
And let me now begin
To feele my loving Father's rod
Killing the man of sinne!

Give me, O give me crosses here,
Still more afflictions lend!
That pill, though bitter, is most deare
That brings health to the end.

Lord, God! I beg nor friends nor wealth,
But pray against them both;
Three things I'de have, my soule's chief health,
And one of these semes loath,

A living FAITH, a HEART of flesh,
The WORLD an enemie:
This last will keepe the first two fresh,
And bring me where I'de be.

1 Pet. iv. 7.

The end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer.

RELIGION.

My God, when I walke in those groves
And leaves thy Spirit doth still fan,
I see in each shade that there growes
An angell talking with a man.

Under a juniper some house,
Or the coole mirtle's canopie,
Others beneath an oake's green boughs,
Or at some fountaine's bubling eye.

Here Jacob dreames and wrestles; there
Elias is by ravens fed,
Another time by th' angell, where
He brings him water with his bread.

In Abraham's tent the winged guests
(O how familiar then was heaven!)
Eate, drinke, discourse, sit downe, and rest
Untill the coole and shady even.

Nay thou thyselfe, my God, in fire,
Whirlewinds, and clouds, and the soft voice,
Speak'st there so much, that I admire
We have no conference in these daies.

Is the truce broke? or 'cause we have
A Mediatour now with thee,
Dost thou therefore old treaties wave,
And by appeales from him decree?

Or is't so, as some green heads say,
That now all miracles must cease?
Though thou hast promis'd they should stay,
The tokens of the church, and peace.

No, no: Religion is a spring,
That from some secret, golden mine
Derives her birth, and thence doth bring
Cordials in every drop, and wine.

But, in her long and hidden course,
In passing through the earth's darke veines,
Growes still from better unto worse,
And both her taste and colour staines;

Then drilling on learnes to encrease
False ecchoes and confused sounds,
And unawares doth often seize
On veines of sulphur under ground;

So poison'd breaks forth in some clime,
And at first sight doth many please;
But drunk, is puddle or meere slime,
And 'stead of phisick, a disease.

Just such a tainted sink we have,
Like that Samaritan's dead well;
For must we for the kernell crave,
Because most voices like the shell?

Heale then these waters, Lord; or bring thy flock,
Since these are troubled, to the springing rock;
Looke downe, great Master of the feast; O shine,
And turn once more our water into wine!

Cant. iv. 12.

My sister, my spouse is as a garden inclosed, as a spring shut up, and a fountain sealed.

THE SEARCH.

'Tis now cleare day: I see a rose
Bud in the bright east, and disclose
The pilgrim-sunne; all night have I
Spent in a roving ecstasie

To find my Saviour; I have been
As far as Bethlem, and have seen
His inne and cradle; being there,
I met the Wise Men, askt them where
He might be found, or what starre can
Now point him out, grown up a man?
To Egypt hence I fled, ran o're
All her parcht bosome to Nile's shore,
Her yearly nurse; came back, enquir'd
Amongst the doctors, and desir'd
To see the Temple, but was shown
A little dust, and for the town
A heap of ashes, where some sed
A small bright sparkle was a bed,
Which would one day beneath the pole
Awake, and then refine the whole.
Tyr'd here, I came to Sychar; thence
To Jacob's well, bequeathed since
Unto his sonnes, where often they
In those calme, golden evenings lay
Watring their flocks, and having spent
Those white dayes, drove home to the tent
Their well-fleeced traine; and here (O fate!)
I sit where once my Saviour sate.
The angry spring in bubbles swell'd,
Which broke in sighes still, as they fill'd,
And whisper'd, "Jesus had been there,
But Jacob's children would not heare."
Loath hence to part, at last I rise,
But with the fountain in mine eyes;

And here a fresh search is decreed:
He must be found where he did bleed.
I walke the garden, and there see
Idæas of his agonie,
And moving anguishments, that set
His blest face in a bloudy sweat:
I climb'd the hill, perus'd the crosse,
Hung with my gaine, and his great losse
Never did tree beare fruit like this,
Balsam of soules, the bodye's blisse.
But O his grave! where I saw lent
(For he had none) a monument,
An undefil'd, a new-hew'd one,
But there was not the Corner-stone.
Sure then, said I, my quest is vaine,
Hee'le not be found where he was slaine;
So mild a Lamb can never be
'Midst so much bloud and crueltie.
I'le to the wilderness, and can
Find beasts more mercifull than man;
He liv'd there safe, 'twas his retreat
From the fierce Jew, and Herod's heat;
And forty dayes withstood the fell
And high temptations of hell;
With seraphins there talked he,
His Father's flaming ministrie;
He heav'nd their walks, and with his eyes
Made those wild shades a paradise.
Thus was the desert sanctified
To be the refuge of his bride.

I'le thither then; see, it is day!
The sun's broke through to guide my way.
But as I urg'd thus, and writ down
What pleasures should my journey crown,
What silent paths, what shades and cells,
Faire virgin-flowers and hallow'd wells,
I should rove in, and rest my head
Where my deare Lord did often tread,
Sugring all dangers with successe,
Methought I heard one singing thus:

I.

Leave, leave thy gadding thoughts:
Who pores
and spies
Still out of doores,
Descries
Within them nought.

II.

The skinne and shell of things,
Though faire,
are not
Thy wish nor pray'r,
but got
By meere despaire
of wings.

III.

To rack old elements,
Or dust;
and say,

Sure here he must
needs stay,
Is not the way,
nor just.

Search well another world: who studies this,
Travels in clouds, seekes manna where none is.

Acts xvii. 27, 28.

That they should seeke the Lord, if haply they might feele after him, and find him, though he be not far off from every one of us; for in him we live, and move, and have our being.

ISAAC'S MARRIAGE.

Gen. xxiv. 63.

And Isaac went out to pray in the field at the even-tide; and he lift up his eyes, and saw, and behold, the camels were comming.

Praying! and to be married! It was rare,
But now 'tis monstrous; and that pious care,
Though of ourselves, is so much out of date,
That to renew't were to degenerate.
But thou a chosen sacrifice wert given,
And offer'd up so early unto Heaven,
Thy flames could not be out; religion was
Ray'd into thee like beames into a glasse,
Where, as thou grewst, it multiply'd, and shin'd
The sacred constellation of thy mind.
But being for a bride, sure, prayer was
Very strange stuffe wherewith to court thy lasse:

Had'st ne'r an oath nor complement? Thou wert
An odde, coarse sutor: hadst thou but the art
Of these our dayes, thou couldst have coyn'd thee twenty
New sev'rall oathes, and complements too plenty.
O sad and wild excesse! and happy those
White dayes, that durst no impious mirth expose!
When sinne, by sinning oft, had not lost sence,
Nor bold-fac'd custome banish'd innocence!
Thou hadst no pompous traine, nor antick crowd
Of young, gay swearers, with their needless, lowd
Retinue; all was here smooth as thy bride,
And calme like her, or that mild evening-tide.
Yet hadst thou nobler guests: angels did wind
And rove about thee, guardians of thy mind;
These fetch'd thee home thy bride, and all the way
Advis'd thy servant what to doe and say;
These taught him at the well, and thither brought
The chaste and lovely object of thy thought.
But here was ne'r a complement, not one
Spruce, supple cringe, or study'd looke put on.
All was plaine, modest truth: nor did she come
In rowles and curles, mincing and stately dumbe;
But in a frighted, virgin-blush approach'd
Fresh as the morning, when 'tis newly coach'd.
O sweet, divine simplicity! O grace
Beyond a curled lock or painted face!
A pitcher too she had, nor thought it much
To carry that, which some would scorn to touch;

With which in mild, chaste language she did wooe
To draw him drinke, and for his camels too.
And now thou knewst her comming, it was time
To get thee wings on, and devoutly climbe
Unto thy God; for marriage of all states
Makes most unhappy, or most fortunates.
This brought thee forth, where now thou didst undresse
Thy soule, and with new pinions refresh
Her wearied wings, which so restored did flye
Above the stars, a track unknown and high;
And in her piercing flight perfum'd the ayre,
Scatt'ring the myrrhe and incense of thy pray'r.
So from * Lahai-roi's well some spicie cloud,
Woo'd by the sun, swels up to be his shrowd,
And from her moist wombe weeps a fragant showre,
Which, scatter'd in a thousand pearls, each flowre
And herb partakes; where having stood awhile
And something coold the parch'd and thirstie isle,
The thankfull earth unlocks herselfe, and blends
A thousand odours, which, all mixt, she sends
Up in one cloud, and so returnes the skies
That dew they lent, a breathing sacrifice.
Thus soar'd thy soul, who, though young, didst inherit
Together with his bloud thy father's spirit,
Whose active zeale and tryed faith were to thee
Familiar ever since thy infancie.

* A wel in the south country where Jacob dwelt, betweene Cadish and Bered. Heb. *the wel of him that liveth and seeth me.*

Others were tym'd and train'd up to't, but thou
Didst thy swift years in piety out-grow.
Age made them rev'rend, and a snowie head;
But thou wert so, e're time his snow could shed.
Then who would truly limne thee out, must paint
First a young patriarch, then a marry'd saint.

THE BRITTISH CHURCH.

I.

Ah! he is fled!
And while these here their mists and shadows hatch,
My glorious Head
Doth on those hills of myrrhe and incense watch.
Haste, haste, my deare!
The souldiers here
Cast in their lotts againe.
That seamless coat,
The Iewes touch'd not,
These dare divide and staine.

II.

O get thee wings!
Or if as yet, untill these clouds depart,
And the day springs,
Thou think'st it good to tarry where thou art,
Write in thy bookes
My ravish'd looks,

Slain flock and pillag'd fleeces,
And haste thee so
As a young roe
Upon the mounts of spices.

O rosa campi! O lilium convallium! quomodò nunc facta es pabulum aprorum!

THE LAMPE.

'Tis dead night round about: horrour doth creepe
And move on with the shades; stars nod and sleepe,
And through the dark aire spin a firie thread,
Such as doth gild the lazie glow-worm's bed.
Yet burn'st thou here a full day, while I spend
My rest in cares, and to the dark world lend
These flames, as thou dost thine to me; I watch
That houre, which must thy life and mine dispatch.
But still thou doest out-goe me, I can see
Met in thy flames all acts of piety;
Thy light is charity; thy heat is zeale;
And thy aspiring, active fires reveale
Devotion still on wing; then thou dost weepe
Still as thou burn'st, and the warme droppings creepe
To measure out thy length, as if thou'dst know
What stock and how much time were left thee now;
Nor dost thou spend one teare in vain, for still
As thou dissolv'st to them, and they distill,

They're stor'd up in the socket, where they lye,
When all is spent, thy last and sure supply:
And such is true repentance; ev'ry breath
Wee spend in sighes is treasure after death.
Only one point escapes thee; that thy oile
Is still out with thy flame, and so both faile:
But whensoe're I'm out, both shal be in;
And where thou mad'st an end, there I'le begin.

Mark xiii. 35.

Watch you, therefore; for you know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning.

MAN'S FALL AND RECOVERY.

Farewell, you everlasting hills! I'm cast
Here under clouds, where stormes and tempests
This sully'd flowre, [blast
Rob'd of your calme, nor can I ever make,
Transplanted thus, one leafe of his t'awake;
But ev'ry houre
He sleepes and droops; and in this drowsie state
Leaves me a slave to passions and my fate.
Besides I've lost
A traine of lights, which in those sunshine dayes
Were my sure guides, and only with me stayes,
Unto my cost,
One sullen beame, whose charge is to dispense
More punishment than knowledge to my sense.

Two thousand yeares
1 sojourn'd thus. At last Jeshurun's king
Those famous tables did from Sinai bring.
These swell'd my feares,
Guilts, trespasses, and all this inward awe;
For sinne tooke strength and vigour from the law
Yet have I found
A plenteous way, (thanks to that Holy One!)
To cancell all that e're was writ in stone.
His saving wound
Wept bloud, that broke this adamant, and gave
To sinners confidence, life to the grave.
This makes me span
My fathers' journeys, and in one faire step
O're all their pilgrimage and labours leap.
For God, made man,
Reduc'd th' extent of works of faith; so made
Of their Red Sea a spring; I wash, they wade.

Rom. xviii. 19.

As, by the offence of one, the fault came on all men to condemnation; so, by the righteousness of one, the benefit abounded towards all men to the justification of life.

THE SHOWRE.

I.

'Twas so; I saw thy birth. That drowsie lake
From her faint bosome breath'd thee, the disease
Of her sick waters, and infectious ease.

But now at even,
Too grosse for heaven,
Thou fall'st in teares, and weep'st for thy mistake.

II.

Ah! it is so with me; oft have I prest
Heaven with a lazie breath; but fruitles this
Peirc'd not; love only can with quick accesse
Unlock the way,
When all else stray,
The smoke and exhalations of the brest.

III.

Yet if, as thou doest melt, and with thy traine
Of drops make soft the earth, my eyes could weep
O're my hard heart, that's bound up and asleep;
Perhaps at last,
Some such showres past,
My God would give a sunshine after raine.

DISTRACTION.

O KNIT me, that am crumbled dust! the heape
Is all dispers'd and cheape;
Give for a handfull but a thought,
And it is bought.
Hadst thou
Made me a starre, a pearle, or a rainbow,
The beames I then had shot
My light had lessend not;

But now
I find myselfe the lesse, the more I grow.
The world
Is full of voices; man is call'd, and hurl'd
By each; he answers all,
Knows ev'ry note and call;
Hence still
Fresh dotage tempts, or old usurps his will.
Yet hadst thou clipt my wings, when coffin'd in
This quicken'd masse of sinne,
And saved that light which freely thou
Didst then bestow,
I feare
I should have spurn'd, and said thou didst forbeare,
Or that thy store was lesse.
But now since thou didst blesse
So much,
I grieve, my God! that thou hast made me such.
I grieve?
O, yes! thou know'st I doe; come, and releive,
And tame, and keepe downe with thy light,
Dust that would rise and dimme my sight!
Lest, left alone too long
Amidst the noise and throng,
Oppressed I,
Striving to save the whole, by parcells dye.

THE PURSUITE.

Lord! what a busie, restless thing
Hast thou made man!
Each day and houre he is on wing,
Rests not a span.
Then having lost the sunne and light,
By clouds surpriz'd,
He keepes a commerce in the night
With aire disguis'd.
Hadst thou given to this active dust
A state untir'd,
The lost sonne had not left the huske,
Nor home desir'd.
That was thy secret, and it is
Thy mercy too;
For when all failes to bring to blisse,
Then this must doe.
Ah, Lord! and what a purchase will that be,
To take us sick, that sound would not take thee!

MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Sweete, sacred hill! on whose fair brow
My Saviour sate, shall I allow
Language to love
And idolize some shade or grove,

Neglecting thee? Such ill-plac'd wit,
Conceit, or call it what you please,
Is the braine's fit,
And meere disease.

II.

Cotswold and Cooper's both have met
With learned swaines, and eccho yet
Their pipes and wit;
But thou sleep'st in a deepe neglect,
Untouch'd by any; and what need
The sheep bleat thee a silly lay,
That heard'st both reed
And sheepward play?

III.

Yet if poets mind thee well,
They shall find thou art their hill,
And fountaine too.
Their Lord with thee had most to doe.
He wept once, waked whole nights on thee:
And from thence (his sufferings ended)
Unto glorie
Was attended.

IV.

Being there, this spacious ball
Is but his narrow footstoole all;
And what we thinke
Unsearchable, now with one winke
He doth comprise. But in this aire
When he did stay to beare our ill
And sinne, this hill
Was then his chaire.

THE INCARNATION AND PASSION.

LORD! when thou didst thyselfe undresse,
Laying by thy robes of glory,
To make us more thou wouldst be lesse,
And becam'st a wofull story.

To put on clouds instead of light,
And cloath the morning-starre with dust,
Was a translation of such height
As, but in thee, was ne'r exprest.

Brave wormes and earth! that thus could have
A God enclos'd within your cell,
Your Maker pent up in a grave,
Life lockt in death, heav'n in a shell!

Ah, my deare Lord! what couldst thou spye
In this impure, rebellious clay,
That made thee thus resolve to dye
For those that kill thee every day?

O what strange wonders could thee move
To slight thy precious bloud and breath?
Sure it was love, my Lord; for love
Is only stronger far than death!

THE CALL.

I.

COME, my heart! come, my head,
In sighes and teares!
'Tis now, since you have laine thus dead,
Some twenty-years.
Awake, awake,
Some pitty take
Upon yourselves!
Who never wake to grone nor weepe,
Shall be sentenc'd for their sleepe.

II.

Doe but see your sad estate,
How many sands
Have left us, while we careles sate
With folded hands;
What stock of nights,
Of dayes, and yeares,
In silent flights,
Stole by our eares;
How ill have we ourselves bestow'd,
Whose suns are all set in a cloud!

III.

Yet, come, and let's peruse them all;
And as we passe,
What sins on every minute fall
Score on the glasse;

Then weigh and rate
Their heavy state,
Untill
The glasse with teares you fill;
That done, we shall be safe and good,
Those beasts were cleane that chew'd the cud.

THOU THAT KNOW'ST.

Thou that know'st for whom I mourne,
And why these teares appeare,
That keep'st account till the returne
Of all his dust left here;
As easily thou mightst prevent,
As now produce, these teares,
And adde unto that day he went
A faire supply of yeares.
But 'twas my sinne that forc'd thy hand
To cull this primrose out,
That by thy early choice forewarn'd
My soule might looke about.
O what a vanity is man!
How like the eye's quick winke
His cottage failes, whose narrow span
Begins even at the brink!
Nine months thy hands are fashioning us,
And many yeares alas!
Ere we can lisp, or ought discusse
Concerning thee, must passe;

Yet have I knowne thy slightest things,
A feather or a shell,
A stick or rod, which some chance brings,
The best of us excell.
Yea, I have knowne these shreds outlast
A faire-compacted frame,
And for one twenty we have past
Almost outlive our name.
Thus hast thou plac'd in man's outside
Death to the common eye,
That heaven within him might abide,
And close eternitie.
Hence youth and folly, man's first shame,
Are put unto the slaughter,
And serious thoughts begin to tame
The wise man's madness, laughter.
Dull, wretched wormes! that would not keepe
Within our first faire bed,
But out of paradise must creepe
For ev'ry foote to tread!
Yet had our pilgrimage bin free,
And smooth without a thorne,
Pleasures had foil'd eternitie,
And tares had choakt the corne.
Thus by the crosse salvation runnes;
Affliction is a mother,
Whose painfull throes yield many sons,
Each fairer than the other.
A silent teare can peirce thy throne,
When lowd joyes want a wing;

And sweeter aires streame from a grouе,
Than any arted string.
Thus, Lord, I see my gaine is great,
My losse but little to it;
Yet something more I must intreate,
And only thou canst doe it.
O let me, like him, know my end,
And be as glad to find it!
And whatsoe'r thou shalt commend,
Still let thy servant mind it!
Then make my soule white as his owne,
My faith as pure and steddy;
And deck me, Lord, with the same crowne
That has crownd him already.

VANITY OF SPIRIT.

QUITE spent with thoughts, I left my cell, and lay
Where a shrill spring tun'd to the early day.
I beg'd here long, and gron'd to know
Who gave the clouds so brave a bow,
Who bent the spheres, and circléd in
Corruption with this glorious ring;
What is his name, and how I might
Descry some part of his great light.
I summon'd nature; peirc'd through all her store;
Broke up some seales, which none had touch'd before;

Her wombe, her bosome, and her head.
Where all her secrets lay a bed,
I rifled quite, and having past
Through all the creatures, came at last
To search myselfe, where I did find
Traces and sounds of a strange kind.
Here of this mighty spring I found some drills,
With ecchoes beaten from th' eternall hills.
Weake beames and fires flash'd to my sight,
Like a young east, or mooneshine night,
Which shew'd me in a nook cast by
A peece of much antiquity,
With hyerogliphicks quite dismembred,
And broken letters scarce remembred.
I tooke them up, and, much joy'd, went about
T' unite those peeces, hoping to find out
The mystery; but this near done,
That little light I had was gone.
It griev'd me much. At last, said I,
"Since in these veyls my ecclips'd eye
May not approach thee, (for at night
Who can have commerce with the light?)
I'le d isapparell, and to buy
But one half glaunce most gladly dye."

THE RETREATE.

Happy those early dayes, when I
Shin'd in my angell-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, celestiall thought;
When yet I had not walkt above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flowre
My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinfull sound,
Or had the black art to dispence
A sev'rall sinne to ev'ry sence,
But felt through all this fleshly dresse
Bright shootes of everlastingnesse.
O how I long to travell back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plaine,
Where first I left my glorious traine;
From whence th' inlightned spirit sees
That shady city of palme-trees.

But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came return.

COME, COME.

I.

COME, come! what doe I here?
Since he is gone
Each day is grown a dozen year,
And each houre one.
Come, come!
Cut off the sum
By these soil'd tears!
(Which only thou
Know'st to be true,)
Dayes are my feares.

II.

There's not a wind can stir,
Or beam passe by,
But strait I think, though far,
Thy hand is nigh.
Come, come!
Strike these lips dumb:

This restless breath,
That soiles thy name,
Will ne'r be tame
Untill in death.

III.

Perhaps some think a tombe
No house of store,
But a dark, seal'd up wombe,
Which ne'r breeds more.
Come, come!
Such thoughts benum.
But I would be
With him I weep
A-bed, and sleep
To wake in thee.

MIDNIGHT.

I.

When to my eyes,
Whilst deep sleep others catches,
Thine host of spyes,
The starres, shine in their watches,
I doe survey
Each busie ray,
And how they work and wind,
And with each beame
My soul doth stream
With the like ardour shin'd.

What emanations,
Quick vibrations,
And bright stirs are there!
What thin ejections,
Cold affections,
And slow motions here!

II.

Thy heav'ns, some say,
Are a firie-liquid light,
Which mingling aye
Streames and flames thus to the sight.
Come then, my God!
Shine on this bloud
And water in one beame;
And thou shalt see,
Kindled by thee,
Both liquors burne and streame.
O what bright quickness.
Active brightness,
And celestiall flowes,
Will follow after
On that water,
Which thy Spirit blowes!

Matt. iii. 11.

I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance; but he that commeth after me is mightier than I, whose shooes I am not worthy to beare; he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.

CONTENT.

I.

PEACE, peace! I know 'twas brave;
But this coarse fleece,
I shelter in, is slave
To no such peece.
When I am gone,
I shall no wardrobes leave
To friend or sonne,
But what their own homes weave.

II.

Such, though not proud nor full,
May make them weep,
And mourn to see the wooll
Outlast the sheep;
Poore, pious weare!
Hadst thou bin rich or fine,
Perhaps that teare
Had mourn'd thy losse, not mine.

III.

Why then these curl'd, puffed points,
Or a laced story?
Death sets all out of joint,
And scornes their glory.
Some love a rose
In hand, some in the skin;
But, crosse to those,
I would have mine within.

JOY OF MY LIFE.

I.

Joy of my life while left me here!
And still my love!
How in thy absence thou dost steere
Me from above!
A life well lead
This truth commends,
With quick or dead
It never ends.

II.

Stars are of mighty use: the night
Is dark and long;
The rode foul; and where one goes right,
Six may go wrong.
One twinkling ray,
Shot o'er some cloud,
May clear much way,
And guide a croud.

III.

God's saints are shining lights: who stays
Here long must passe
O're dark hills, swift streames, and steep ways
As smooth as glasse;
But these all night,
Like candles, shed
Their beams, and light
Us into bed.

IV.

They are indeed our pillar-fires,
Seen as we go;
They are that citie's shining spires
We travell to.
A swordlike gleame
Kept man from sin
First *out;* this beame
Will guide him *in.*

THE STORM.

I.

I SEE the use; and know my bloud
Is not a sea,
But a shallow, bounded floud,
Though red as he;
Yet have I flows as strong as his,
And boyling stremes that rave
With the same curling force and hisse,
As doth the mountained wave.

II.

But when his waters billow thus,
Dark storms and wind
Incite them to that fierce discusse,
Else not inclin'd.
Thus the enlarg'd, inraged air
Uncalmes these to a floud;
But still the weather that's most fair
Breeds tempests in my bloud.

III.

Lord, round me then with weeping clouds;
And let my mind
In quick blasts sigh beneath those shrouds,
A spirit-wind:
So shall that storme purge this recluse
Which sinfull ease made foul,
And wind and water to thy use
Both wash and wing my soul.

THE MORNING WATCH.

O JOYES! infinite sweetness! with what flowres
And shoots of glory my soul breakes and buds!
All the long houres
Of night and rest,
Through the still shrouds
Of sleep and clouds,
This dew fell on my breast;
O how it blouds,
And spirits all my earth! heark! in what rings
And hymning circulations the quick world
Awakes and sings!
The rising winds
And falling springs,
Birds, beasts, all things
Adore him in their kinds.
Thus all is hurl'd

In sacred hymnes and order, the great chime
And symphony of nature. Prayer is
The world in tune,
A spirit-voyce,
And vocall joyes,
Whose Eccho is heaven's blisse.
O let me climbe
When I lye down! The pious soul by night
Is like a clouded starre, whose beames, though said
To shed their light
Under some cloud,
Yet are above,
And shine and move
Beyond that mistie shrowd.
So in my bed,
That curtain'd grave, though sleep, like ashes, hide
My lamp and life, both shall in thee abide.

THE EVENING WATCH.—A DIALOGUE.

BODY.

FAREWELL! I goe to sleep; but when
The day-star springs, I'le wake agen.

SOUL.

Goe, sleep in peace; and when thou lyest
Unnumber'd in thy dust, when all this frame
Is but one dramme, and what thou now descriest
In sev'rall parts shall want a name,

Then may his peace be with thee, and each dust
Writ in his book, who ne'r betray'd man's trust!

BODY.

Amen! but hark, eer we two stray,
How many hours dost think 'till day?

SOUL.

Ah! go; thou'rt weak and sleepie. Heav'n
Is a plain watch, and without figures winds
All ages up; who drew this circle, even
He, fils it; dayes and hours are blinds.
Yet this take with thee; the last gasp of time
Is thy first breath, and man's eternall prime.

SILENCE AND STEALTH OF DAYES.

SILENCE and stealth of dayes! 'tis now,
Since thou art gone,
Twelve hundred houres, and not a brow
But clouds hang on.
As he that in some cave's thick damp,
Lockt from the light,
Fixeth a solitary lamp,
To brave the night,
And walking from his sun, when past
That glim'ring ray,
Cuts through the heavy mists in haste
Back to his day;

So o'er fled minutes I retreat
Unto that hour,
Which shew'd thee last, but did defeat
Thy light and pow'r.
I search, and rack my soul to see
Those beams again;
But nothing but the snuff to me
Appeareth plain.
That, dark and dead, sleeps in its known
And common urn;
But those, fled to their Maker's throne,
There shine and burn.
O could I track them! But souls must
Track one the other;
And now the spirit, not the dust,
Must be thy brother.
Yet I have one pearle, by whose light
All things I see;
And in the heart of earth and night
Find heaven and thee.

CHURCH SERVICE.

I.

Blest be the God of harmony and love!
The God above!
And holy Dove!
Whose interceding, spirituall grones

Make restless mones
For dust and stones;
For dust in every part,
But a hard, stonie heart.

II.

O how in this thy quire of souls I stand,
Propt by thy hand,
A heap of sand! [quite,
Which busie thoughts, like winds, would scatter
And put to flight,
But for thy might;
Thy hand alone doth tame
Those blasts, and knit my frame;

III.

So that both stones and dust, and all of me,
Joyntly agree
To cry to thee;
And in this musick, by thy martyrs' bloud
Seal'd and made good,
Present, O God,
The eccho of these stones,
My sighes and grones!

BURIALL.

I.

O THOU! the first-fruits of the dead,
And their dark bed,
When I am cast into that deep
And senseless sleep,

The wages of my sinne,
O then,
Thou great Preserver of all men,
Watch o're that loose
And empty house,
Which I sometimes liv'd in!

II.

It is in truth a ruin'd peece,
Not worth thy eyes;
And scarce a room, but wind and rain
Beat through and stain
The seats, and cells within;
Yet thou,
Led by thy love, wouldst stoop thus low,
And in this cott,
All filth and spott,
Didst with thy servant inne.

III.

And nothing can, I hourely see,
Drive thee from me.
Thou art the same, faithfull and just,
In life or dust.
Though then thus crumm'd I stray
In blasts,
Or exhalations and wasts,
Beyond all eyes
Yet thy love spies
That change, and knows thy clay.

IV.

The world's thy boxe: how then, there tost,
Can I be lost?
But the delay is all; tyme now
Is old and slow;
His wings are dull and sickly.
Yet he
Thy servant is, and waits on thee.
Cutt then the summe,
Lord, haste, Lord, come,
O come, Lord Jesus, quickly!

Rom. viii. 23.

And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first-fruits of the spirit, even wee ourselves grone within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body.

CHEARFULNESS.

I.

Lord, with what courage and delight
I doe each thing,
When thy least breath sustaines my wing!
I shine and move
Like those above,
And, with much gladnesse
Quitting sadnesse,
Make me faire dayes of every night.

II.

Affliction thus meere pleasure is;
And hap what will,
If thou be in't, 'tis welcome still.
But since thy rayes
In sunnie dayes
Thou dost thus lend,
And freely spend,
Ah! what shall I return for this?

III.

O that I were all soul! that thou
Wouldst make each part
Of this poor sinfull frame pure heart!
Then would I drown
My single one;
And to thy praise
A concert raise
Of halielujahs here below.

SURE, THERE'S A TYE OF BODYES.

I.

Sure, there's a tye of bodyes! and as they
Dissolve with it to clay,
Love languisheth, and memory doth rust
O'r-cast with that cold dust;
For things thus center'd, without beames or action,
Nor give nor take contaction;
And man is such a marygold, these fled,
That shuts, and hangs the head.

II.

Absents within the line conspire, and sense
Things distant doth unite;
Herbs sleep unto the East, and some fowles thence
Watch the returns of light.
But hearts are not so kind: false, short delights
Tell us the world is brave,
And wrap us in imaginary flights
Wide of a faithfull grave.

III.

Thus Lazarus was carried out of town;
For 'tis our foe's chief art
By distance all good objects first to drown,
And then besiege the heart.
But I will be my own death's-head; and though
The flatt'rer say, I live,
Because incertainties we cannot know,
Be sure not to believe.

PEACE.

My soul, there is a countrie
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentrie
All skilfull in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits crown'd with smiles,
And one born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious friend
And (O my soul! awake)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There growes the flowre of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortresse, and thy ease.
Leave, then, thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

THE PASSION.

I.

O my chief good!
My dear, dear God!
When thy blest bloud
Did issue forth forc'd by the rod,
What pain didst thou
Feel in each blow!
How didst thou weep,
And thyself steep
In thy own precious, saving teares!
What cruell smart
Did teare thy heart!
How didst thou grone it
In the spirit,
O thou, whom my soul loves and feares!

II.

Most blessed Vine!
Whose juice so good
I feel as wine,
But thy faire branches felt as bloud,
How wert thou prest
To be my feast!
In what deep anguish
Didst thou languish!
What springs of sweat and bloud did drown thee!
How in one path
Did the full wrath
Of thy great Father
Crowd and gather,
Doubling thy griefs, when none would own thee!

III.

How did the weight
Of all our sinnes,
And death unite
To wrench and rack thy blessed limbes!
How pale and bloudie
Lookt thy body!
How bruis'd and broke
With every stroke!
How meek and patient was thy spirit!
How didst thou cry,
And grone on high,
"Father, forgive,
And let them live!
I dye to make my foes inherit!"

IV.

O blessed Lamb!
That took'st my sinne,
That took'st my shame,
How shall thy dust thy praises sing?
I would I were
One hearty teare!
One constant spring!
Then would I bring
Thee two small mites, and be at strife
Which should most vie,
My heart or eye,
Teaching my years
In smiles and tears
To weep, to sing, thy death, my life.

AND DO THEY SO?

Rom. viii. 19.

Etenim res creatæ exerto capite observantes expectant revelationem filiorum Dei.

I.

And do they so? have they a sense
Of ought but influence?
Can they their heads lift, and expect,
And grone too? why, th' elect
Can do no more: my volumes said
They were all dull and dead;
They judg'd them senslesse, and their state
Wholly inanimate.

Go, go; seal up thy looks,
And burn thy books!

II.

I would I were a stone, or tree,
Or flowre by pedigree,
Or some poor highway herb, or spring
To flow, or bird to sing!
Then should I, tyed to one sure state,
All day expect my date.
But I am sadly loose, and stray
A giddy blast each way:
O let me not thus range!
Thou canst not change.

III.

Sometimes I sit with thee, and tarry
An hour or so; then vary.
Thy other creatures in this scene
Thee only aym and mean:
Some rise to seek thee, and with heads
Erect peep from their beds;
Others, whose birth is in the tomb,
And cannot quit the womb,
Sigh there, and grone for thee,
Their liberty.

IV.

O let not me do lesse! Shall they
Watch, while I sleep or play?
Shall I thy mercies still abuse
With fancies, friends, or newes?

O brook it not! thy bloud is mine,
And my soul should be thine;
O brook it not! why wilt thou stop
After whole showres one drop?
Sure, thou wilt joy to see
Thy sheep with thee.

THE RELAPSE.

My God, how gracious art thou! I had slipt
Almost to hell,
And on the verge of that dark, dreadful pit
Did hear them yell;
But O thy love! thy rich, almighty love,
That sav'd my soul,
And checkt their furie, when I saw them move,
And heard them howl!
O my soule comfort, take no more these wayes
This hideous path,
And I will mend my own without delayes,
Cease thou thy wrath!
I have deserv'd a thick, Egyptian damp,
Dark as my deeds,
Should mist within me, and put out that lamp
Thy spirit feeds;
A darting conscience full of stabs and fears;
No shade but yewgh,
Sullen and sad ecclipses, cloudie spheres,
These are my due.

But He that with his bloud (a price too deere)
My scores did pay,
Bid me, by vertue from him, chalenge here
The brightest day; [streams,
Sweet, downie thoughts, soft lily-shades, calm
Joyes full and true,
Fresh, spicie mornings, and eternal beams, —
These are his due!

THE RESOLVE.

I HAVE consider'd it, and find
A longer stay
Is but excus'd neglect. To mind
One path, and stray
Into another, or to none,
Cannot be love:
When shall that traveller come home,
That will not move?
If thou would'st thither, linger not,
Catch at the place;
Tell youth and beauty they must rot,
They're but a case;
Loose, parcell'd hearts will freeze: the sun
With scatter'd locks
Scarce warms, but by contraction
Can heat the rocks.

Call in thy powers; run on, and reach
Home with the light;
Be there before the shadows stretch,
And span up night.
Follow the cry no more: there is
An ancient way
All strewed with flowres and happiness,
And fresh as May;
There turn, and turn no more: let wits
Smile at fair eies
Or lips; but who there weeping sits,
Hath got the prize.

THE MATCH.

Dear friend! whose holy ever-living lines
Have done much good
To many, and have checkt my blood,
My fierce, wild blood, that still heaves, and inclines,
But is still tam'd
By those bright fires which thee inflam'd;
Here I joyn hands, and thrust my stubborn heart
Into thy deed,
There from no duties to be freed;
And if hereafter youth or folly thwart
And claim their share,
Here I renounce the pois'nous ware.

II.

ACCEPT, dread Lord, the poore oblation;
It is but poore;
Yet through thy mercies may be more.
O thou that canst not wish my soul's damnation!
Afford me life,
And save me from all inward strife!
Two lifes I hold from thee, my gracious Lord;
Both cost thee dear:
For one, I am thy tenant here
The other, the true life, in the next world
And endless is,
O let me still mind that in this!
To thee, therefore, my thoughts, words, actions,
I do resign;
Thy will in all be done, not mine.
Settle my house, and shut out all distractions
That may unknit
My heart, and thee planted in it;
Lord Jesu! thou didst bow thy blessed head
Upon a tree,
O do as much now unto me!
O hear, and heal thy servant! Lord, strike dead
All lusts in me,
Who onely wish life to serve thee!
Suffer no more this dust to overflow
And drown my eies;
But seal, or pin them to thy skies.
And let this grain which here in tears I sow,
Though dead and sick,
Through thy increase grow new and quick.

RULES AND LESSONS.

When first thy eies unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty. True hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flow'rs do to the sun.
Give him thy first thoughts then; so shalt thou
Him company all day, and in him sleep. [keep

Yet never sleep the sun up. Prayer shou'd
Dawn with the day. There are set, awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us. The manna was not good
After sun-rising; far-day sullies flowres.
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when this world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the hush
And whispers amongst them. There's not a spring
Or leafe but hath his morning hymn. Each bush
And oak doth know I am. Canst thou not sing?
O leave thy cares and follies! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let him not go,
Until thou hast a blessing; then resigne
The whole unto him; and remember who
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine.
Poure oyle upon the stones; weep for thy sin;
Then journey on, and have an eie to heav'n.

Mornings are mysteries; the first world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud
Shrowd in their births: the crown of life, light, truth
Is stil'd their starre, the stone, and hidden food.
Three blessings wait upon them, two of which
Should move: they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and ev'ry swarm abroad,
Keep thou thy temper; mix not with each clay;
Dispatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carri'd on, and safely may.
Yet keep those cares without thee, let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

Through all thy actions, counsels, and discourse,
Let mildness and religion guide thee out;
If truth be thine, what needs a brutish force?
But what's not good and just ne'er go about.
Wrong not thy conscience for a rotten stick;
That gain is dreadful which makes spirits sick.

To God, thy countrie, and thy friend be true;
If priest and people change, keep thou thy ground.
Who sels religion is a Judas Jew;
And, oathes once broke, the soul cannot be sound.
The perjurer's a devil let loose: what can
Tie up his hands, that dares mock God and man?

Seek not the same steps with the crowd; stick thou
To thy sure trot; a constant, humble mind

Is both his own joy, and his Maker's too;
Let folly dust it on, or lag behind.
A sweet self-privacy in a right soul
Out-runs the earth, and lines the utmost pole.

To all that seek thee bear an open heart;
Make not thy breast a labyrinth or trap;
If tryals come, this wil make good thy part,
For honesty is safe, come what can hap;
It is the good man's feast, the prince of flowres,
Which thrives in storms, and smels best after showres.

Seal not thy eyes up from the poor; but give
Proportion to their merits, and thy purse:
Thou may'st in rags a mighty prince relieve,
Who, when thy sins call for't, can fence a curse.
Thou shalt not lose one mite. Though waters stray,
The bread we cast returns in fraughts one day.

Spend not an hour so as to weep another,
For tears are not thine own; if thou giv'st words,
Dash not with them thy friend, nor heav'n; O smother
A viperous thought; some syllables are swords.
Unbitted tongues are in their penance double;
They shame their owners, and their hearers trouble.

Injure not modest bloud, while spirits rise
In judgement against lewdness; that's base wit,
That voyds but filth and stench. Hast thou no prize
But sickness or infection? stifle it.
Who makes his jest of sins, must be at least,
If not a very devill, worse than beast.

Yet fly no friend, if he be such indeed;
But meet to quench his longings and thy thirst;
Allow your joyes religion; that done, speed,
And bring the same man back thou wert at first.
Who so returns not, cannot pray aright,
But shuts his door, and leaves God out all night.

To heighten thy devotions, and keep low
All mutinous thoughts, what business e'r thou hast,
Observe God in his works; here fountains flow,
Birds sing, beasts feed, fish leap, and th' earth stands fast;
Above are restles motions, running lights,
Vast circling azure, giddy clouds, days, nights.

When seasons change, then lay before thine eys
His wondrous method; mark the various scenes
In heav'n; hail, thunder, rainbows, snow, and ice,
Calmes, tempests, light, and darknes by his means.
Thou canst not misse his praise: each tree, herb, flowre,
Are shadows of his wisedome and his pow'r.

To meales when thou doest come, give him the praise
Whose arm supply'd thee; take what may suffice,
And then be thankful; O admire his ways
Who fils the world's unempty'd granaries!
A thankless feeder is a theif, his feast
A very robbery, and himself no guest.

High-noon thus past, thy time decays; provide
Thee other thoughts; away with friends and mirth;
The sun now stoops, and hastes his beams to hide
Under the dark and melancholy earth.
All but preludes thy end. Thou art the man
Whose rise, height, and descent is but a span.

Yet, set as he doth, and 'tis well. Have all
Thy beams home with thee; trim thy lamp, buy oyl,
And then set forth: who is thus drest, the fall
Furthers his glory, and gives death the foyl.
Man is a summer's day; whose youth and fire
Cool to a glorious evening, and expire.

When night comes, list thy deeds; make plain the way
'Twixt heaven and thee; block it not with delays;
But perfect all before thou sleep'st: then say,
"Ther's one sun more strung on my bead of days."
What's good score up for joy; the bad well scann'd
Wash off with tears, and get thy Master's hand.

Thy accounts thus made, spend in the grave one houre
Before thy time; be not a stranger there,
Where thou may'st sleep whole ages; life's poor flow'r
Lasts not a night sometimes. Bad spirits fear
This conversation; but the good man lyes
Intombed many days before he dyes.

Being laid, and drest for sleep, close not thy eyes
Up with thy curtains; give thy soul the wing
In some good thoughts; so when the day shall rise,
And thou unrak'st thy fire, those sparks will bring
New flames; besides where these lodge, vain heats mourn
And die; that bush, where God is, shall not burn.

When thy nap's over, stir thy fire, unrake
In that dead age; one beam i'th' dark outvies
Two in the day; then from the damps and ake
Of night shut up thy leaves; be chaste; God prys
Through thickest nights; though then the sun be far,
Do thou the works of day, and rise a star.

Briefly, doe as thou would'st be done unto,
Love God, and love thy neighbour; watch, and pray.

These are the words and works of life; this do,
And live; who doth not thus, hath lost heav'n's
way.
O lose it not! look up, wilt change those lights
For chains of darknes and eternal nights?

CORRUPTION.

SURE it was so. Man in those early days
Was not all stone and earth;
He shin'd a little, and, by those weak rays,
Had some glimpse of his birth. [whence
He saw heaven o'er his head, and knew from
He came condemned hither;
And, as first love draws strongest, so from hence
His mind sure progress'd thither.
Things here were strange unto him; swet and till,
All was a thorn or weed;
Nor did those last, but, like himself, dyed still
As soon as they did seed;
They seem'd to quarrel with him; for that act,
That fell'd him, foyl'd them all;
He drew the curse upon the world, and crackt
The whole frame with his fall.
This made him long for home, as loath to stay
With murmurers and foes;
He sigh'd for Eden, and would often say,
"Ah! what bright days were those!"

Nor was heav'n cold unto him; for each day
The vally or the mountain
Afforded visits, and still paradise lay
In some green shade or fountain.
Angels lay leiger here; each bush and cell,
Each oke and highway, knew them;
Walk but the fields, or sit down at some well,
And he was sure to view them.
Almighty love! where art thou now? mad man
Sits down, and freezeth on;
He raves, and swears to stir nor fire nor fan,
But bids the thread be spun.
I see, thy curtains are close-drawn; thy bow
Looks dim too in the cloud;
Sin triumphs still, and man is sunk below
The center, and his shrowd.
All's in deep sleep and night; thick darkness lyes
And hatcheth o'er thy people —
But hark! what trumpet's that? what angel cries,
"Arise! thrust in thy sickle!"

H. SCRIPTURES.

Welcome, dear book, soul's joy and food! the feast
Of spirits; heav'n extracted lyes in thee.
Thou art life's charter, the dove's spotless nest
Where souls are hatch'd unto eternitie.

In thee the hidden stone, the manna lies;
Thou art the great elixir rare and choice;
The key that opens to all mysteries,
The word in characters, God in the voice.

O that I had deep cut in my hard heart
Each line in thee! then would I plead in groans
Of my Lord's penning, and by sweetest art
Return upon himself the law and stones.
Read here, my faults are thine. This book and I
Will tell thee so; sweet Saviour, thou didst dye!

UNPROFITABLENES.

How rich, O Lord, how fresh thy visits are!
'Twas but just now my bleak leaves hopeless hung
Sullyed with dust and mud;
Each snarling blast shot through me, and did shear
Their youth and beauty; cold showres nipt, and
Their spiciness and bloud. [wrung
But since thou didst in one sweet glance survey
Their sad decays, I flourish, and once more
Breathe all perfumes and spice;
I smell a dew like myrrh, and all the day
Wear in my bosome a full sun; such store
Hath one beame from thy eyes.
But, ah, my God! what fruit hast thou of this?
What one poor leaf did ever I let fall
To wait upon thy wreath?

Thus thou all day a thankless weed dost dress,
And when th' hast done, a stench or fog is all
The odour I bequeath.

CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

I.

AWAKE, glad heart! get up, and sing!
It is the birth-day of thy King.
Awake! awake!
The sun doth shake
Light from his locks, and, all the way
Breathing perfumes, doth spice the day.

II.

Awake, awake! heark how th' wood rings,
Winds whisper, and the busie springs
A concert make;
Awake! awake!
Man is their high-priest, and should rise
To offer up the sacrifice.

III.

I would I were some bird, or star,
Flutt'ring in woods, or lifted far
Above this inne
And rode of sin!
Then either star or bird should be
Shining or singing still to thee.

IV.

I would I had in my best part
Fit roomes for thee! or that my heart
Were so clean as
Thy manger was!
But I am all filth and obscene;
Yet, if thou wilt, thou can'st make clean.

V.

Sweet Jesu! will then; let no more
This leper haunt and soyl thy door!
Cure him, ease him,
O release him!
And let once more, by mystick birth,
The Lord of life be born in earth.

II.

How kind is Heav'n to man! If here
One sinner doth amend,
Straight there is joy, and ev'ry sphere
In musick doth contend.
And shall we then no voices lift?
Are mercy and salvation
Not worth our thanks? Is life a gift
Of no more acceptation?
Shall He that did come down from thence,
And here for us was slain,
Shall he be now cast off? no sense
Of all his woes remain?
Can neither love nor suff'rings bind?
Are we all stone and earth?

Neither his bloudy passions mind,
Nor one day blesse his birth?
Alas, my God! thy birth now here
Must not be numbred in the year.*

THE CHECK.

PEACE, peace! I blush to hear thee; when thou
A dusty story, [art
A speechlesse heap, and in the midst my heart,
In the same livery drest,
Lyes tame as all the rest;
When six years thence digg'd up, some youthfull eie
Seeks there for symmetry,
But, finding none, shall leave thee to the wind,
Or the next foot to crush,
Scatt'ring thy kind
And humble dust, — tell then, dear flesh,
Where is thy glory?

II.

As he that in the midst of day expects
The hideous night,
Sleeps not, but, shaking off sloth and neglects,
Works with the sun, and sets
Paying the day its debts;
That, for repose and darkness bound, he might
Rest from the fears i'th' night;

* The Puritans abolished the celebration of Christmas.

So should we too. All things teach us to die,
And point us out the way;
While we passe by,
And mind it not; play not away
Thy glimpse of light.

III.

View thy forerunners. Creatures, giv'n to be
Thy youth's companions,
Take their leave, and die; birds, beasts, each tree,
All that hath growth or breath,
Have one large language, Death!
O then play not! but strive to Him who can
Make these sad shades pure sun,
Turning their mists to beams, their damps to day;
Whose pow'r doth so excell
As to make clay
A spirit, and true glory dwell
In dust and stones.

IV.

Heark, how he doth invite thee! with what voice
Of love and sorrow
He begs and calls! O that in these thy days
Thou knew'st but thy own good!
Shall not the crys of bloud,
Of God's own bloud, awake thee? He bids beware
Of drunknes, surfeits, care;
But thou sleep'st on: where's now thy protestation,
Thy lines, thy love? Away!
Redeem the day;
The day that gives no observation
Perhaps to-morrow.

DISORDER AND FRAILTY.

I.

When first thou did'st, even from the grave
And womb of darkness, becken out
My brutish soul, and to thy slave
Becam'st thyself both guide and scout;
Even from that hour
Thou got'st my heart; and though here tost
By winds, and bit with frost,
I pine and shrink,
Breaking the link
'Twixt thee and me; and oftimes creep
Into the old silence and dead sleep,
Quitting thy way
All the long day;
Yet sure, my God! I love thee most.
Alas, thy love!

II.

I threaten heaven, and from my cell
Of clay and frailty break and bud,
Touch'd by thy fire and breath; thy bloud,
Too, is my dew, and springing well.
But while I grow,
And stretch to thee, ayming at all
Thy stars and spangled hall,
Each fly doth taste,
Poyson, and blast
My yielding leaves; sometimes a showr
Beats them quite off; and, in an hour,

Not one poor shoot,
But the bare root,
Hid under ground, survives the fall.
Alas, frail weed!

III.

Thus like some sleeping exhalation,
Which, wak'd by heat and beams, makes up
Unto that comforter, the sun,
And soars and shines, but, ere we sup,
And walk two steps,
Cool'd by the damps of night, descends,
And, whence it sprung, there ends,
Doth my weak fire
Pine and retire;
And, after all my hight of flames,
In sickly expirations tames,
Leaving me dead
On my first bed,
Until thy sun again ascends.
Poor, falling star!

IV.

O, yes! but give wings to my fire;
And hatch my soul, until it fly
Up where thou art, amongst thy tire
Of stars, above infirmity;
Let not perverse
And foolish thoughts adde to my bill
Of forward sins, and kill
That seed which thou
In me didst sow;

But dresse, and water with thy grace,
Together with the seed, the place;
And, for His sake
Who died to stake
His life for mine, tune to thy will
My heart, my verse.

Hosea vi. 4.

O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O Judah, how shall I intreat thee? for thy goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away.

IDLE VERSE.

Go, go, queint follies, sugred sin,
Shadow no more my door!
I will no longer cobwebs spin;
I'm too much on the score.

For since amidst my youth and night
My great Preserver smiles,
Wee'l make a match, my only light,
And joyn against their wiles.

Blind, desp'rate fits, that study how
To dresse and trim our shame,
That gild rank poyson, and allow
Vice in a fairer name;

The purles of youthfull bloud and bowles,
Lust in the robes of love,
The idle task of feav'rish souls
Sick with a scarf or glove;

Let it suffice my warmer days
Simper'd and shin'd on you;
Twist not my cypresse with your bays,
Or roses with my yewgh.

Go, go, seek out some greener thing;
It snows and freezeth here;
Let nightingales attend the spring;
Winter is all my year.

SON-DAYES.

Bright shadows of true rest! some shoots of blisse;
Heaven once a week;
The next world's gladnesse prepossest in this;
A day to seek;
Eternity in time; the steps by which
We climb above all ages; lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich
And full redemption of the whole week's flight!

II.

The pulleys unto headlong man; time's bower;
The narrow way;
Transplanted paradise; God's walking houre;
The cool o'th' day!

The creature's jubile; God's parle with dust;
Heaven here; man on those hills of myrrh and
flowres;
Angels descending; the returns of trust;
A gleam of glory after six-days-showres!

III.

The churche's love-feasts; time's prerogative,
And interest
Deducted from the whole; the combs and hive,
And home of rest.
The milky way chalkt out with suns; a clue,
That guides through erring hours; and in full story
A taste of heav'n on earth; the pledge and cue
Of a full feast; and the out-courts of glory.

REPENTANCE.

LORD, since thou didst in this vile clay
That sacred ray,
Thy Spirit, plant, quickning the whole
With that one grain's infused wealth,
My forward flesh crept on; and subtly stole
Both growth and power; checking the health
And heat of thine: that little gate
And narrow way, by which to thee
The passage is, he term'd a grate
And entrance to captivitie;

Thy laws but nets, where some small birds,
And those but seldome too, were caught;
Thy promises but empty words,
Which none but children heard or taught.
This I believed; and, though a friend
Came oft from far, and whisper'd, No;
Yet, that not sorting to my end,
I wholy listen'd to my foe.
Wherefore, pierc'd through with grief, my sad
Seduced soul sighs up to thee;
To thee, who with true light art clad,
And seest all things just as they be.
Look from thy throne upon this roll
Of heavy sins, my high transgressions,
Which I confesse with all my soul;
My God, accept of my confession!

It was last day,
Touch'd with the guilt of my own way,
I sate alone; and taking up
The bitter cup,
Through all thy fair and various store,
Sought out what might outvie my score.

The blades of grasse thy creatures feeding;
The trees, their leafs; the flowres, their seeding;
The dust, of which I am a part;
The stones much softer than my heart;
The drops of rain, the sighs of wind,
The stars to which I am stark blind;

The dew thy herbs drink up by night,
The beams they warm them at i'th' light:
All that have signature or life
I summon'd to decide this strife;
And lest I should lack for arrears,
A spring ran by, I told her tears;
But when these came unto the scale,
My sins alone outweigh'd them all.

O my dear God! my life, my love!
Most blessed Lamb! and mildest Dove!
Forgive your penitent offender,
And no more his sins remember;
Scatter these shades of death, and give
Light to my soul, that it may live;
Cut me not off for my transgressions,
Wilful rebellions, and suppressions;
But give them in those streams a part
Whose spring is in my Saviour's heart.
Lord, I confesse the heynous score,
And pray I may do so no more;
Though then all sinners I exceed;
O think on this,—thy Son did bleed!
O call to mind his wounds, his woes,
His agony, and bloudie throes;
Then look on all that thou hast made,
And mark how they do fail and fade;
The heavens themselves, though fair and bright,
Are dark and unclean in thy sight;

How then, with thee, can man be holy,
Who doest thine angels charge with folly?
O what am I, that I should breed
Figs on a thorne, flowres on a weed?
I am the gourd of sin and sorrow,
Growing o'er night, and gone to-morrow.
In all this round of life and death,
Nothing's more vile than is my breath;
Profanenes on my tongue doth rest,
Defects and darkness in my brest;
Pollutions all my body wed,
And even my soul to thee is dead;
Only in Him on whom I feast,
Both soul and body are well drest;
  His pure perfection quits all score;
  And fills the boxes of his poor;
He is the center of long life and light;
I am but finite, He is infinite.
O let thy justice then in him confine;
And through his merits make thy mercy mine!

THE BURIAL OF AN INFANT.

Blest infant-bud, whose blossome-life
Did only look about, and fall,
Wearyed out in a harmless strife
Of tears, and milk, the food of all!

Sweetly didst thou expire: thy soul
Flew home unstain'd by his new kin;
For ere thou knew'st how to be foul,
Death wean'd thee from the world and sin.

Softly rest all thy virgin-crums!
Lapt in the sweets of thy young breath,
Expecting till thy Saviour comes
To dresse them, and unswadle death.

FAITH.

BRIGHT and blest beame! whose strong projection,
Equall to all,
Reacheth as well things of dejection
As th' high and tall;
How hath my God by raying thee
Inlarg'd his spouse,
And of a private familie
Made open house!
All may be now co-heirs; no noise
Of bond or free
Can interdict us from those joys
That wait on thee.
The law and ceremonies made
A glorious night,
Where stars and clouds, both light and shade,
Had equal right;

But, as in nature, when the day
Breaks, night adjourns,
Stars shut up shop, mists pack away,
And the moon mourns;
So when the Sun of righteousness
Did once appear,
That scene was chang'd, and a new dresse
Left for us here;
Veiles became useles, altars fell,
Fires smoking die;
And all that sacred pomp, and shell
Of things did flie.
Then did he shine forth, whose sad fall
And bitter fights
Were figur'd in those mystical
And cloudie rites;
And as i'th' natural sun, these three,
Light, motion, heat,
So are now Faith, Hope, Charity
Through him compleat;
Faith spans up blisse; what sin and death
Put us quite from,
Lest we should run for't out of breath,
Faith brings us home;
So that I need no more, but say
I do believe,
And my most loving Lord straitway
Doth answer, Live!

THE DAWNING.

Ah! what time wilt thou come? when shall that
crie
"The bridegroome's comming!" fill the sky?
Shall it in the evening run
When our words and works are done?
Or will thy all-surprizing light
Break at midnight,
When either sleep or some dark pleasure
Possesseth mad man without measure?
Or shall these early, fragrant hours
Unlock thy bowres?
And with their blush of light descry
Thy locks crown'd with eternitie?
Indeed, it is the only time
That with thy glory doth best chime;
All now are stirring, ev'ry field
Full hymns doth yield;
The whole creation shakes off night,
And for thy shadow looks the light;
Stars now vanish without number,
Sleepie planets set and slumber,
The pursie clouds disband and scatter,
All expect some sudden matter;
Not one beam triumphs, but from far
That morning star.

O at what time soever thou,
Unknown to us, the heavens wilt bow,
And, with thy angels in the van,
Descend to judge poor careless man,
Grant I may not like puddle lie
In a corrupt securitie,
Where, if a traveller water crave,
He finds it dead, and in a grave;
But as this restless, vocal spring
All day and night doth run and sing,
And though here born, yet is acquainted
Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted,
So let me all my busie age
In thy free services ingage;
And though (while here) of force I must
Have commerce somtimes with poor dust,
And in my flesh, though vile and low,
As this doth in her channel flow,
Yet let my course, my aym, my love,
And chief acquaintance, be above;
So when that day and hour shall come,
In which thyself will be the sun,
Thou'lt find me drest, and on my way,
Watching the break of thy great day.

ADMISSION.

I.

How shrill are silent tears? when sin got head
And all my bowels turn'd
To brasse and iron, when my stock lay dead,
And all my powers mourn'd:
Then did these drops (for marble sweats,
And rocks have tears),
As rain here at our windows beats,
Chide in thine ears.

II.

No quiet could'st thou have; nor didst thou wink,
And let thy begger lie,
But, e'r my eies could overflow their brink,
Didst to each drop reply;
Bowels of love! at what low rate,
And slight a price,
Dost thou relieve us at thy gate,
And still our cries!

III.

Wee are thy infants, and suck thee: if thou
But hide or turn thy face,
Because where thou art yet we cannot go,
We send tears to the place.
These find thee out; and though our sins
Drove thee away,
Yet with thy love that absence wins
Us double pay.

IV.

O give me, then, a thankful heart! a heart
After thy own, not mine;
So after thine, that all and ev'ry part
Of mine may wait on thine;
O hear! yet not my tears alone,
Hear now a floud,
A floud that drowns both tears and grones,
My Saviour's bloud.

PRAISE.

King of comforts! King of life!
Thou hast cheer'd me;
And when fears and doubts were rife,
Thou hast cleer'd me;

Not a nook in all my breast
But thou fill'st it;
Not a thought, that breaks my rest,
But thou kill'st it.

Wherefore with my utmost strength
I will praise thee,
And, as thou giv'st line and length,
I will raise thee;

Day and night, not once a day,
I will blesse thee,

And my soul in new array
I will dresse thee;

Not one minute in the year
But I'll mind thee,
As my seal and bracelet here
I will bind thee;

In thy word, as if in heaven,
I will rest me;
And thy promise, 'till made even,
There shall feast me.

Then thy sayings, all my life,
There shall please me;
And thy bloudy wounds and strife,
They will ease me.

With thy grones, my daily breath
I will measure;
And my life, hid in thy death,
I will treasure.

Though then thou art,
Past thought of heart,
All perfect fulness,
And canst no whit
Accesse admit
From dust and dulness;

Yet to thy name,
As not the same
With thy bright essence,
Our foul clay hands,
At thy commands,
Bring praise and incense.

If then, dread Lord,
When to thy board
Thy wretch comes begging,
He hath a flowre,
Or, to his pow'r,
Some such poor off'ring;

When thou hast made
Thy begger glad,
And fill'd his bosome,
Let him, though poor,
Strow at thy door
That one poor blossome.

DRESSING.

O THOU that lovest a pure and whitend soul!
That feedst among the lillies, 'till the day
Break, and the shadows flee! touch with one coal
My frozen heart! and, with thy secret key,

Open my desolate rooms; my gloomie brest
With thy cleer fire refine, burning to dust
These dark confusions that within me nest,
And soyl thy temple with a sinful rust.

Thou holy, harmless, undefil'd High Priest!
The perfect, full oblation for all sin,
Whose glorious conquest nothing can resist,
But even in babes doest triumph still and win;

Give to thy wretched one
Thy mysticall communion,
That, absent, he may see,
Live, die, and rise with thee;
Let him so follow here, that, in the end,
He may take thee, as thou dost him intend.

Give him thy private seal,
Earnest, and sign! Thy gifts so deal
That these forerunners here
May make the future cleer!
Whatever thou dost bid let faith make good,
Bread for thy body, and wine for thy blood.

Give him, with pitty, love,
Two flowres that grew with thee above;
Love that shall not admit
Anger for one short fit;
And pitty of such a divine extent,
That may thy members, more than mine, resent.

Give me, my God! thy grace,
The beams and brightness of thy face;
That never like a beast
I take thy sacred feast,
Or the dread mysteries of thy best bloud
Use, with like custome, as my kitchin food.

Some sit to thee, and eat
Thy body as their common meat;
O let not me do so!
Poor dust should ly still low;
Then kneel, my soul and body, kneel and bow;
If saints and angels fall down, much more thou.

EASTER-DAY.

Thou whose sad heart and weeping head lyes low,
Whose cloudy brest cold damps invade,
Who never feel'st the sun nor smooth'st thy brow.
But sitt'st oppressed in the shade,
Awake! awake!
And in his resurrection partake,
Who on this day, that thou might'st rise as he,
Rose up, and cancell'd two deaths due to thee.

Awake! awake! and, like the sun, disperse
All mists that would usurp this day:

Where are thy palms, thy branches, and thy verse?
Hosanna! heark! why doest thou stay?
Arise! arise!
And with his healing bloud anoint thine eyes,
Thy inward eyes; His bloud will cure thy mind,
Whose spittle only could restore the blind.

EASTER HYMN.

Death and darkness, get you packing!
Nothing now to man is lacking;
All your triumphs now are ended,
And what Adam marr'd is mended;
Graves are beds now for the weary,
Death a nap, to wake more merry;
Youth now, full of pious duty,
Seeks in thee for perfect beauty;
The weak and aged, tir'd with length
Of daies, from thee look for new strength;
And infants with thy pangs contest
As pleasant as if with the brest.
Then unto Him who thus hath thrown,
Even to contempt, thy kingdome down,
And by his blood did us advance
Unto his own inheritance,
To Him be glory, power, praise,
From this unto the last of daies!

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

WELCOME sweet, sacred feast! O welcome life!
Dead I was, and deep in trouble;
But grace and blessings came with thee so rife,
That they have quicken'd even drie stubble.
Thus soules their bodies animate,
And thus at first when things were rude,
Dark, void, and crude,
They by thy word their beauty had and date
All were by thee,
And still must be;
Nothing that is or lives
But hath his quicknings and reprieves,
As thy hand opes or shuts;
Healings and cuts,
Darkness and daylight, life and death,
Are but meer leaves turn'd by thy breath

Spirits without thee die,
And blackness sits
On the divinest wits,
As on the sun ecclipses lie.
But that great darkness at thy death,
When the veyl broke with thy last breath,
Did make us see
The way to thee;

And now by these sure, sacred ties,
After thy blood
Our sov'rain good,
Had clear'd our eies,
And given us sight;
Thou dost unto thyself betroth
Our souls and bodies both
In everlasting light.

Was't not enough that thou hadst payd the price,
And given us eies
When we had none, but thou must also take
Us by the hand,
And keep us still awake,
When we would sleep,
Or from thee creep,
Who without thee cannot stand?

Was't not enough to lose thy breath
And blood by an accursed death,
But thou must also leave
To us, that did bereave
Thee of them both, these seals, the means
That should both cleanse
And keep us so,
Who wrought thy wo?
O rose of Sharon! O the lilly
Of the valley!
How art thou now, thy flock to keep,
Become both food, and Shepheard to thy sheep!

PSALM CXXI.

Up to those bright and gladsome hills,
Whence flowes my weal and mirth,
I look, and sigh for Him who fills
Unseen both heaven and earth.

He is alone my help and hope,
That I shall not be moved;
His watchful eye is ever ope,
And guardeth his beloved.

The glorious God is my sole stay,
He is my sun and shade:
The cold by night, the heat by day,
Neither shall me invade.

He keeps me from the spite of foes;
Doth all their plots controul;
And is a shield, not reckoning those,
Unto my very soul.

Whether abroad amidst the crowd,
Or else within my door,
He is my pillar and my cloud,
Now and for evermore.

AFFLICTION.

PEACE, peace: it is not so. Thou dost miscall
Thy physick; pills that change
Thy sick accessions into setled health;
This is the great elixir that turns gall
To wine and sweetness, poverty to wealth,
And brings man home when he doth range.
Did not He who ordain'd the day,
Ordain night too?
And in the greater world display
What in the lesser he would do?
All flesh is clay, thou know'st; and but that God
Doth use his rod,
And by a fruitfull change of frosts and showres
Cherish and bind thy pow'rs,
Thou wouldst to weeds and thistles quite disperse,
And be more wild than is thy verse.
Sickness is wholsome, crosses are but curbs
To check the mule, unruly man;
They are heaven's husbandry, the famous fan,
Purging the floor which chaff disturbs.
Were all the year one constant sun-shine, wee
Should have no flowres;
All would be drought and leanness; not a tree
Would make us bowres.
Beauty consists in colours; and that's best
Which is not fixt, but flies and flowes.
The settled red is dull, and whites that rest
Something of sickness would disclose.

Vicissitude plaies all the game;
Nothing that stirrs,
Or hath a name,
But waits upon this wheel;
Kingdomes too have their physick, and for steel
Exchange their peace and furrs.
Thus doth God key disorder'd man,
Which none else can,
Tuning his brest to rise or fall;
And by a sacred, needfull art
Like strings, stretch ev'ry part,
Making the whole most musicall.

THE TEMPEST.

How is man parcell'd out? how every hour
Shews him himself, or something he should see!
This late long heat may his instruction be;
And tempests have more in them than a showr.

When nature on her bosome saw
Her infants die,
And all her flowres wither'd to straw,
Her brests grown dry;
She made the earth, their nurse and tomb,
Sigh to the sky,
'Till to those sighes fetch'd from her womb
Rain did reply:

So in the midst of all her fears
And faint requests,
Her earnest sighes procur'd her tears
And fill'd her brests.

O that man could do so! that he would hear
The world read to him! all the vast expence
In the creation shed, and slav'd to sence
Makes up but lectures for his eie and ear.

Sure mighty love, foreseeing the descent
Of this poor creature, by a gracious art
Hid in these low things snares to gain his heart,
And layd surprizes in each element.

All things here shew him heaven; waters that fall,
Chide and fly up; mists of corruptest foam
Quit their first beds, and mount; trees, herbs,
flowres, all
Strive upwards still, and point him the way home.

How do they cast off grossness? only earth,
And man like Issachar in lodes delight,
Water's refin'd to motion, aire to light,
Fire to all * three, but man hath no such mirth.

Plants in the root with earth do most comply,
Their leafs with water and humiditie,
The flowres to air draw neer and subtiltie,
And seeds a kindred fire have with the sky.

* Light, motion, heat.

All have their keyes and set ascents; but man
Though he knows these, and hath more of his
own,
Sleeps at the ladder's foot: alas! what can
These new discoveries do, except they drown?

Thus, groveling in the shade and darkness, he
Sinks to a dead oblivion; and though all
He sees, like pyramids, shoot from this ball,
And less'ning still grow up invisibly,

Yet hugs he still his durt; the stuffe he wears,
And painted trimming takes down both his eies;
Heaven hath less beauty than the dust he spies,
And money better musick than the spheres.

Life's but a blast; he knows it; what? shall straw
And bulrush-fetters temper his short hour?
Must he nor sip nor sing? grows ne'r a flowr
To crown his temples? shall dreams be his law?

O foolish man! how hast thou lost thy sight?
How is it that the sun to thee alone
Is grown thick darkness, and thy bread a stone?
Hath flesh no softness now? mid-day no light?

Lord! thou didst put a soul here. If I must
Be broke again, for flints will give no fire
Without a steel, O let thy power cleer
Thy gift once more, and grind this flint to dust!

RETIREMENT.

I.

WHO on yon throne of azure sits,
Keeping close house
Above the morning starre,
Whose meaner showes
And outward utensils these glories are,
That shine and share
Part of his mansion; he one day,
When I went quite astray,
Out of meer love,
By his mild Dove,
Did shew me home, and put me in the way.

II.

Let it suffice at length thy fits
And lusts, said he,
Have had their wish and way;
Presse not to be
Still thy own foe, and mine; for to this day
I did delay,
And would not see, but chose to wink;
Nay, at the very brink
And edge of all,
When thou wouldst fall,
My love-twist held thee up, my unseen link.

III.

I know thee well; for I have fram'd,
And hate thee not;

Thy spirit, too, is mine;
I know thy lot,
Extent, and end, for my hands drew the line
Assigned thine.
If, then, thou would'st unto my seat,
'Tis not the applause and feat
Of dust and clay
Leads to that way,
But from those follies a resolv'd retreat.

IV.

Now here below, where yet untam'd
Thou dost thus rove,
I have a house as well
As there above:
In it my name and honour both do dwell,
And shall untill
I make all new; there, nothing gay
In perfumes or array,
Dust lies with dust,
And hath but just
The same respect and room with ev'ry clay.

V.

A faithfull school, where thou maist see,
In heraldrie
Of stones and speechless earth,
Thy true descent; [mirth
Where dead men preach, who can turn feasts and
To funerals and Lent.

There dust, that out of doors might fill
Thy eies, and blind thee still,
Is fast asleep.
Up, then, and keep
Within those doors, my doors. Dost hear? *I will.*

LOVE AND DISCIPLINE.

Since in a land not barren still,
Because thou dost thy grace distill,
My lot is faln, blest be thy will!

And since these biting frosts but kill
Some tares in me which choke or spill
That seed thou sow'st, blest be thy skill!

Blest be thy dew, and blest thy frost,
And happy I to be so crost,
And cur'd by crosses at thy cost.

The dew doth cheer what is distrest,
The frosts ill weeds nip and molest,
In both thou work'st unto the best.

Thus, while thy sev'ral mercies plot,
And work on me now cold, now hot,
The work goes on, and slacketh not;

For as thy hand the weather steers,
So thrive I best 'twixt joyes and tears,
And all the year have some grean ears.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

As travellours, when the twilight's come,
And in the sky the stars appear,
The past day's accidents do summe
With, "Thus wee saw there, and thus here;"

Then, Jacob-like, lodge in a place,
A place, and no more, is set down,
Where, till the day restore the race,
They rest, and dream homes of their own;

So for this night I linger here,
And, full of tossings to and fro,
Expect still, when thou wilt appear,
That I may get me up, and go.

I long and grone and grieve for thee,
For thee my words, my tears, do gush;
"O that I were but where I see!"
Is all the note within my bush.

As birds robb'd of their native wood,
Although their diet may be fine,

Yet neither sing, nor like their food,
But with the thought of home do pine;

So do I mourn and hang my head;
And though thou dost me fullnes give,
Yet look I for far better bread,
Because by this man cannot live.

O feed me then! and since I may
Have yet more days, more nights, to count,
So strengthen me, Lord, all the way,
That I may travel to thy mount.

Heb. xi. 13.

And they confessed, that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

I.

Lord, when thou didst on Sinai pitch,
And shine from Paran; when a firie law,
Pronounc'd with thunder and thy threats, did thaw
Thy people's hearts; when all thy weeds were rich,
And inaccessible for light,
Terrour, and might, —
How did poor flesh, which after thou didst weare,
Then faint and fear!
Thy chosen flock, like leafs in a high wind,
Whisper'd obedience, and their heads inclin'd.

II.

But now since we to Sion came,
And through thy bloud thy glory see,
With filial confidence we touch ev'n thee;
And where the other mount, all clad in flame
And threatning clouds, would not so much
As 'bide the touch,
We climb up this, and have, too, all the way,
Thy hand our stay;
Nay, thou tak'st ours, and, which full comfort brings,
Thy Dove, too, bears us on her sacred wings.

III.

Yet since man is a very brute,
And, after all thy acts of grace, doth kick,
Slighting that health thou gav'st when he was sick,
Be not displeas'd, if I, who have a sute
To thee each houre, beg at thy door
For this one more:
O plant in me thy gospel and thy law,
Both faith and awe;
So twist them in my heart, that ever there
I may, as well as love, find too thy fear!

IV.

Let me not spill, but drink, thy bloud;
Not break thy fence, and, by a black excess,
Force down a just curse, when thy hands would
bless;
Let me not scatter and despise my food,
Or nail those blessed limbs again
Which bore my pain.

So shall thy mercies flow; for, while I fear,
I know thoul't bear;
But should thy mild injunction nothing move me,
I would both think and judge I did not love thee.

John xiv. 15.

If ye love me, keep my commandments.

THE WORLD.

I.

I saw eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, time in hours, days, years,
Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd, in which the world
And all her train were hurl'd.
The doting lover, in his queintest strain,
Did there complain;
Neer him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wit's sour delights;
With gloves and knots, the silly snares of pleasure,
Yet his dear treasure
All scatter'd lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flowr.

II.

The darksome statesman hung with weights and woe,
Like a thick midnight fog, mov'd there so slow,
He did nor stay nor go;

Condemning thoughts, like mad ecclipses, scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.
Yet digg'd the mole, and, lest his ways be found,
Workt under ground,
Where he did clutch his prey; but one did see
That policie;
Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
Were gnats and flies;
It rain'd about him bloud and tears; but he
Drank them as free.

III.

The fearfull miser, on a heap of rust,
Sate pining all his life there; did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust;
Yet would not place one peece above, but lives
In feare of theeves.
Thousands there were, as frantick as himself,
And hugg'd each one his pelf;
The downright epicure plac'd heav'n in sense,
And scorn'd pretence;
While others, slipt into a wide excesse,
Said little lesse;
The weaker sort, slight, triviall wares inslave,
Who think them brave,
And poor, despised truth sate counting by
Their victory.

IV.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing and weep, soar'd up into the ring;
But most would use no wing.
"O fools," said I, "thus to prefer dark night
Before true light!
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
Because it shews the way,
The way, which, from this dead and dark abode,
Leads up to God;
A way where you might tread the sun, and be
More bright than he!"
But, as I did their madnes so discusse,
One whisper'd thus,
"This ring the bridegroome did for none provide,
But for his bride."

First Epistle of John ii. 16, 17.

All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.

And the world passeth away, and the lusts thereof; but he that doth the will of God abideth for ever.

THE MUTINIE.

I.

Weary of this same clay and straw, I laid
Me down to breathe, and casting in my heart
The after-burthens and griefs yet to come,
The heavy sum
So shook my brest, that, sick and sore dismai'd,
My thoughts, like water which some stone doth start,

Did quit their troubled channel, and retire
Unto the banks, where, storming at those bounds,
They murmur'd sore; but I, who felt them boyl,
And knew their coyl,
Turning to Him who made poor sand to tire
And tame proud waves, If yet these barren grounds
And thirstie brick must be, said I,
My taske and destinie,

II.

Let me so strive and struggle with thy foes,
(Not thine alone, but mine too,) that, when all
Their arts and force are built unto the height,
That Babel-weight
May prove thy glory and their shame; so close
And knit me to thee, that, though in this vale
Of sin and death I sojourn, yet one eie
May look to thee, to thee the Finisher
And Author of my faith; so shew me home,
That all this foam
And frothie noise, which up and down doth flie,
May find no lodging in mine eie or eare;
O seal them up! that these may flie
Like other tempests by.

III.

Not but I know thou hast a shorter cut
To bring me home than through a wildernes,
A sea, or sands, and serpents; yet since thou,
As thy words show,
Though in this desart I were wholy shut,
Canst light and lead me there with such redress

That no decay shal touch me; O be pleas'd
To fix my steps; and whatsoever path
Thy sacred and eternall will decreed
For thy bruis'd reed,
O give it full obedience, that, so seiz'd
Of all I have, I may nor move thy wrath
Nor grieve thy Dove, but, soft and mild,
Both live and die thy child.

Rev. ii. 17.

To him that overcometh wil I give to eate of the hidden manna; and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it.

THE CONSTELLATION.

Fair, ordered lights, whose motion, without noise,
Resembles those true joys
Whose spring is on that hill where you do grow,
And we here taste sometimes below,

With what exact obedience do you move,
Now beneath, and now above;
And, in your vast progressions, overlook
The darkest night and closest nook!

Some nights I see you in the gladsome East,
Some others near the West;
And when I cannot see, yet do you shine,
And beat about your endles line.

Silence and light and watchfulnes with you
Attend and wind the clue;
No sleep nor sloth assailes you, but poor man
Still either sleeps, or slips his span.

He gropes beneath here, and, with restless care,
First makes, then hugs, a snare;
Adores dead dust, sets heart on corne and grass,
But seldom doth make heav'n his glass.

Musick and mirth, if there be musick here,
Take up and tune his year;
These things are kin to him, and must be had,
Who kneels, or sighs a life, is mad.

Perhaps some nights he'll watch with you, and peep,
When it were best to sleep;
Dares know effects, and judge them long before,
When th' herb he treads knows much, much more.

But seeks he your obedience, order, light,
Your calm and wel-train'd flight,
Where, though the glory differ in each star,
Yet is there peace still and no war.

Since placed by Him who calls you by your names,
And fixt there all your flames,
Without command you never acted ought,
And then you in your courses fought.

But here, commission'd by a black self-will,
The sons the father kill;
The children chase the mother, and would heal
The wounds they give by crying zeale.

Then cast her bloud and tears upon thy book,
Where they for fashion look;
And, like that lamb which had the dragon's voice,
Seem mild, but are known by their noise.

Thus, by our lusts disorder'd into wars,
Our guides prove wandring stars,
Which for these mists and black days were reserv'd,
What time we from our first love swerv'd.

Yet O for His sake who sits now by thee
All crown'd with victory,
So guide us through this darkness, that we may
Be more and more in love with day!

Settle and fix our hearts, that we may move
In order, peace, and love;
And, taught obedience by thy whole creation,
Become an humble, holy nation!

Give to thy spouse her perfect and pure dress,
Beauty and holiness;
And so repair these rents, that men may see,
And say, "Where God is, all agree."

THE SHEPHEARDS.

Sweet, harmless lives! on whose holy leisure
Waits innocence and pleasure,
Whose leaders to those pastures and cleer springs
Were patriarchs, saints, and kings;
How happend it, that, in the dead of night,
You only saw true light,
While Palestine was fast asleep, and lay
Without one thought of day?
Was it because those first and blessed swains
Were pilgrims on those plains,
When they receiv'd the promise, for which now
'Twas there first shown to you?
'Tis true, he loves that dust whereon they go
That serve him here below,
And therefore might, for memory of those,
His love there first disclose;
But wretched Salem, once his love, must now
No voice nor vision know;
Her stately piles, with all their height and pride,
Now languished and died,
And Bethlem's humble cotts above them stept,
While all her seers slept;
Her cedar, firr, hew'd stones, and gold were all
Polluted through their fall;
And those once sacred mansions were now
Meer emptiness and show.

This made the angel call at reeds and thatch,
Yet where the shepheards watch,
And God's own lodging, though he could not lack,
To be a common kack;
No costly pride, no soft-cloath'd luxurie,
In those thin cels could lie;
Each stirring wind and storm blew thro' their cots,
Which never harbour'd plots;
Only content and love and humble joys
Lived there without all noise;
Perhaps some harmless cares for the next day
Did in their bosomes play,
As where to lead their sheep, what silent nook,
What springs or shades to look:
But that was all; and now, with gladsome care,
They for the town prepare;
They leave their flock, and, in a busie talk,
All towards Bethlem walk
To see their soul's great Shepheard, who was come
To bring all straglers home;
Where now they find him out, and, taught before,
That Lamb of God adore;
That Lamb whose daies great kings and prophets
And long'd to see, but miss'd. [wish'd
The first light they beheld was bright and gay,
And turn'd their night to day;
But, to this later light they saw in him,
Their day was dark and dim.

MISERY.

LORD, bind me up, and let me lye
A pris'ner to my libertie,
If such a state at all can be
As an impris'ment serving thee:
The wind, though gather'd in thy fist,
Yet doth it blow still where it list;
And yet, shouldst thou let go thy hold,
Those gusts might quarrel, and grow bold.
As waters here, headlong and loose,
The lower grounds still chase and choose,
Where, spreading all the way, they seek
And search out every hole and creek;
So my spilt thoughts, winding from thee,
Take the down-rode to vanitie,
Where they all stray and strive, which shall
Find out the first and steepest fall.
I cheer their flow, giving supply
To what's already grown too high;
And, having thus perform'd that part,
Feed on those vomits of my heart.
I break the fence my own hands made,
Then lay that trespasse in the shade;
Some fig-leafs stil I do devise,
As if thou hadst nor ears nor eyes.
Excesse of friends, of words, and wine
Take up my day, while thou dost shine

All unregarded, and thy book
Hath not so much as one poor look.
If thou steal in amidst the mirth,
And kindly tell me I am earth,
I shut thee out, and let that slip,
Such musick spoils good fellowship.
Thus wretched I, and most unkind,
Exclude my dear God from my mind;
Exclude him thence, who of that cell
Would make a court, should he there dwell.
He goes, he yields; and, troubled sore,
His Holy Spirit grieves therefore;
The mighty God, th' eternal King,
Doth grieve for dust, and dust doth sing.
But I go on, haste to divest
Myself of reason, till opprest
And buried in my surfeits, I
Prove my own shame and miserie.
Next day I call and cry for thee,
Who shouldst not then come neer to me;
But now it is thy servant's pleasure
Thou must and dost give him his measure.
Thou dost, thou com'st, and, in a shower
Of healing sweets, thyself dost pour
Into my wounds; and now thy grace
(I know it well) fills all the place;
I sit with thee by this new light,
And for that hour thou'rt my delight;
No man can more the world despise,
Or thy great mercies better prize.

I school my eyes, and strictly dwell
Within the circle of my cell;
That calm and silence are my joys,
Which to thy peace are but meer noise.
At length I feel my head to ake,
My fingers itch, and burn to take
Some new imployment; I begin
To swell and foame and fret within.
"The age, the present times, are not
To snudge in, and embrace a cot;
Action and bloud now get the game,
Disdein treads on the peaceful name;
Who sits at home, too, bears a loade
Greater than those that gad abroad."
Thus do I make thy gifts giv'n me
The only quarrellers with thee;
I'd loose those knots thy hands did tie,
Then would go travel, fight, or die.
Thousands of wild and waste infusions
Like waves beat on my resolutions;
As flames about their fuel run,
And work and wind till all be done,
So my fierce soul bustles about,
And never rests till all be out.
Thus wilded by a peevish heart,
Which in thy musick bears no part,
I storm at thee, calling my peace
A lethargy and meer disease;
Nay, those bright beams, shot from thy eyes
To calm me in these mutinies,

I stile meer tempers, which take place
At some set times, but are thy grace.
  Such is man's life, and such is mine,
The worst of men, and yet still thine;
Still thine, thou know'st, and if not so,
Then give me over to my foe.
Yet since as easie 'tis for thee
To make man good as bid him be,
And with one glaunce, could he that gain,
To look him out of all his pain,
O send me from thy holy hill
So much of strength as may fulfil
All thy delights whate'er they be,
And sacred institutes in me!
Open my rockie heart, and fill
It with obedience to thy will;
Then seal it up, that as none see,
So none may enter there but thee.
  O hear, my God! hear Him whose bloud
Speaks more and better for my good!
O let my crie come to thy throne!
My crie not pour'd with tears alone,
(For tears alone are often foul,)
But with the bloud of all my soul;
With spirit-sighs and earnest grones,
Faithful and most repenting mones,
With these I crie, and crying pine,
Till thou both mend, and make me thine.

THE SAP.

Come, sapless blossom, creep not still on earth
Forgetting thy first birth!
'Tis not from dust; or if so, why dost thou
Thus call and thirst for dew?
It tends not thither; if it doth, why then
This growth and stretch for heav'n?
Thy root sucks but diseases; worms there seat,
And claim it for their meat.
Who plac'd thee here did something then infuse,
Which now can tell the news.
There is beyond the stars an hill of myrrh,
From which some drops fall here;
On it the Prince of Salem sits, who deals
To thee thy secret meals;
There is thy country, and he is the way,
And hath withal the key.
Yet liv'd he here sometimes, and bore for thee
A world of miserie, —
For thee who in the first man's loyns didst fall
From that hill to this vale;
And had not he so done, it is most true
Two deaths had been thy due;
But going hence, and knowing well what woes
Might his friends discompose,
To shew what strange love he had to our good,
He gave his sacred bloud,

By will our sap and cordial; now in this
Lies such a heav'n of bliss,
That who but truly tastes it, no decay
Can touch him any way.
Such secret life and vertue in it lies,
It will exalt, and rise,
And actuate such spirits as are shed,
Or ready to be dead;
And bring new too. Get then this sap, and get
Good store of it, but let
The vessel where you put it be for sure
To all your pow'r most pure;
There is at all times, though shut up, in you
A powerful, rare dew,
Which only grief and love extract; with this
Be sure, and never miss,
To wash your vessel well: then humbly take
This balm for souls that ake;
And one who drank it thus assures that you
Shal find a joy so true,
Such perfect ease, and such a lively sense
Of grace against all sins,
That you'll confess the comfort such, as even
Brings to, and comes from, Heaven.

MOUNT OF OLIVES.

When first I saw true beauty, and thy joys
Active as light, and calm without all noise,
Shin'd on my soul, I felt through all my pow'rs
Such a rich air of sweets, as evening showrs
Fand by a gentle gale convey, and breathe
On some parch'd bank, crown'd with a flowrie wreath;
Odors, and myrrh, and balm in one rich floud,
O'r-ran my heart, and spirited my bloud;
My thoughts did swim in comforts, and mine eie
Confest the world did only paint and lie.
And where before I did no safe course steer,
But wander'd under tempests all the year;
Went bleak and bare in body as in mind,
And was blow'n through by every storm and wind,
I am so warm'd now by this glance on me,
That midst all storms I feel a ray of thee.
So have I known some beauteous paisage rise
In suddain flowres and arbours to my eies,
And in the depth and dead of winter bring
To my cold thoughts a lively sense of spring.
Thus fed by thee, who dost all beings nourish,
My wither'd leafs again look green and flourish;
I shine and shelter underneath thy wing,
Where sick with love I strive thy name to sing;
Thy glorious name! which grant I may so do,
That these may be thy praise, and my joy too!

MAN.

I.

Weighing the stedfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds like watchful clocks the noiseless date
And intercourse of times divide,
Where bees at night get home and hive, and flowrs,
Early as well as late,
Rise with the sun, and set in the same bowrs;

II.

I would, said I, my God would give
The staidness of these things to man! for these
To his divine appointments ever cleave,
And no new business breaks their peace;
The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and dine,
The flowres without clothes live,
Yet Solomon was never drest so fine.

III.

Man hath still either toyes or care;
He hath no root, nor to one place is ty'd,
But ever restless and irregular
About this earth doth run and ride.
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where;
He sayes it is so far,
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

IV.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams;
Nay, hath not so much wit as some stones have,
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes
By some hid sense their Maker gave;

Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God order'd motion, but ordain'd no rest.

I WALKT THE OTHER DAY.

I.

I WALKT the other day, to spend my hour,
Into a field,
Where I sometimes had seen the soil to yield
A gallant flowre;
But winter now had ruffled all the bowre
And curious store
I knew there heretofore.

II.

Yet I, whose search lov'd not to peep and peer
I'th' face of things,
Thought with myself there might be other springs
Besides this here,
Which, like cold friends, sees us but once a year;
And so the flowre
Might have some other bowre.

III.

Then, taking up what I could neerest spie,
I digg'd about
That place where I had seen him to grow out;
And by and by
I saw the warm recluse alone to lie,
Where fresh and green
He lived of us unseen.

IV.

Many a question intricate and rare
'Did I there strow;
But all I could extort was, that he now
Did there repair
Such losses as befel him in this air,
And would ere long
Come forth most fair and young.

V.

This past, I threw the clothes quite o'er his head;
And stung with fear
Of my own frailty dropt down many a tear
Upon his bed;
Then sighing whisper'd, "Happy are the dead!
What peace doth now
Rock him asleep below!"

VI.

And yet, how few believe such doctrine springs
From a poor root,
Which all the winter sleeps here under foot,
And hath no wings
To raise it to the truth and light of things;
But is stil trod
By ev'ry wandring clod.

VII.

O Thou whose spirit did at first inflame
And warm the dead,
And by a sacred incubation fed
With life this frame,
Which once had neither being, forme, nor name!

Grant I may so
Thy steps track here below,

VIII.

That in these masques and shadows I may see
Thy sacred way;
And by those hid ascents climb to that day
Which breaks from Thee,
Who art in all things, though invisibly!
Shew me thy peace,
Thy mercy, love, and ease!

IX.

And from this care, where dreams and sorrows raign,
Lead me above,
Where light, joy, leisure, and true comforts move
Without all pain;
There, hid in thee, shew me his life again,
At whose dumbe urn
Thus all the year I mourn!

BEGGING.

KING of mercy, King of love,
In whom I live, in whom I move,
Perfect what thou hast begun,
Let no night put out this sun.
Grant I may, my chief desire,
Long for thee, to thee aspire!

Let my youth, my bloom of dayes,
Be my comfort and thy praise;
That hereafter, when I look
O'er the sullyed, sinful book,
I may find thy hand therein
Wiping out my shame and sin!
O it is thy only art
To reduce a stubborn heart;
And since thine is victorie,
Strong holds should belong to thee.
Lord, then take it, leave it not
Unto my dispose or lot;
But since I would not have it mine,
O my God, let it be thine!

Jude 24, 25.

Now unto Him that is able to keep us from falling, and to pre sent us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy,

To the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, now and ever. Amen.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

SILEX SCINTILLANS.

PART II.

SILEX SCINTILLANS.

ASCENSION-DAY.

LORD JESUS! with what sweetness and delights,
Sure, holy hopes, high joys, and quickning flights,
Dost thou feed thine! O thou! the hand that lifts
To Him who gives all good and perfect gifts,
Thy glorious, bright ascension, though remov'd
So many ages from me, is so prov'd,
And by thy Spirit seal'd to me, that I
Feel me a sharer in thy victory!
I soar and rise
Up to the skies,
Leaving the world their day;
And in my flight,
For the true light,
Go seeking all the way;
I greet thy sepulchre, salute thy grave,
That blest inclosure, where the angels gave
The first glad tidings of thy early light,
And resurrection from the earth and night.

I see that morning in thy convert's* tears,
Fresh as the dew, which but this dawning wears.
I smell her spices; and her ointment yields
As rich a scent as the now-primros'd fields.
The day-star smiles, and light with the deceast
Now shines in all the chambers of the East.
What stirs, what posting intercourse and mirth
Of saints and angels glorifie the earth?
What sighs, what whispers, busie stops and stays,
Private and holy talk, fill all the ways?
They pass as at the last great day, and run
In their white robes to see the risen Sun;
I see them, hear them, mark their haste, and move
Amongst them, with them, wing'd with faith and
love.
Thy forty days more secret commerce here,
After thy death and funeral, so clear
And indisputable, shews to my sight
As the sun doth, which to those days gave light.
I walk the fields of Bethany, which shine
All now as fresh as Eden, and as fine.
Such was the bright world on the first seventh day,
Before man brought forth sin, and sin decay;
When like a virgin, clad in flowers and green,
The pure earth sat, and the fair woods had seen
No frost, but flourish'd in that youthful vest
With which their great Creator had them drest;
When heav'n above them shin'd like molten glass,
While all the planets did unclouded pass;

* St. Mary Magdalene.

And springs, like dissolv'd pearls, their streams
did pour,
Ne'er marr'd with floods, nor angered with a
showre.
With these fair thoughts I move in this fair place,
And the last steps of my milde Master trace.
I see him leading out his chosen train,
All sad with tears, which, like warm summer rain,
In silent drops steal from their holy eyes,
Fix'd lately on the cross, now on the skies.
And now, eternal Jesus! thou dost heave
Thy blessed hands to bless those thou dost leave.
The cloud doth now receive thee; and, their sight
Having lost thee, behold two men in white!
Two, and no more; "What two attest is true,"
Was thine own answer to the stubborn Jew.
Come, then, thou faithful witness! come, dear Lord,
Upon the clouds again to judge this world!

ASCENSION HYMN.

Dust and clay,
Man's antient wear,
Here you must stay,
But I elsewhere!
Souls sojourn here, but may not rest;
Who will ascend must be undrest.

And yet some,
That know to die
Before death come,
Walk to the skie
Even in this life; but all such can
Leave behinde them the old man.

If a star
Should leave the sphære,
She must first mar
Her flaming wear,
And after fall; for, in her dress
Of glory, she cannot transgress.

Man of old,
Within the line
Of Eden, could
Like the sun shine,
All naked, innocent, and bright,
And intimate with heav'n as light;

But, since he
That brightness soil'd,
His garments be
All dark and spoil'd,
And here are left as nothing worth,
Till the Refiner's fire breaks forth.

Then comes he!
Whose mighty light

Made his cloathes be,
Like heav'n, all bright;
The Fuller, whose pure blood did flow,
To make stain'd man more white than snow.

Hee alone,
And none else, can
Bring bone to bone,
And rebuild man;
And, by his all-subduing might,
Make clay ascend more quick than light.

THEY ARE ALL GONE.

They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingring here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy brest,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Meer glimering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility!
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have shew'd them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death; the jewel of the just!
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted theams,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confin'd into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But, when the hand that lockt her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphære.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

WHITE SUNDAY.

Wellcome, white day! a thousand suns,
Though seen at once, were black to thee!
For, after their light, darkness comes;
But thine shines to eternity.

Those flames, which on the apostles rush'd
At this great feast, and, in a tyre
Of cloven tongues, their heads all brush'd,
And crown'd them with prophetic fire, —

Can these new lights be like to those,
These lights of serpents like the Dove?
Thou hadst no gall ev'n for thy foes,
And thy two wings were grief and love.

Though then some boast that fire each day,
And on Christ's coat pin all their shreds;
Not sparing openly to say,
His candle shines upon their heads;

Yet, while some rays of that great light
Shine here below within thy book,
They never shall so blinde my sight,
But I will know which way to look.

For though thou doest that great light lock,
And by this lesser commerce keep,
Yet, by these glances of the flock,
I can discern wolves from the sheep.

Not but that I have wishes too,
And pray, "These last may be as first,
Or better;" but thou long ago
Hast said, "These last should be the worst."

Besides, thy method with thy own,
Thy own dear people, pens our times;
Our stories are in theirs set down,
And penalties spread to our crimes.

Again, if worst and worst implies
A state that no redress admits,
Then, from thy cross unto these days,
The rule without exception fits.

And yet, as in night's gloomy page
One silent star may interline;
So, in this last and lewdest age,
Thy antient love on some may shine.

For though we hourly breathe decays,
And our best note and highest ease
Is but meer changing of the keys,
And a consumption that doth please;

Yet thou the great eternal Rock,
Whose height above all ages shines,
Art still the same, and canst unlock
Thy waters to a soul that pines.

Since, then, thou art the same this day
And ever as thou wert of old,
And nothing doth thy love allay,
But our heart's dead and sinful cold;

As thou long since wert pleas'd to buy
Our drown'd estate, taking the curse
Upon thyself, so to destroy
The knots we tyed upon thy purse, —

So let thy grace now make the way
Even for thy love; for by that means
We, who are nothing but foul clay,
Shall be fine gold which thou didst cleanse.

O come! refine us with thy fire!
Refine us! we are at a loss:
Let not thy stars for Balaam's hire
Dissolve into the common dross!

THE PROFFER.

Be still, black parasites,
Flutter no more;
Were it still winter, as it was before,
You'd make no flights;
But now the dew and sun have warm'd my bowres
You flie and flock to suck the flowers.

But you would honey make:
These buds will wither,
And what you now extract, in harder weather
Will serve to take;
Wise husbands will, you say, their wants prevent;
Who do not so, too late repent.

O poysonous, subtile fowls!
The flyes of hell,
That buz in every ear, and blow on souls
Until they smell
And rot, descend not here, nor think to stay!
I've read, who 'twas drove you away.

Think you these longing eyes,
Though sick and spent,
And almost famish'd, ever will consent
To leave those skies,
That glass of souls and spirits, where well drest
They shine in white, like stars, and rest.

Shall my short hour, my inch,
My one poor sand,
And crum of life now ready to disband,
Revolt and flinch;
And having born the burthen all the day,
Now cast at night my crown away?

No, no; I am not he:
Go, seek elsewhere!
I skill not your fine tinsel, and false hair,
Your sorcery,
And smooth seducements: I'le not stuff my story
With your poor commonwealth and glory.

There are that will sow tares
And scatter death
Amongst the quick, selling their souls and breath
For any wares;
But when thy Master comes, they'll finde and see,
There's a reward for them and thee.

Then keep the antient way!
Spit out their phlegm,
And fill thy brest with home; think on thy dream
A calm, bright day!
A land of flowers and spices! the word given—
If these be fair, O what is Heaven!

COCK-CROWING.

Father of lights! what sunnie seed,
What glance of day hast thou confin'd
Into this bird? To all the breed
This busie ray thou hast assign'd;
Their magnetisme works all night,
And dreams of paradise and light.

Their eyes watch for the morning hue,
Their little grain expelling night
So shines and sings, as if it knew
The path unto the house of light.
It seems their candle, howe'r done,
Was tinn'd and lighted at the sunne.

If such a tincture, such a touch,
So firm a longing can impowre,
Shall thy own image think it much
To watch for thy appearing hour?
If a meer blast so fill the sail,
Shall not the breath of God prevail?

O thou immortall light and heat!
Whose hand so shines through all this frame,
That, by the beauty of the seat,
We plainly see who made the same.
Seeing thy seed abides in me,
Dwell thou in it, and I in thee!

To sleep without thee is to die;
Yea, 'tis a death partakes of hell:
For where thou dost not close the eye,
It never opens, I can tell.
In such a dark, Ægyptian border,
The shades of death dwell and disorder.

If joyes and hopes, and earnest throes,
And hearts whose pulse beats still for light,
Are given to birds; who, but thee, knows
A love-sick soul's exalted flight?
Can souls be track'd by any eye
But His who gave them wings to flie?

Onely this veyle which thou hast broke,
And must be broken yet in me,
This veyle, I say, is all the cloke
And cloud which shadows me from thee.
This veyle thy full-ey'd love denies,
And onely gleams and fractions spies.

O take it off! make no delay;
But brush me with thy light, that I
May shine unto a perfect day,
And warme me at thy glorious eye!
O take it off! or till it flee,
Though with no lilie, stay with me!

THE STARRE.

Whatever 'tis, whose beauty here below
Attracts thee thus, and makes thee stream and flow,
And wind and curle, and wink and smile,
Shifting thy gate and guile,

Though thy close commerce nought at all imbarrs
My present search, for eagles eye not starrs;
And still the lesser by the best
And highest good is blest;

Yet, seeing all things that subsist and be
Have their commissions from Divinitie,
And teach us duty, I will see
What man may learn from thee.

First, I am sure, the subject so respected
Is well disposed; for bodies, once infected,
Deprav'd, or dead, can have with thee
No hold nor sympathie.

Next, there's in it a restless, pure desire
And longing for thy bright and vitall fire,
Desire that never will be quench'd,
Nor can be writh'd nor wrench'd.

These are the magnets, which so strongly move
And work all night upon thy light and love;

As beauteous shapes, we know not why,
Command and guide the eye.

For where desire, celestiall, pure desire,
Hath taken root, and grows, and doth not tire,
There God a commerce states, and sheds
His secret on their heads.

This is the heart he craves; and who so will
But give it him, and grudge not, he shall feel
That God is true, as herbs unseen
Put on their youth and green.

THE PALM-TREE.

Deare friend, sit down, and bear awhile this shade,
As I have yours long since: this plant, you see
So prest and bow'd, before sin did degrade
Both you and it, had equall liberty

With other trees; but now shut from the breath
And air of Eden, like a mal-content
It thrives no where. This makes these weights, like death
And sin, hang at him; for the more he's bent,

The more he grows. Celestial natures still
Aspire for home; this Solomon of old

By flowers and carvings and mysterious skill
Of wings, and cherubims, and palms foretold.

This is the life which, hid above with Christ
In God, doth always hidden multiply,
And spring and grow, a tree ne'r to be priced,
A tree whose fruit is immortality.

Here spirits that have run their race, and fought,
And won the fight, and have not feared the frowns
Nor lov'd the smiles of greatness, but have wrought
Their Master's will, meet to receive their crowns.

Here is the patience of the saints: this tree
Is water'd by their tears, as flowers are fed
With dew by night; but One you cannot see
Sits here, and numbers all the tears they shed.

Here is their faith too, which if you will keep
When we two part, I will a journey make
To pluck a garland hence while you do sleep,
And weave it for your head against you wake.

JOY.

Be dumb, coarse measures; jar no more; to me
There is no discord but your harmony,
False, jugling sounds; a grone well drest where care
Moves in disguise, and sighs afflict the air.

Sorrows in white; griefs tun'd; a sugerd dosis
Of wormwood, and a death's-head crown'd with roses.
He weighs not your forc'd accents, who can have
A lesson plaid him by a winde or wave.
Such numbers tell their days, whose spirits be
Lull'd by those charmers to a lethargy.

But as for thee, whose faults long since require
More eyes than stars, whose breath, could it aspire
To equal winds, would prove too short: thou hast
Another mirth, a mirth, though overcast
With clouds and rain, yet full as calm and fine
As those clear heights which above tempests shine.
Therefore, while the various showers
Kill and cure the tender flowers,
While the winds refresh the year
Now with clouds, now making clear,
Be sure under pains of death
To ply both thine eyes and breath.
As leafs in bowers
Whisper their hours,
And hermit-wells
Drop in their cells;
So in sighs and unseen tears
Pass thy solitary years,
And going hence leave written on some tree,
"Sighs make joy sure, and shaking fastens thee."

THE FAVOUR.

O THY bright looks! thy glance of love
Shown, and but shown, me from above!
Rare looks! that can dispense such joy
As without wooing wins the coy,
And makes him mourn, and pine, and dye,
Like a starv'd eaglet, for thine eye.
Some kinde herbs here, though low and far,
Watch for and know their loving star.
O let no star compare with thee!
Nor any herb out-duty me!
So shall my nights and mornings be
Thy time to shine, and mine to see

THE GARLAND.

THOU who dost flow and flourish here below,
To whom a falling star and nine dayes' glory,
Or some frail beauty makes the bravest shew,
Hark, and make use of this ensuing story:—

When first my youthfull, sinfull age
Grew master of my wayes,
Appointing errour for my page,
And darknesse for my dayes;

I flung away, and with full crie
Of wild affections, rid
In post for pleasures, bent to trie
All gamesters that would bid.
I played with fire, did counsell spurn,
Made life my common stake;
But never thought that fire would burn,
Or that a soul could ake.
Glorious deceptions, gilded mists,
False joyes, phantastick flights,
Peeces of sackcloth with silk lists,
These were my prime delights.
I sought choice bowres, haunted the spring,
Cull'd flowres and made me posies;
Gave my fond humours their full wing,
And crown'd my head with roses.
But at the height of this careire
I met with a dead man,
Who, noting well my vain abear,
Thus unto me began:
"Desist, fond fool, be not undone,
What thou hast cut to-day
Will fade at night, and with this sun
Quite vanish and decay."

Flowres gather'd in this world, die here: if thou
Wouldst have a wreath that fades not, let them grow,
And grow for thee. Who spares them here, shall find
A garland, where comes neither rain nor wind.

LOVE-SICK.

JESUS, my life! how shall I truly love thee?
O that thy Spirit would so strongly move me;
That thou wert pleased to shed thy grace so farr
As to make man all pure love, flesh a star!
A star that would ne'r set, but ever rise,
So rise and run, as to out-run these skies,
These narrow skies (narrow to me) that barre,
So barre me in, that I am still at warre,
At constant warre, with them. O come and rend,
Or bow the heavens! Lord, bow them and descend,
And at thy presence make these mountains flow,
These mountains of cold ice in me! Thou art
Refining fire, O then refine my heart,
My foul, foul heart! Thou art immortall heat;
Heat motion gives; then warm it, till it beat,
So beat for thee, till thou in mercy hear,
So hear that thou must open; open to
A sinfull wretch, a wretch that caused thy woe;
Thy woe, who caus'd his weal; so far his weal
That thou forgott'st thine own, for thou didst seal
Mine with thy blood, thy blood which makes thee
mine,
Mine ever, ever; and me ever thine.

TRINITY-SUNDAY.

O HOLY, blessed, glorious Three,
Eternall witnesses that be
In heaven, One God in Trinitie!

As here on earth, when men with-stood,
The Spirit, Water, and the Blood
Made my Lord's incarnation good;

So let the anty-types in me
Elected, bought, and seal'd for free,
Be own'd, sav'd, sainted by you Three!

PSALME CIV.

UP, O my soul, and blesse the Lord! O God,
My God, how great, how very great art thou!
Honour and majesty have their abode
With thee, and crown thy brow.

Thou cloath'st thyself with light, as with a robe,
And the high, glorious heav'ns thy mighty hand
Doth spread like curtains round about this globe
Of air, and sea, and land.

The beams of thy bright chambers thou dost lay
In the deep waters, which no eye can find;

The clouds thy chariots are, and thy path-way
The wings of the swift wind.

In thy celestiall, gladsome messages
Dispatch'd to holy souls, sick with desire
And love of thee, each willing angel is
Thy minister in fire.

Thy arm unmoveable for ever laid
And founded the firm earth; then with the deep,
As with a vail, thou hidst it; thy floods plaid
Above the mountains steep.

At thy rebuke they fled; at the known voice
Of their Lord's thunder, they retir'd apace:
Some up the mountains past by secret ways,
Some downwards to their place.

For thou to them a bound hast set; a bound,
Which, though but sand, keeps in and curbs whole seas:
There all their fury, foame, and hideous sound,
Must languish and decrease.

And as thy care bounds these, so thy rich love
Doth broach the earth; and lesser brooks lets forth,
Which run from hills to valleys, and improve
Their pleasure and their worth.

These to the beasts of every field give drink;
There the wilde asses swallow the cool springs
And birds amongst the branches on their brink
Their dwellings have and sing.

Thou, from thy upper springs above, from those
Chambers of rain where heav'n's large bottles lie,
Doest water the parch'd hills, whose breaches close,
Heal'd by the showers from high.

Grass for the cattel, and herbs for man's use,
Thou mak'st to grow; these, blest by thee, the earth
Brings forth, with wine, oyl, bread: all which infuse
To man's heart strength and mirth.

Thou giv'st the trees their greenness, ev'n to those
Cedars in Lebanon, in whose thick boughs
The birds their nests build; though the stork doth
The fir-trees for her house. [choose

To the wilde goats the high hills serve for folds,
The rocks give conies a retyring place:
Above them the cool moon her known course holds,
And the sun runs his race.

Thou makest darkness, and then comes the night;
In whose thick shades and silence each wilde beast

Creeps forth, and, pinch'd for food, with scent and sight
Hunts in an eager quest.

The lyon's whelps, impatient of delay,
Roar in the covert of the woods, and seek
Their meat from thee, who doest appoint the prey,
And feed'st them all the week.

This past, the sun shines on the earth, and they
Retire into their dens; man goes abroad
Unto his work, and at the close of day
Returns home with his load.

O Lord my God, how many and how rare
Are thy great works! In wisdom hast thou made
Them all; and this the earth, and every blade
Of grass we tread, declare.

So doth the deep and wide sea, wherein are
Innumerable creeping things, both small
And great: there ships go, and the shipmen's fear,
The comely spacious whale.

These all upon thee wait, that thou maist feed
Them in due season: what thou giv'st they take;
Thy bounteous open hand helps them at need,
And plenteous meals they make.

When thou doest hide thy face (thy face which keeps
All things in being), they consume and mourn;
When thou with-draw'st their breath, their vigour
sleeps,
And they to dust return.

Thou send'st thy spirit forth, and they revive;
The frozen earth's dead face thou dost renew.
Thus thou thy glory through the world dost drive,
And to thy works art true.

Thine eyes behold the earth, and the whole stage
Is mov'd and trembles, the hills melt and smoke
With thy least touch; lightnings and winds that
rage
At thy rebuke are broke.

Therefore, as long as thou wilt give me breath,
I will in songs to thy great name imploy
That gift of thine, and to my day of death
Thou shalt be all my joy.

I'le spice my thoughts with thee, and from thy word
Gather true comforts; but the wicked liver
Shall be consum'd. O my soul, bless the Lord!
Yea, blesse thou him for ever!

THE BIRD.

HITHER thou com'st. The busie wind all night
Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm wing
Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm,
For which coarse man seems much the fitter born,
Rain'd on thy bed
And harmless head;
And now, as fresh and chearful as the light,
Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing
Unto that Providence whose unseen arm
Curb'd them, and cloath'd thee well and warm.
All things that be praise Him; and had
Their lesson taught them when first made.

So hills and valleys into singing break; [tongue,
And though poor stones have neither speech nor
While active winds and streams both run and speak,
Yet stones are deep in admiration.
Thus praise and prayer here beneath the sun
Make lesser mornings, when the great are done.

For each inclosed spirit is a star
Inlightning his own little sphære,
Whose light, though fetcht and borrowed from far,
Both mornings makes and evenings there.

But as these birds of light make a land glad,
Chirping their solemn matins on each tree;
So in the shades of night some dark fowls be,
Whose heavy notes make all that hear them sad.

The turtle then in palm-trees mourns.
While owls and satyrs howl;
The pleasant land to brimstone turns,
And all her streams grow foul.

Brightness and mirth, and love and faith, all flye,
Till the day-spring breaks forth again from high.

THE TIMBER.

Sure thou didst flourish once! and many springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers
Past ore thy head; many light hearts and wings,
Which now are dead, lodg'd in thy living bowers.

And still a new succession sings and flies;
Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still enduring skies;
While the low violet thrives at their root.

But thou beneath the sad and heavy line
Of death doth waste all senseless, cold, and dark;

Where not so much as dreams of light may shine,
Nor any thought of greenness, leaf or bark.

And yet, as if some deep hate and dissent,
Bred in thy growth betwixt high winds and thee,
Were still alive, thou dost great storms resent
Before they come, and know'st how near they be.

Else all at rest thou lyest, and the fierce breath
Of tempests can no more disturb thy ease;
But this thy strange resentment after death
Means onely those who broke in life thy peace.

So murthered man, when lovely life is done,
And his blood freez'd, keeps in the center still
Some secret sense, which makes the dead blood run
At his approach that did the body kill.

And is there any murth'rer worse than sin?
Or any storms more foul than a lewd life?
Or what resentient can work more within
Than true remorse, when with past sins at strife?

He that hath left life's vain joys and vain care,
And truly hates to be detain'd on earth,
Hath got an house where many mansions are,
And keeps his soul unto eternal mirth.

But though thus dead unto the world, and ceas'd
From sin, he walks a narrow, private way;

Yet grief and old wounds make him sore displeas'd,
And all his life a rainy, weeping day.

For though he should forsake the world, and live
As meer a stranger as men long since dead,
Yet joy itself will make a right soul grieve
To think he should be so long vainly led.

But as shades set off light, so tears and grief,
Though of themselves but a sad blubber'd story,
By shewing the sin great, shew the relief
Far greater, and so speak my Saviour's glory.

If my way lies through deserts and wilde woods,
Where all the land with scorching heat is curst,
Better the pools should flow with rain and floods
To fill my bottle than I die with thirst.

Blest showers they are, and streams sent from above,
Begetting virgins where they use to flow;
The trees of life no other waters love [grow.
Than upper springs, and none else make them

But these chaste fountains flow not till we dye:
Some drops may fall before, but a clear spring
And ever running, till we leave to fling
Dirt in her way, will keep above the skie.

Rom. vi. 7.

He that is dead is freed from sin.

THE JEWS.

When the fair year
Of your Deliverer comes,
And that long frost which now benums
Your hearts shall thaw; when angels here
Shall yet to man appear,
And familiarly confer
Beneath the oke and juniper;
When the bright Dove,
Which now these many, many springs
Hath kept above,
Shall with spread wings
Descend, and living waters flow
To make drie dust, and dead trees grow;

O then that I
Might live, and see the olive bear
Her proper branches, which now lie
Scattered each where,
And, without root and sap, decay,
Cast by the husbandman away!
And sure it is not far!
For as your fast and foul decays,
Forerunning the bright morning star,
Did sadly note his healing rayes
Would shine elsewere, since you were blind.
And would be cross, when God was kinde,—

So, by all signs
Our fulness too is now come in;
And the same sun, which here declines
And sets, will few hours hence begin
To rise on you again, and look
Towards old Mamre and Eshcol's brook.
For surely He
Who lov'd the world so as to give
His onely Son to make it free,
Whose Spirit too doth mourn and grieve
To see man lost, will for old love
From your dark hearts this veil remove.

Faith sojourn'd first on earth in you,
You were the dear and chosen stock:
The arm of God, glorious and true,
Was first reveal'd to be your rock.

You were the eldest childe; and, when
Your stony hearts despised love,
The youngest, ev'n the Gentiles, then
Were chear'd your jealousie to move.

Thus, Righteous Father! doest thou deal
With brutish men: thy gifts go round
By turns, and timely, and so heal
The lost son by the newly found.

BEGGING.

Aye do not go! thou know'st I'll dye!
My spring and fall are in thy book!
Or, if thou goest, do not deny
To lend me, though from far, one look!

My sins long since have made thee strange,
A very stranger unto me;
No morning meetings since this change,
Nor evening walks have I with thee.

Why is my God thus slow and cold,
When I am most, most sick and sad?
Well fare those blessed days of old,
When thou didst hear the weeping lad!*

O do not thou do as I did,
Do not despise a love-sick heart!
What though some clouds defiance bid,
Thy sun must shine in every part.

Though I have spoil'd, O spoil not thou!
Hate not thine own dear gift and token!
Poor birds sing best, and prettiest show,
When their nest is faln and broken.

* Ishmael.

Dear Lord! restore thy ancient peace,
Thy quikning friendship, man's bright wealth!
And, if thou wilt not give me ease
From sicknesse, give my spirit health!

PALM-SUNDAY.

Come, drop your branches, strow the way,
Plants of the day!
Whom sufferings make most green and gay.
The King of grief, the Man of sorrow,
Weeping still like the wet morrow,
Your shades and freshness comes to borrow.

Put on, put on your best array;
Let the joy'd road make holy-day,
And flowers, that into fields do stray
Or secret groves, keep the high-way.

Trees, flowers, and herbs; birds, beasts, and stones,
That since man fell expect with groans
To see the Lamb, come all at once,
Lift up your heads and leave your moans!
For here comes He
Whose death will be
Man's life, and your full liberty.

Hark! how the children, shrill and high,
Hosanna cry;
Their joys provoke the distant skie,
Where thrones and seraphins reply;
And their own angels shine and sing
In a bright ring:
Such yong, sweet mirth
Makes heaven and earth
Joyn in a joyful symphony.

The harmless, yong, and happy ass,
Seen long before* this came to pass,
Is in these joys an high partaker,
Ordain'd and made to bear his Maker.

Dear feast of palms, of flowers and dew!
Whose fruitful dawn sheds hopes and lights;
Thy bright solemnities did shew,
The third glad day through two sad nights.

I'll get me up before the sun,
I'll cut me boughs off many a tree,
And all alone full early run
To gather flowers to wellcome thee.

Then, like the palm, though wronged I'll bear;
I will be still a childe, still meek
As the poor ass, which the proud jear,
And onely my dear Jesus seek.

* Zech. ix. 9.

If I lose all, and must endure
The proverb'd griefs of holy Job,
I care not, so I may secure
But one green branch and a white robe.

JESUS WEEPING.

St. Luke, xix. 41.

Blessed, unhappy city! dearly lov'd,
But still unkinde! Art this day nothing mov'd?
Art senseless still? O can'st thou sleep
When God himself for thee doth weep?
Stiff-necked Jews! your father's breed
That serv'd the calf, not Abr'am's seed,
Had not the babes hosanna cryed,
The stones had spoke what you denyed.

Dear Jesus, weep on! pour this latter
Soul-quickning rain, this living water,
On their dead hearts; but (O my fears!)
They will drink blood that despise tears.
My dear, bright Lord! my Morning-star!
Shed this live-dew on fields which far
From hence long for it! shed it there,
Where the starv'd earth groans for one tear!

This land, tho' with thy heart's blest extract fed,
Will nothing yield but thorns to wound thy head.

THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.

St. Matthew, xiv. 6, &c.

VAIN, sinful art! who first did fit
Thy lewd, loath'd motions unto sounds,
And made grave musique, like wilde wit,
Erre in loose airs beyond her bounds,

What fires hath he heap'd on his head!
Since to his sins, as needs it must,
His art adds still, though he be dead,
New fresh accounts of blood and lust.

Leave, then,* yong sorceress; the ice
Will those coy spirits cast asleep,
Which teach thee now to please† his eyes
Who doth thy lothsome mother keep.

But thou hast pleas'd so well, he swears,
And gratifies thy sin with vows;
His shameless lust in publick wears,
And to thy soft arts strongly bows.

Skilful inchantress! and true bred!
Who out of evil can bring forth good!
Thy mother's nets in thee were spred:
She tempts to incest, thou to blood.

* Her name was Salome. In passing over a frozen river, the ice broke under her, and chopt off her head.

† Herod Antipas.

JESUS WEEPING.

St. John, xi. 35.

My dear, Almighty Lord! why dost thou weep?
Why dost thou groan and groan again?
And with such deep,
Repeated sighs thy kinde heart pain?
Since the same sacred breath, which thus
Doth mourn for us,
Can make man's dead and scatter'd bones
Unite, and raise up all that dyed at once?

O holy groans! groans of the Dove!
O healing tears! the tears of love!
Dew of the dead! which makes dust move
And spring, how is't that you so sadly grieve,
Who can relieve?

Should not thy sighs refrain thy store
Of tears, and not provoke to more?
Since two afflictions may not raign
In one at one time, as some feign.
Those blasts, which o'er our heads here stray,
If showers then fall, will showers allay;
As those poor pilgrims oft have tryed,
Who in this windy world abide.

Dear Lord! thou art all grief and love;
But which thou art most, none can prove.

Thou griev st, man should himself undo,
And lov'st him, though he works thy wo.

'Twas not that vast, almighty measure
Which is requir'd to make up life,
Though purchased with thy heart's dear treasure,
Did breed this strife
Of grief and pity in thy brest,
The throne where peace and power rest;
But 'twas thy love, that, without leave,
Made thine eyes melt, and thy heart heave.
For though death cannot so undo
What thou hast done; yea, though man too
Should help to spoil, thou canst restore
All better far than 'twas before.
Yet thou so full of pity art,
Pity which overflows thy heart,
That, though the cure of all man's harm
Is nothing to thy glorious arm,
Yet canst thou not that free cure do,
But thou must sorrow for him too.

Then farewell joys! for, while I live,
My business here shall be to grieve:
A grief that shall outshine all joys
For mirth and life, yet without noise:
A grief whose silent dew shall breed
Lilies and myrrhe, where the curs'd seed
Did sometimes rule: a grief so bright,
'Twill make the land of darkness light;

And, while too many sadly roam,
Shall send me, swan-like, singing home.

Psal. lxxiii. 25.

Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.

PROVIDENCE.

SACRED and secret hand!
By whose assisting, swift command
The angel shew'd that holy well,
  Which freed poor Hagar from her fears,
  And turn'd to smiles the begging tears
Of yong, distressed Ishmael.

How, in a mystick cloud
Which doth thy strange, sure mercies shroud,
Doest thou convey man food and money,
  Unseen by him till they arrive
  Just at his mouth, that thankless hive,
Which kills thy bees, and eats thy honey!

If I thy servant be,
Whose service makes ev'n captives free,
A fish shall all my tribute pay,
  The swift-wing'd raven shall bring me meat,
  And I like flowers shall still go neat,
As if I knew no month but May.

I will not fear what man,
With all his plots and power, can.
Bags that wax old may plundered be;
But none can sequester or let
A state that with the sun doth set,
And comes next morning fresh as he.

Poor birds this doctrine sing,
And herbs which on dry hills do spring,
Or in the howling wilderness
Do know thy dewy morning hours,
And watch all night for mists or showers,
Then drink and praise thy bounteousness.

May he for ever dye
Who trusts not thee! but wretchedly
Hunts gold and wealth, and will not lend
Thy service nor his soul one day!
May his crown, like his hopes, be clay;
And, what he saves, may his foes spend!

If all my portion here,
The measure given by thee each year,
Were by my causless enemies
Usurp'd, it never should me grieve,
Who know how well thou canst relieve,
Whose hands are open as thine eyes.

Great King of love and truth!
Who would'st not hate my froward youth,

And wilt not leave me when grown old;
Gladly will I, like Pontick sheep,
Unto my wormwood-diet keep,
Since thou hast made thy arm my fold.

THE KNOT.

Bright queen of heaven! God's virgin spouse!
The glad world's blessed maid!
Whose beauty tyed life to thy house,
And brought us saving ayd.

Thou art the true loves-knot; by thee
God is made our allie;
And man's inferior essence, he
With his did dignifie.

For coalescent by that band
We are his body grown,
Nourished with favors from his hand
Whom for our head we own.

And such a knot what arm dares loose,
What life, what death, can sever?
Which us in him, and him in us,
United keeps for ever.

THE ORNAMENT.

THE lucky world shewd me one day
  Her gorgeous mart and glittering store,
Where with proud haste the rich made way
  To buy, the poor came to adore.

Serious they seem'd, and bought up all
  The latest modes of pride and lust;
Although the first must surely fall,
  And the last is most loathsome dust.

But while each gay, alluring ware,
  With idle hearts and busie looks,
They viewd, for idleness hath there
  Laid up all her archives and books,

Quite through their proud and pompous file,
  Blushing, and in meek weeds array'd,
With native looks which knew no guile,
  Came the sheep-keeping Syrian maid.

Whom strait the shining row all fac'd,
  Forc'd by her artless looks and dress;
While once cryed out, We are disgrac'd!
  For she is bravest, you confess.

ST. MARY MAGDALEN.

Dear, beauteous saint! more white than day,
When in his naked, pure array;
Fresher than morning flowers, which shew,
As thou in tears dost, best in dew.
How art thou chang'd; how lively fair,
Pleasing and innocent an air,
Not tutor'd by thy glass, but free,
Native, and pure, shines now in thee!
But since thy beauty doth still keep
Bloomy and fresh, why dost thou weep?
This dusky state of sighs and tears
Durst not look on those smiling years,
When Magdal-castle was thy seat,
Where all was sumptuous, rare, and neat.
Why lies this hair despised now,
Which once thy care and art did shew?
Who then did dress the much-lov'd toy,
In spires, globes, angry curls and coy,
Which with skill'd negligence seem'd shed
About thy curious, wilde, young head?
Why is this rich, this pistic nard
Spilt, and the box quite broke and marr'd?
What pretty sullenness did haste
Thy easie hands to do this waste?
Why are thou humbled thus, and low
As earth thy lovely head dost bow?

Dear soul! thou knew'st, flowers here on earth
At their Lord's footstool have their birth;
Therefore thy wither'd self in haste
Beneath his blest feet thou didst cast,
That, at the root of this green tree,
Thy great decays restor'd might be.
Thy curious vanities and rare,
Oderous ointments kept with care,
And dearly bought, when thou didst see
They could not cure nor comfort thee;
Like a wise, early penitent,
Thou sadly didst to him present,
Whose interceding, meek, and calm
Blood is the world's all-healing balm.
This, this divine restorative
Call'd forth thy tears, which ran in live
And hasty drops, as if they had
(Their Lord so near) sense to be glad.
Learn, ladies, here the faithful cure
Makes beauty lasting, fresh, and pure;
Learn Mary's art of tears, and then
Say, You have got the day from men.
Cheap, mighty art! her art of love,
Who lov'd much, and much more could move;
Her art! whose memory must last
Till truth through all the world be past;
Till his abus'd, despised flame
Return to heaven from whence it came,
And send a fire down, that shall bring
Destruction on his ruddy wing.

Her art! whose pensive, weeping eyes
Were once sin's loose and tempting spies;
But now are fixed stars, whose light
Helps such dark straglers to their sight.

Self-boasting Pharisee! how blinde
A judge wert thou, and how unkinde!
It was impossible, that thou,
Who wert all false, should'st true grief know.
Is't just to judge her faithful tears
By that foul rheum thy false eye wears?

"This woman," say'st thou, "is a sinner!"
And sate there none such at thy dinner?
Go, leper, go! wash till thy flesh
Comes like a childe's, spotless and fresh;
He is still leprous that still paints:
Who saint themselves, they are no saints.

THE RAINBOW.

STILL young and fine! but what is still in view
We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and new.
How bright wert thou, when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnisht, flaming arch did first descry!
When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers in one knot,

Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!
When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair,
Forms turn to musick, clouds to smiles and air;
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and sun-shine! the sure tye
Of thy Lord's hand, the object* of his eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant, and low, I can in thine see Him.
Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
And mindes the covenant 'twixt all and One.
O foul, deceitful men! my God doth keep
His promise still, but we break ours and sleep.
After the Fall, the first sin was in blood,
And drunkenness quickly did succeed the flood;
But since Christ dyed, (as if we did devise
To lose him too, as well as paradise,)
These two grand sins we joyn and act together,
Though blood and drunkenness make but foul, foul weather.
Water, though both heaven's windows and the deep
Full forty days o'r the drown'd world did weep,
Could not reform us; and blood in despight,
Yea, God's own blood, we tread upon and slight.
So those bad daughters, which God sav'd from fire,
While Sodom yet did smoke lay with their sire.

* Gen. ix. 16.

Then peaceful, signal bow, but in a cloud
Still lodged, where all thy unseen arrows shrowd;
I will on thee as on a comet look,
A comet, the sad world's ill-boding book;
Thy light as luctual and stain'd with woes
I'll judge, where penal flames sit mixt and close.
But though some think thou shin'st but to restrain
Bold storms, and simply dost attend on rain;
Yet I know well, and so our sins require,
Thou dost but court cold rain, till rain turns fire.

THE SEED GROWING SECRETLY.

St. Mark, iv. 26.

If this world's friends might see but once
What some poor man may often feel,
Glory and gold, and crowns and thrones,
They would soon quit, and learn to kneel.

My dew, my dew! my early love,
My soul's bright food, thy absence kills!
Hover not long, eternal Dove!
Life without thee is loose, and spills.

Something I had, which long ago
Did learn to suck and sip and taste;
But now grown sickly, sad, and slow,
Doth fret and wrangle, pine and waste.

O spred thy sacred wings, and shake
  One living drop! one drop life keeps!
If pious griefs heaven's joys awake,
  O fill his bottle! thy childe weeps!

Slowly and sadly doth he grow,
  And soon as left shrinks back to ill;
O feed that life which makes him blow
  And spred and open to thy will!

For thy eternal, living wells
  None stain'd or wither'd shall come near:
A fresh, immortal green there dwells,
  And spotless white is all the wear.

Dear, secret greenness! nurst below!
  Tempests and windes and winter-nights
Vex not, that but One sees thee grow,
  That One made all these lesser lights.

If those bright joys He singly sheds
  On thee, were all met in one crown,
Both sun and stars would hide their heads;
  And moons, though full, would get them down.

Let glory be their bait whose mindes
  Are all too high for a low cell:
Though hawks can prey through storms and winds,
  The poor bee in her hive must dwell.

Glory, the croud's cheap tinsel, still
To what most takes them is a drudge;
And they too oft take good for ill,
And thriving vice for vertue judge.

What needs a conscience calm and bright
Within itself an outward test?
Who breaks his glass to take more light,
Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch,
Till the white-winged reapers come!

AS TIME ONE DAY.

As time one day by me did pass,
Through a large dusky glasse
He held, I chanc'd to look,
And spyed his curious book
Of past days, where sad Heav'n did shed
A mourning light upon the dead.

Many disordered lives I saw,
And foul records which thaw
My kinde eyes still; but in
A fair, white page of thin

And ev'n, smooth lines, like the sun's rays,
Thy name was writ, and all thy days.

O bright and happy kalendar!
Where youth shines like a star
All pearl'd with tears, and may
Teach age the holy way;
Where through thick pangs, high agonies,
Faith into life breaks, and death dies.

As some meek night-piece, which day quails,
To candle-light unveils;
So by one beauty line
From thy bright lamp did shine
In the same page thy humble grave,
Set with green herbs, glad hopes and brave.

Here slept my thought's dear mark! which dust
Seem'd to devour like rust;
But dust, I did observe,
By hiding doth preserve;
As we for long and sure recruits,
Candy with sugar our choice fruits.

O calm and sacred bed, where lies
In death's dark mysteries
A beauty far more bright
Than the noon's cloudless light;
For whose dry dust green branches bud,
And robes are bleach'd in the Lamb's blood.

Sleep, happy ashes! blessed sleep!
While haplesse I still weep;
Weep that I have outliv'd
My life, and unreliev'd
Must, soul-lesse shadow! so live on,
Though life be dead, and my joys gone.

FAIR AND YONG LIGHT.

Fair and yong light! my guide to holy
Grief, and soul-curing melancholy;
Whom living here I did still shun
As sullen night-ravens do the sun,
And led by my own foolish fire
Wandred through darkness, dens, and mire
How am I now in love with all
That I term'd then meer bonds and thrall!
And to thy name, which still I keep,
Like the surviving turtle weep!
O bitter, curs'd delights of men!
Our soul's diseases first, and then
Our body's: poysons that intreat
With fatal sweetness, till we eat;
How artfully do you destroy,
That kill with smiles and seeming joy!
If all the subtilties of vice
Stood bare before unpractic'd eyes,

And every act she doth commence
Had writ down its sad consequence,
Yet would not men grant, their ill fate
Lodged in those false looks, till too late.
O holy, happy, healthy heaven,
Where all is pure, where all is even,
Plain, harmless, faithful, fair, and bright,
But what earth breaths against thy light!
How blest had men been, had their sire
Liv'd still in league with thy chaste fire;
Nor made life through her long descents
A slave to lustful elements!
I did once read in an old book
Soil'd with many a weeping look,
That the seeds of foul sorrows be
The finest things that are to see.
So that fam'd fruit, which made all dye,
Seem'd fair unto the woman's eye.
If these supplanters in the shade
Of paradise could make man fade,
How in this world should they deter,
This world, their fellow-murtherer!
And why then grieve we to be sent
Home by our first fair punishment,
Without addition to our woes
And lingring wounds from weaker foes;
Since that doth quickly freedom win,
For he that's dead is freed from sin?
O that I were winged and free
And quite undrest just now with thee,

Where freed souls dwell by living fountains
On everlasting, spicy mountains!
Alas! my God! take home thy sheep;
This world but laughs at those that weep.

THE STONE.

Josh. xxiv. 27.

I HAVE it now:
But where to act that none shall know;
Where I shall have no cause to fear
An eye or ear,
What man will show?
If nights, and shades, and secret rooms,
Silent as tombs,
Will not conceal nor assent to
My dark designs, what shall I do?
Man I can bribe, and woman will
Consent to any gainful ill;
But these dumb creatures are so true,
No gold nor gifts can them subdue.
"Hedges have ears," saith the old sooth,
"And ev'ry bush is something's booth;"
This cautious fools mistake, and fear
Nothing but man when ambush'd there.

But I, alas!
Was shown one day in a strange glass
That busie commerce kept between
God and his creatures, though unseen.
They hear, see, speak,
And into loud discoveries break,
As loud as blood. Not that God needs
Intelligence, whose spirit feeds
All things with life, before whose eye
Hell and all hearts stark naked lye.
But * he that judgeth as he hears,
He that accuseth none, so steers
His righteous course, that though he knows
All that man doth, conceals or shows,
Yet will not he by his own light,
Though both all-seeing and all right,
Condemn men; but will try them by
A process, which ev'n man's own eye
Must needs acknowledge to be just.
Hence sand and dust
Are shak'd for witnesses, and stones,
Which some think dead, shall all at once
With one attesting voice detect
Those secret sins we least suspect.
For know, wilde men, that, when you erre,
Each thing turns scribe and register
And, in obedience to his Lord,
Doth your most private sins record.

* John v. 30, 45.

The law delivered to the Jews,
Who promis'd much, but did refuse
Performance, will for that same deed
Against them by a stone proceed;
Whose substance, though 'tis hard enough,
Will prove their hearts more stiff and tuff.
But now, since God on himself took
What all mankinde could never brook,
If any (for he all invites)
His easie yoke rejects or slights,
The gospel then, for 'tis his word,
And not himself,* shall judge the world,
Will by loose dust that man arraign,
As one than dust more vile and vain.

THE DWELLING-PLACE.

St. John, i. 38, 39.

What happy, secret fountain,
Fair shade, or mountain,
Whose undiscover'd virgin glory
Boasts it this day, though not in story,
Was then thy dwelling? Did some cloud,
Fix'd to a tent, descend and shrowd
My distrest Lord? or did a star,
Beckon'd by thee, though high and far,

* St. John, xii. 47, 48.

In sparkling smiles haste gladly down
To lodge light and increase her own?
My dear, dear God! I do not know
What lodged thee then, nor where nor how;
But I am sure thou dost now come
Oft to a narrow, homely room,
Where thou too hast but the least part;
My God, I mean my sinful heart.

THE MEN OF WAR.

St. Luke, xxiii. 11.

"If any have an ear,"
Saith holy John,* "then let him hear!
He that into captivity
Leads others shall a captive be.
Who with the sword doth others kill,
A sword shall his blood likewise spill.
Here is the patience of the saints,
And the true faith which never faints."

Were not thy word, dear Lord! my light,
How would I run to endless night,
And persecuting thee and thine,
Enact for saints myself and mine!
But now enlighten'd thus by thee,
I dare not think such villany;

* Rev. xiii. 10.

Nor for a temporal self-end
Successful wickedness commend.
For in this bright, instructing verse
Thy saints are not the conquerors;
But patient, meek, and overcome
Like thee, when set at naught and dumb.
Armies thou hast in heaven, which fight
And follow thee all cloath'd in white;
But here on earth, though thou hadst need,
Thou wouldst no legions, but wouldst bleed.
The sword wherewith thou dost command
Is in thy mouth, not in thy hand,
And all thy saints do overcome
By thy blood, and their martyrdom.
But seeing soldiers long ago
Did spit on thee, and smote thee too;
Crown'd thee with thorns, and bow'd the knee,
But in contempt, as still we see,
I'le marvel not at ought they do,
Because they us'd my Savior so;
Since of my Lord they had their will,
The servant must not take it ill.

Dear Jesus, give me patience here,
And faith to see my crown as near,
And almost reach'd, because 'tis sure
If I hold fast, and slight the lure.
Give me humility and peace,
Contented thoughts, innoxious ease,

A sweet, revengeless, quiet minde,
And to my greatest haters kinde.
Give me, my God! a heart as milde
And plain, as when I was a childe.
That when thy throne is set, and all
These conquerors before it fall,
I may be found preserv'd by thee
Amongst that chosen company,
Who by no blood here overcame
But the blood of the blessed Lamb.

THE ASS.

St. Matthew, xxi.

Thou who didst place me in this busie street
Of flesh and blood, where two ways meet,—
The one of goodness, peace, and life;
The other of death, sin, and strife;
Where frail visibles rule the minde,
And present things finde men most kinde;
Where obscure cares the mean defeat,
And splendid vice destroys the great;
As thou didst set no law for me,
But that of perfect liberty,
Which neither tyres nor doth corrode,
But is a pillow, not a load:

So give me grace ever to rest,
And build on it because the best;
Teach both mine eyes and feet to move
Within those bounds set by thy love;
Grant I may soft and lowly be,
And minde those things I cannot see;
Tye me to faith, though above reason,
Who question power they speak treason:
Let me, thy ass, be onely wise
To carry, not search, mysteries.
Who carries thee is by thee led;
Who argues follows his own head.
To check bad motions, keep me still
Amongst the dead, where thriving ill,
Without his brags and conquests, lies,
And truth, opprest here, gets the prize.
At all times, whatsoe'r I do
Let me not fail to question, who
Shares in the act, and puts me to't?
And if not thou, let not me do't.
Above all, make me love the poor,
Those burthens to the rich man's door;
Let me admire those, and be kinde
To low estates and a low minde.
If the world offers to me nought,
That by thy book must not be sought,
Or, though it should be lawful, may
Prove not expedient for thy way,
To shun that peril let thy grace
Prevail with me to shun the place;

Let me be wise to please thee still,
And let men call me what they will.
When thus thy milde, instructing hand
Findes thy poor foal at thy command,
When he from wilde is become wise,
And slights that most, which men most prize;
When all things here to thistles turn
Pricking his lips, till he doth mourn
And hang the head, sighing for those
Pastures of life, where the Lamb goes;
O then, just then! break or untye
These bonds, this sad captivity,
This leaden state which men miscal
Being and life, but is dead thrall.
And when, O God! the ass is free,
In a state known to none but thee,
O let him by his Lord be led
To living springs, and there be fed,
Where light, joy, health, and perfect peace,
Shut out all pain and each disease;
Where death and frailty are forgotten,
And bones rejoyce, which once were broken!

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

St. Matt. xiii. 44.

"WHAT can the man do that succeeds the king?
Even what was done before, and no new thing." *
Who shews me but one grain of sincere light?
False stars and fire-drakes, and deceits of night,
Set forth to fool and foil thee, do not boast;
Such coal-flames shew but kitchin-rooms at most.
And those I saw search'd through; yea, those and all,
That these three thousand years time did let fall
To blinde the eyes of lookers-back, and I,
Now all is done, finde all is vanity.
Those secret searches which afflict the wise,
Paths that are hidden from the vultur's eyes,
I saw at distance, and where grows that fruit
Which others onely grope for and dispute.
The world's lov'd wisdom, for the world's friends think
There is none else, did not the dreadful brink
And precipice it leads to bid me flie,
None could with more advantage use than I.
Man's favourite sins, those tainting appetites,
Which nature breeds, and some fine clay invites,
With all their soft, kinde arts and easie strains,
Which strongly operate, though without pains,

* Ecclesiastes, ii. 12.

Did not a greater beauty rule mine eyes,
None would more dote on, nor so soon entice.
But since these sweets are sowre and poyson'd here,
Where the impure seeds flourish all the year,
And private tapers will but help to stray
Ev'n those who by them would finde out the day,
I'le seal my eyes up, and to thy commands
Submit my wilde heart, and restrain my hands;
I will do nothing, nothing know, nor see
But what thou bidst, and shew'st, and teachest me.
Look what thou gav'st; all that I do restore,
But for one thing, thou purchas'd once before.

CHILDE-HOOD.

I CANNOT reach it; and my striving eye
Dazles at it, as at eternity.
Were now that chronicle alive,
Those white designs which children drive,
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
With their content too in my pow'r,
Quickly would I make my path even,
And by meer playing go to heaven.

Why should men love
A wolf more than a lamb or dove?
Or choose hell-fire and brimstone streams
Before bright stars and God's own beams?

Who kisseth thorns will hurt his face,
But flowers do both refresh and grace;
And sweetly living (fie on men!)
Are, when dead, medicinal then.
If seeing much should make staid eyes,
And long experience should make wise;
Since all that age doth teach is ill,
Why should I not love childe-hood still?
Why, if I see a rock or shelf,
Shall I from thence cast down myself,
Or, by complying with the world,
From the same precipice be hurl'd?
Those observations are but foul,
Which make me wise to lose my soul.

And yet the practice worldlings call
Business and weighty action all,
Checking the poor childe for his play,
But gravely cast themselves away.

Dear harmless age! the short, swift span,
Where weeping virtue parts with man;
Where love without lust dwells, and bends
What way we please without self-ends.

An age of mysteries! which he
Must live twice that would God's face see;
Which angels guard, and with it play,
Angels! which foul men drive away.

How do I study now, and scan
Thee more than ere I studyed man,
And onely see through a long night
Thy edges and thy bordering light!
O for thy center and mid-day!
For sure that is the narrow way!

THE NIGHT.

John, iii. 2.

THROUGH that pure virgin-shrine,
That sacred vail drawn o'er thy glorious noon,
That men might look and live, as gloworms shine,
And face the moon,
Wise Nicodemus saw such light
As made him know his God by night.

Most blest believer he!
Who in that land of darkness and blinde eyes
Thy long-expected healing wings could see,
When thou didst rise;
And, what can never more be done,
Did at midnight speak with the Sun!

O who will tell me, where
He found thee at that dead and silent hour?
What hallow'd solitary ground did bear
So rare a flower;

Within whose sacred leafs did lie
The fulness of the Deity?

No mercy-seat of gold,
No dead and dusty cherub, nor carved stone,
But his own living works, did my Lord hold
And lodge alone;
Where trees and herbs did watch and peep
And wonder, while the Jews did sleep.

Dear night! this world's defeat;
The stop to busie fools; care's check and curb;
The day of spirits; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb!
Christ's * progress, and his prayer time;
The hours to which high heaven doth chime.

God's silent, searching flight:
When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night;
His still, soft call;
His knocking time; the soul's dumb watch,
When spirits their fair kindred catch.

Were all my loud, evil days
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,
Whose peace but by some angel's wing or voice
Is seldom rent;

* Mark, i. 35. St. Luke, xxi. 37.

Then I in heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the Sun
Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tyre
Themselves and others, I consent and run
To ev'ry myre;
And by this world's ill-guiding light,
Erre more than I can do by night.

There is in God, some say,
A deep, but dazzling darkness; as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear.
O for that night! where I in him
Might live invisible and dim!

ABEL'S BLOOD.

Sad, purple well! whose bubling eye
Did first against a murth'rer cry;
Whose streams still vocal, still complain
Of bloody Cain;
And now at evening are as red
As in the morning when first shed.
If single thou,
Though single voices are but low,

Could'st such a shrill and long cry rear
As speaks still in thy Maker's ear,
What thunders shall those men arraign
Who cannot count those they have slain,
Who bath not in a shallow flood,
But in a deep, wide sea of blood?
A sea, whose lowd waves cannot sleep,
But deep still calleth upon deep:
Whose urgent sound, like unto that
Of many waters, beateth at
The everlasting doors above,
Where souls behinde the altar move,
And with one strong, incessant cry
Inquire "How long?" of the most High?
Almighty Judge!
At whose just laws no just men grudge;
Whose blessed, sweet commands do pour
Comforts and joys and hopes each hour
On those that keep them; O accept
Of his vow'd heart whom thou hast kept
From bloody men! and grant I may
That sworn memorial duly pay
To thy bright arm, which was my light
And leader through thick death and night
Aye may that flood,
That proudly spilt and despis'd blood,
Speechless and calm as infants sleep!
Or if it watch, forgive and weep
For those that spilt it! May no cries
From the low earth to heaven rise;

But what like his, whose blood peace brings,
Shall, when they rise, "speak better things"
Than Abel's doth! may Abel be
Still single heard, while these agree
With his milde blood in voice and will,
Who pray'd for those that did him kill!

RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Fair, solitary path! whose blessed shades
The old, white prophets planted first and drest;
Leaving for us, whose goodness quickly fades,
A shelter all the way, and bowers to rest;

Who is the man that walks in thee? who loves
Heav'n's secret solitude, those fair abodes
Where turtles build, and carelese sparrows move,
Without to-morrow's evils and future loads?

Who hath the upright heart, the single eye,
The clean, pure hand, which never medled pitch?
Who sees invisibles, and doth comply
With hidden treasures that make truly rich?

He that doth seek and love
The things above,
Whose spirit ever poor is meek and low;

Who simple still and wise,
Still homewards flies,
Quick to advance, and to retreat most slow.

Whose acts, words, and pretence
Have all one sense,
One aim and end; who walks not by his sight:
Whose eyes are both put out,
And goes about
Guided by faith, not by exterior light.

Who spills no blood, nor spreds
Thorns in the beds
Of the distrest, hasting their overthrow;
Making the time they had
Bitter and sad,
Like chronic pains, which surely kill, though slow.

Who knows earth nothing hath
Worth love or wrath,
But in his hope and rock is ever glad.
Who seeks and follows peace,
When with the ease
And health of conscience it is to be had.

Who bears his cross with joy,
And doth imploy
His heart and tongue in prayers for his foes;
Who lends not to be paid,
And gives full aid
Without that bribe which usurers impose.

Who never looks on man
Fearful and wan,
But firmly trusts in God; the great man's measure,
Though high and haughty, must
Be ta'en in dust;
But the good man is God's peculiar treasure.

Who doth thus, and doth not
These good deeds blot
With bad, or with neglect; and heaps not wrath
By secret filth, nor feeds
Some snake, or weeds,
Cheating himself, — that man walks in this path.

ANGUISH.

My God and King! to thee
I bow my knee;
I bow my troubled soul, and greet
With my foul heart thy holy feet.
Cast it, or tread it, it shall do
Even what thou wilt, and praise thee too!

My God, could I weep blood,
Gladly I would;
Or if thou wilt give me that art,
Which through the eyes pours out the heart,

I will exhaust it all, and make
Myself all tears, a weeping lake.

O! 'tis an easie thing
To write and sing;
But to write true, unfeigned verse
Is very hard! O God! disperse
These weights, and give my spirit leave
To act as well as to conceive!

O my God, hear my cry,
Or let me dye! ———

TEARS.

O WHEN my God, my glory, brings
His white and holy train
Unto those clear and living springs
Where comes no stain!

Where all is light, and flowers, and fruit,
And joy, and rest,
Make me amongst them, 'tis my suit!
The last one and the least.

And when they all are fed, and have
Drunk of thy living stream,
Bid thy poor ass, with tears I crave,
Drink after them.

Thy love claims highest thanks, my sin.
The lowest pitch:
But if he pays, who loves much, then
Thou hast made beggers rich.

JACOB'S PILLOW AND PILLAR.

I SEE the temple in thy pillar reared,
And that dread glory which thy children feared,
In milde, clear visions, without a frown,
Unto thy solitary self is shown.
'Tis number makes a schism: throngs are rude,
And God himself dyed by the multitude.
This made him put on clouds, and fire, and smoke;
Hence he in thunder to thy offspring spoke.
The small, still voice at some low cottage knocks,
But a strong wind must break thy lofty rocks.

The first true worship of the world's great King
From private and selected hearts did spring;
But he most willing to save all mankinde,
Inlarg'd that light, and to the bad was kinde.
Hence catholick or universal came
A most fair notion, but a very name.
For this rich pearl, like some more common stone,
When once made publique, is esteem'd by none.

Man slights his Maker when familiar grown,
And sets up laws to pull his honor down.
This God foresaw: and when slain by the crowd
Under that stately and mysterious cloud
Which his death scatter'd, he foretold the place
And form to serve him in should be true grace,
And the meek heart; not in a mount, nor at
Jerusalem, with blood of beasts and fat.
A heart is that dread place, that awfull cell,
That secret ark, where the milde Dove doth dwell,
When the proud waters rage: when heathens rule
By God's permission, and man turns a mule,
This little Goshen, in the midst of night,
And Satan's seat, in all her coasts hath light;
Yea, Bethel shall have tithes, saith Israel's stone,
And vows and visions, though her foes crye, None.
Thus is the solemn temple sunk agen
Into a pillar, and conceal'd from men.
And glory be to his eternal Name,
Who is contented that this holy flame
Shall lodge in such a narrow pit, till he
With his strong arm turns our captivity!

But blessed Jacob, though thy sad distress
Was just the same with ours, and nothing less;
For thou a brother, and blood-thirsty too, [wo.
Didst flye, * whose children wrought thy children's
Yet thou, in all thy solitude and grief,
On stones didst sleep, and foundst but cold relief;

* Obadiah, i. 10. Amos, i. 11.

Thou from the day-star a long way didst stand,
And all that distance was law and command.
But we a healing Sun by day and night,
Have our sure Guardian, and our leading light.
What thou didst hope for and believe we finde
And feel, a friend most ready, sure, and kinde.
Thy pillow was but type and shade at best;
But we the substance have, and on him rest.

THE AGREEMENT.

I WROTE it down. But one, that saw
And envyed that record, did since
Such a mist over my minde draw,
It quite forgot that purpos'd glimpse.
I read it sadly oft, but still
Simply believ'd 'twas not my quill.

At length my life's kinde angel came,
And with his bright and busie wing
Scatt'ring that cloud shewd me the flame,
Which strait like morning-stars did sing,
And shine, and point me to a place
Which all the year sees the Sun's face.

O beamy book! O my mid-day
Exterminating fears and night!

The mount, whose white ascendents may
Be in conjunction with true light!
My thoughts, when towards thee they move,
Glitter and kindle with thy love.

Thou art the oyl and the wine-house;
Thine are the present healing leaves,
Blown from the tree of life to us
By His breath whom my dead heart heaves.
Each page of thine hath true life in't,
And God's bright minde exprest in print.

Most modern books are blots on thee,
Their doctrine chaff and windy fits,
Darken'd along, as their scribes be,
With those foul storms, when they were writ;
While the man's zeal lays out and blends
Onely self-worship and self-ends.

Thou art the faithful, pearly rock;
The hive of beamy, living lights;
Ever the same, whose diffus'd stock
Entire still wears out blackest nights.
Thy lines are rays the true Sun sheds;
Thy leaves are healing wings he spreads.

For until thou didst comfort me,
I had not one poor word to say:
Thick busie clouds did multiply,
And said I was no childe of day;

They said my own hands did remove
That candle given me from above.

O God! I know and do confess
My sins are great and still prevail,
(Most heynous sins and numberless!)
But thy compassions cannot fail.
If thy sure mercies can be broken,
Then all is true my foes have spoken.

But while time runs, and after it
Eternity which never ends,
Quite through them both, still infinite,
Thy covenant by Christ extends;
No sins of frailty, nor of youth,
Can foil his merits, and thy truth.

And this I hourly finde, for thou
Dost still renew, and purge and heal:
Thy care and love, which joyntly flow,
New cordials, new cathartics deal.
But were I once cast off by thee,
I know, my God! this would not be.

Wherefore with tears, tears by thee sent,
I beg my faith may never fail!
And when in death my speech is spent,
O let that silence then prevail!
O chase in that cold calm my foes,
And hear my heart's last private throes!

So thou, who didst the work begin,
For I till drawn came not to thee,*
Wilt finish it, and by no sin
Will thy free mercies hindred be.
For which, O God! I onely can
Bless thee, and blame unthankful man.

THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT.

O DAY of life, of light, of love!
The onely day dealt from above!
A day so fresh, so bright, so brave,
Twill shew us each forgotten grave,
And make the dead, like flowers, arise
Youthful and fair to see new skies.
All other days, compar'd to thee,
Are but light's weak minority;
They are but veils, and cyphers drawn
Like clouds, before thy glorious dawn.
O come! arise! shine! do not stay,
Dearly lov'd day!
The fields are long since white, and I
With earnest groans for freedom cry;
My fellow-creatures too say, Come!
And stones, though speechless, are not dumb.
When shall we hear that glorious voice
Of life and joys?

* St. John, vi. 44, 65.

That voice, which to each secret bed
Of my Lord's dead,
Shall bring true day, and make dust see
The way to immortality?
When shall those first white pilgrims rise,
Whose holy, happy histories,
Because they sleep so long, some men
Count but the blots of a vain pen?
Dear Lord! make haste!
Sin every day commits more waste;
And thy old enemy, which knows
His time is short, more raging grows.
Nor moan I onely, though profuse,
Thy creature's bondage and abuse;
But what is highest sin and shame,
The vile despight done to thy name;
The forgeries which impious wit
And power force on Holy Writ,
With all detestable designs,
That may dishonor those pure lines.
O God! though mercy be in thee
The greatest attribute we see,
And the most needful for our sins;
Yet, when thy mercy nothing wins
But meer disdain, let not man say
Thy arm doth sleep; but write this day
Thy judging one: Descend, descend!
Make all things new, and without end!

PSALM LXV.

SION's true, glorious God! on thee
Praise waits in all humility.
All flesh shall unto thee repair,
To thee, O thou that hearest prayer!
But sinful words and works still spread
And overrun my heart and head;
Transgressions make me foul each day;
O purge them, purge them all away!

Happy is he whom thou wilt choose
To serve thee in thy blessed house!
Who in thy holy temple dwells,
And fill'd with joy thy goodness tells!
King of salvation! by strange things
And terrible thy justice brings
Man to his duty. Thou alone
Art the world's hope, and but thee, none.
Sailors that flote on flowing seas
Stand firm by thee, and have sure peace.
Thou still'st the loud waves, when most wild,
And mak'st the raging people mild.
Thy arm did first the mountains lay,
And girds their rocky heads this day.
The most remote, who know not thee,
At thy great works astonish'd be.

S

The outgoings of the even and dawn,
In antiphones sing to thy name:
Thou visit'st the low earth, and then
Water'st it for the sons of men;
Thy upper river, which abounds
With fertil streams, makes rich all grounds;
And, by thy mercies still supplied,
The sower doth his bread provide.
Thou water'st every ridge of land,
And settlest with thy secret hand
The furrows of it; then thy warm
And opening showers, restrain'd from harm,
Soften the mould, while all unseen
The blade grows up alive and green.
The year is with thy goodness crown'd,
And all thy paths drop fatness round;
They drop upon the wilderness,
For thou dost even the desarts bless,
And hills all full of springing pride,
Wear fresh adornments on each side.
The fruitful flocks fill every dale,
And purling corn doth cloath the vale;
They shout for joy, and joyntly sing,
"Glory to the eternal King!"

THE THRONE.

Rev. xx. 11.

When with these eyes, clos'd now by thee,
But then restor'd,
The great and white throne I shall see
Of my dread Lord;
And lowly kneeling, for the most
Still then must kneel,
Shall look on Him at whose high cost
Unseen such joys I feel.

Whatever arguments or skill
Wise heads shall use,
Tears onely and my blushes still
I will produce.
And should those speechless beggers fail,
Which oft have won,
Then taught by thee I will prevail,
And say, "Thy will be done!"

DEATH.

Though since thy first sad entrance by
Just Abel's blood,
'Tis now six thousand years well nigh,
And still thy sovereignty holds good;
Yet by none art thou understood.

We talk and name thee with much ease,
As a tryed thing,
And every one can slight his lease,
As if it ended in a spring,
Which shades and bowers doth rent-free bring.

To thy dark land these heedless go.
But there was One
Who search'd it quite through to and fro,
And then, returning like the sun,
Discover'd all that there is done.

And since his death we throughly see
All thy dark way;
Thy shades but thin and narrow be,
Which his first looks will quickly fray:
Mists make but triumphs for the day.

As harmless violets, which give
Their virtues here
For salves and syrups while they live,
Do after calmly disappear,
And neither grieve, repine, nor fear:

So dye his servants; and as sure
Shall they revive.
Then let not dust your eyes obscure,
But lift them up, where still alive,
Though fled from you, their spirits hive.

THE FEAST.

O COME away,
Make no delay,
Come while my heart is clean and steddy!
While faith and grace
Adorn the place,
Making dust and ashes ready!

No bliss here lent
Is permanent,
Such triumphs poor flesh cannot merit;
Short sips and sights
Endear delights:
Who seeks for more he would inherit

Come then, true bread,
Quickning the dead,
Whose eater shall not, cannot dye!
Come, antedate
On me that state,
Which brings poor dust the victory.

Aye victory,
Which from thine eye
Breaks as the day doth from the east,
When the spilt dew
Like tears doth shew
The sad world wept to be releast.

Spring up, O wine,
And springing shine
With some glad message from His heart,
Who did, when slain,
These means ordain
For me to have in him a part!

Such a sure part
In his blest heart,
The well where living waters spring,
That with it fed
Poor dust, though dead,
Shall rise again, and live, and sing.

O drink and bread,
Which strikes death dead,
The food of man's immortal being!
Under veyls here
Thou art my chear,
Present and sure without my seeing.

How dost thou flye
And search and pry
Through all my parts, and like a quick
And knowing lamp
Hunt out each damp,
Whose shadow makes me sad or sick!

O what high joys!
The turtle's voice

And songs I hear! O quickning showers
Of my Lord's blood,
You make rocks bud,
And crown dry hils with wells and flowers!

For this true ease
This healing peace,
For this brief taste of living glory,
My soul and all
Kneel down and fall,
And sing his sad victorious story!

O thorny crown
More soft than down!
O painful cross, my bed of rest!
O spear, the key
Opening the way!
O thy worst state my onely best!

O all thy griefs
Are my reliefs,
As all my sins thy sorrows were!
And what can I
To this reply?
What, O God! but a silent tear?

Some toil and sow
That wealth may flow,
And dress this earth for next year's meat:

But let me heed
Why thou didsted,
And what in the next world to eat.

Rev. xix. 9.

Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb!

THE OBSEQUIES.

Since dying for me, thou didst crave no more
Than common pay,
Some few true tears, and those shed for
My own ill way;
With a cheap, plain remembrance still
Of thy sad death,
Because forgetfulness would kill
Even life's own breath:
I were most foolish and unkinde
In my own sense,
Should I not ever bear in minde,
If not thy mighty love, my own defense.
Therefore those loose delights and lusts, which here
Men call good chear,
I will, close girt and tyed,
For mourning sackcloth wear all mortified.

Not but that mourners too can have
Rich weeds and shrouds;
For some wore white ev'n in thy grave,
And joy, like light, shines oft in clouds:
But thou, who didst man's whole life earn,
Dost so invite and woo me still,
That to be merry I want skill,
And time to learn.
Besides, those kerchiefs sometimes shed
To make me brave,
I cannot finde, but where thy head
Was once laid for me in thy grave.
Thy grave! to which my thoughts shall move
Like bees in storms unto their hive;
That from the murd'ring world's false love
Thy death may keep my soul alive.

THE WATER-FALL.

With what deep murmurs, through time's silent stealth,
Doth thy transparent, cool, and watry wealth
Here flowing fall,
And chide and call,
As if his liquid, loose retinue staid
Lingring, and were of this steep place afraid;
The common pass,
Where, clear as glass,

All must descend
Not to an end,
But quickned by this deep and rocky grave,
Rise to a longer course more bright and brave.

Dear stream! dear bank! where often I
Have sate, and pleas'd my pensive eye;
Why, since each drop of thy quick store
Runs thither whence it flow'd before,
Should poor souls fear a shade or night,
Who came sure from a sea of light?
Or since those drops are all sent back
So sure to thee that none doth lack,
Why should frail flesh doubt any more
That what God takes he'll not restore?

O useful element and clear!
My sacred wash and cleanser here;
My first consigner unto those
Fountains of life, where the Lamb goes!
What sublime truths and wholesome themes
Lodge in thy mystical, deep streams!
Such as dull man can never finde,
Unless that Spirit lead his minde,
Which first upon thy face did move,
And hatch'd all with his quickning love.
As this loud brook's incessant fall
In streaming rings restagnates all,
Which reach by course the bank, and then
Are no more seen, just so pass men.

O my invisible estate,
My glorious liberty, still late!
Thou art the channel my soul seeks,
Not this with cataracts and creeks.

QUICKNESS.

False life! a foil, and no more, when
Wilt thou begone?
Thou foul deception of all men,
That would not have the true come on?

Thou art a moon-like toil; a blinde
Self-posing state;
A dark contest of waves and winde;
A meer tempestuous debate.

Life is a fix'd, discerning light,
A knowing joy;
No chance, or fit: but ever bright
And calm and full, yet doth not cloy.

'Tis such a blissful thing, that still
Doth vivifie,
And shine and smile, and hath the skill
To please without eternity.

Thou art a toylsom mole, or less
A moving mist:
But life is, what none can express,
A quickness, which my God hath kist.

THE WREATH.

Since I in storms us'd most to be,
And seldom yielded flowers,
How shall I get a wreath for thee
From those rude, barren hours?
The softer dressings of the spring,
Or summer's later store,
I will not for thy temples bring,
Which thorns, not roses, wore.

But a twin'd wreath of grief and praise,
Praise soil'd with tears, and tears again
Shining with joy, like dewy days,
This day I bring for all thy pain;
Thy causless pain! and, sad as death,
Which sadness breeds in the most vain,
(O not in vain!) now beg thy breath,
Thy quickning breath, which gladly bears
Through saddest clouds to that glad place,
Where cloudless quires sing without tears,
Sing thy just praise, and see thy face.

THE QUEER.

O TELL me whence that joy doth spring,
  Whose diet is divine and fair,
Which wears heaven like a bridal ring,
  And tramples on doubts and despair?

Whose eastern traffique deals in bright.
  And boundless empyrean themes,
Mountains of spice, day-stars and light,
  Green trees of life, and living streams?

Tell me, O tell, who did thee bring,
  And here without my knowledge plac'd,
Till thou didst grow and get a wing,
  A wing with eyes, and eyes that taste?

Sure, holyness the magnet is,
  And love the lure that woos thee down;
Which makes the high transcendent bliss
  Of knowing thee, so rarely known!

THE BOOK.

ETERNAL God! Maker of all
That have liv'd here since the man's fall!
The Rock of ages! in whose shade
They live unseen, when here they fade!

Thou knew'st this papyr, when it was
Meer seed, and after that but grass;
Before 'twas drest or spun, and when
Made linen, who did wear it then:
What were their lifes, their thoughts and deeds,
Whether good corn or fruitless weeds.

Thou knew'st this tree, when a green shade
Cover'd it since a cover made,
And where it flourish'd, grew, and spread,
As if it never should be dead.

Thou knew'st this harmless beast, when he
Did live and feed by thy decree
On each green thing; then slept well fed
Cloath'd with this skin, which now lies spred
A covering o're this aged book,
Which makes me wisely weep, and look
On my own dust; meer dust it is,
But not so dry and clean as this.
Thou knew'st and saw'st them all, and though
Now scatter'd thus, dost know them so.

O knowing, glorious Spirit! when
Thou shalt restore trees, beasts, and men;
When thou shalt make all new again,
Destroying onely death and pain;
Give him amongst thy works a place,
Who in them lov'd and sought thy face!

TO THE HOLY BIBLE.

O BOOK! life's guide! how shall we part,
And thou so long seiz'd of my heart?
Take this last kiss; and let me weep
True thanks to thee before I sleep.

Thou wert the first put in my hand,
When yet I could not understand,
And daily didst my yong eyes lead
To letters, till I learnt to read.
But as rash youths, when once grown strong,
Flye from their nurses to the throng,
Where they new consorts choose, and stick
To those till either hurt or sick;
So with that first light gain'd from thee
Ran I in chase of vanity,
Cryed dross for gold, and never thought
My first cheap book had all I sought.
Long reign'd this vogue; and thou cast by
With meek, dumb looks didst woo mine eye,
And oft left open would'st convey
A sudden and most searching ray
Into my soul, with whose quick touch
Refining still I strugled much.
By this milde art of love at length
Thou overcam'st my sinful strength,
And having brought me home, didst there
Shew me that pearl I sought elsewhere.

Gladness, and peace, and hope, and love,
The secret favors of the Dove;
Her quickning kindness, smiles and kisses,
Exalted pleasures, crowning blisses,
Fruition, union, glory, life
Thou didst lead to, and still all strife.
Living, thou wert my soul's sure ease,
And dying mak'st me go in peace:
Thy next effects no tongue can tell;
Farewel, O book of God! farewel!

St. Luke, ii. 14.

Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.

L'ENVOY.

O THE new world's new-quickning Sun!
Ever the same, and never done!
The seers of whose sacred light
Shall all be drest in shining white,
And made conformable to His
Immortal shade, who wrought their bliss;
Arise, arise!
And like old cloaths fold up these skies,
This long-worn veyl: then shine and spread
Thy own bright self over each head,
And through thy creatures pierce and pass,
Till all becomes thy cloudless glass,

Transparent as the purest day
And without blemish or decay,
Fixt by thy spirit to a state
For evermore immaculate;
A state fit for the sight of thy
Immediate, pure and unveil'd eye,
A state agreeing with thy minde,
A state by birth and death design'd;
A state for which thy creatures all
Travel and groan, and look and call.
O seeing thou hast paid our score,
Why should the curse reign any more?
But since thy number is as yet
Unfinish'd, we shall gladly sit
Till all be ready, that the train
May fully fit thy glorious reign.
Onely, let not our haters brag
Thy seamdless coat is grown a rag,
Or that thy truth was not here known,
Because we forc'd thy judgements down.
Dry up their arms who vex thy spouse,
And take the glory of thy house
To deck their own; then give thy saints
That faithful zeal, which neither faints,
Nor wildly burns, but meekly still
Dares own the truth, and shew the ill.
Frustrate those cancerous, close arts,
Which cause solution in all parts,
And strike them dumb, who for meer words
Wound thy beloved more than swords.

T

Dear Lord, do this! and then let grace
Descend, and hallow all the place.
Incline each hard heart to do good,
And cement us with thy Son's blood;
That, like true sheep, all in one fold
We may be fed, and one minde hold.
Give watchful spirits to our guides;
For sin like water hourly glides
By each man's door, and quickly will
Turn in, if not obstructed still.
Therefore write in their hearts thy law,
And let these long, sharp judgements awe
Their very thoughts, that by their clear
And holy lives mercy may here
Sit regent yet, and blessings flow
As fast as persecutions now.
So shall we know in war and peace
Thy service to be our sole ease,
With prostrate souls adoring thee,
Who turn'd our sad captivity!

S. Clemens apud Basil:

Ζῇ ὁ Θεὸς, καὶ ὁ κύριος Ιησοῦς Χριστὸς,
καὶ τὸ πνεῦμα τὸ ἅγιον.

THALIA REDIVIVA.

PIOUS THOUGHTS AND EJACULATIONS

PART III.

PIOUS THOUGHTS AND EJACULATIONS.

FROM A VOLUME ENTITLED "THALIA REDIVIVA."

TO HIS BOOKS.

BRIGHT books! the perspectives to our weak sights,
The clear projections of discerning lights,
Burning and shining thoughts, man's posthume day,
The track of fled souls, and their milkie way,
The dead alive and busie, the still voice
Of enlarged spirits, kind Heaven's white decoys!
Who lives with you lives like those knowing flowers,
Which in commerce with light spend all their hours;
Which shut to clouds, and shadows nicely shun,
But with glad haste unveil to kiss the sun.
Beneath you all is dark, and a dead night,
Which whoso lives in wants both health and sight.
By sucking you, the wise, like bees, do grow
Healing and rich, though this they do most slow,
Because most choicely; for as great a store
Have we of books as bees of herbs, or more:

And the great task to try, then know, the good,
To discern weeds, and judge of wholesome food,
Is a rare scant performance. For man dyes
Oft ere 'tis done, while the bee feeds and flyes.
But you were all choice flowers; all set and dressed
By old sage florists, who well knew the best;
And I amidst you all am turned a weed,
Not wanting knowledge, but for want of heed.
Then thank thyself, wild fool, that would'st not be
Content to know — what was too much for thee!

LOOKING BACK.

Fair, shining mountains of my pilgrimage,
And flowery vales, whose flowers were stars!
The days and nights of my first happy age,
An age without distaste or warrs!
When I by thought ascend your sunny heads,
And mind those sacred midnight lights
By which I walked, when curtained rooms and beds
Confined or sealed up other's sights;

O then how bright and quick a light
Doth brush my heart and scatter night!
Chasing that shade which my sins made,
While I so spring, as if I could not fade.

How brave a prospect is a traversed plain,
Where flowers and palms refresh the eye!
And days well spent like the glad East remain,
Whose morning glories cannot dye.

THE SHOWER.

Waters above! eternal springs!
The dew that silvers the Dove's wings!
O welcome, welcome, to the sad!
Give dry dust drink, drink that makes glad.
Many fair evenings, many flowers
Sweetened with rich and gentle showers,
Have I enjoyed; and down have run
Many a fine and shining sun;
But never, till this happy hour,
Was blest with such an evening shower!

DISCIPLINE.

Fair Prince of life! light's living well!
Who hast the keys of death and hell;
If the mule man despise thy day,
Put chains of darkness in his way.
Teach him how deep, how various, are
The counsels of thy love and care.

When acts of grace, and a long peace,
Breed but rebellion, and displease,
Then give him his own way and will,
Where lawless he may run, until
His own choice hurts him, and the sting
Of his foul sin full sorrows bring.
If heaven and angels, hopes and mirth,
Please not the mole so much as earth,
Give him his mine to dig, or dwell,
And one sad scheme of hideous hell.

THE ECCLIPSE.

WHITHER, O whither didst thou fly?
When did I grieve thy holy eye?
When thou didst mourn to see me lost,
And all thy care and counsels crost.
O do not grieve, whereer thou art!
Thy grief is an undoing smart,
Which doth not only pain, but break,
My heart, and makes me blush to speak.
Thy anger I could kiss, and will;
But O thy grief, thy grief, doth kill!

AFFLICTION.

O COME, and welcome! come, refine!
For Moors, if washed by thee, will shine.
Man blossoms at thy touch, and he,
When thou drawst blood, is thy rose-tree.
Crosses make straight his crooked ways,
And clouds but cool his dog-star days;
Diseases, too, when by thee blessed,
Are both restoratives and rest.
Flowers, that in sunshine riot still,
Dye scorch'd and sapless; though storms kill.
The fall is fair even to desire
Where in their sweetness all expire.
O come, pour on! what calms can be
So fair as storms that appease thee?

RETIREMENT.

FRESH fields and woods! the earth's fair face!
God's footstool! and man's dwelling-place!
I ask not why the first believer *
Did love to be a country liver,
Who to secure pious content
Did pitch by groves and wells his tent,

* Abraham.

Where he might view the boundless skie,
And all these glorious lights on high,
With flying meteors, mists, and showers,
Subjected hills, trees, meads, and flowers,
And every minute bless the King
And wise Creator of each thing.

I ask not why he did remove
To happy Mamre's holy grove,
Leaving the cities of the plain
To Lot and his successless train.
All various lusts in cities still
Are found; they are the thrones of ill;
The dismal sinks where blood is spilled,
Cages with much uncleanness filled.
But rural shades are the sweet sense
Of piety and innocense;
They are the meek's calm region, where
Angels descend and rule the sphere;
Where heaven lies leaguer, and the Dove
Duely as dew comes from above.
If Eden be on earth at all,
'Tis that which we the country call.

THE REVIVAL.

UNFOLD! unfold! take in His light,
Who makes thy cares more short than night.
The joyes which with his day-star rise
He deals to all but drowsie eyes;
And (what the men of this world miss)
Some drops and dews of future bliss.

Hark! how the winds have changed their note,
And with warm whispers call thee out!
The frosts are past, the storms are gone,
And backward life at last comes on.
The lofty groves, in express joyes,
Reply unto the turtle's voice;
And here, in dust and dirt, O here,
The lilies of his love appear!

THE DAY SPRING.

EARLY, while yet the dark was gay
And gilt with stars, more trim than day,
Heaven's Lily, and the earth's chaste Rose,
The green, immortal BRANCH, arose,
And in a solitary place
Bowed to his Father his blest face.

If this calm season pleased my Prince,
Whose fulness no need could evince,
Why should not I, poor silly sheep,
His hours, as well as practice, keep?
Not that His hand is tyed to these,
From whom time holds his transient lease;
But mornings new creations are,
When men, all night saved by his care,
Are still revived; and well he may
Expect them grateful with the day.
So for that first draught of his hand,
Which finished heaven, and sea, and land,
The sons of God their thanks did bring,
And all the morning stars did sing.
Besides, as his part heretofore
The firstlings were of all that bore,
So now each day, from all he saves,
Their souls' first thoughts and fruits he craves.
This makes him daily shed and shower
His graces at this early hour;
Which both his care and kindness shew,
Cheering the good, quickening the slow.
As holy friends mourn at delay,
And think each minute an hour's stay,
So his divine and loving Dove
With longing throes doth heave and move,
And soare about us, while we sleep,
Sometimes quite through that lock doth peep
And shine, but always without fail
Before the slow scene can unveile,

In new compassions breaks, like light,
And morning looks which scatter night.
And wilt thou let thy creature be,
Where thou hast watched, asleep to thee?
Why to unwelcome, loathed surprizes
Dost leave him, having left his vices?
Since these, if suffered, may again
Lead back the living to the slain.
O change this scourge; or if as yet
None less will my transgressions fit,
Dissolve, dissolve! Death cannot do
What I would not submit unto.

THE RECOVERY.

Fair vessel of our daily light, whose proud
And previous glories gild that blushing cloud;
Whose lively fires in swift projections glance
From hill to hill, and by refracted chance
Burnish some neighbour rock or tree, and then
Fly off in coy and winged flames again, —
If thou this day
Hold on thy way,
Know I have got a greater light than thine;
A light whose shade and back parts thee outshine.
Then get thee down! then get thee down!
I have a Sun now of my own.

Those nicer livers, who without thy rays
Stir not abroad, those may thy lustre praise;
And wanting light, light which no wants doth know,
To thee, weak shiner, like blind Persians bow.
But where that Sun, which tramples on thy head,
From his own bright eternal eye doth shed
One living ray,
There thy dead day
Is needless. Man is to a light made free,
Which shews what thou canst neither shew nor see!
Then get thee down! then get thee down!
I have a Sun now of my own.

THE NATIVITY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1656.

PEACE! and to all the world! Sure One,
And he the Prince of peace, hath none!
He travails to be born, and then
Is born to travail more again.
Poor Galilee, thou cans't not be
The place for his nativity.
His restless mother's called away,
And not delivered till she pay.
A tax? 'tis so still. We can see
The church thrive in her misery,

And, like her head at Bethlehem, rise,
When she oppressed with troubles lyes.
Rise? — Should all fall, we cannot be
In more extremities than he.
Great Type of passions! come what will,
Thy grief exceeds all copies still:
Thou cam'st from heaven to earth, that we
Might go from earth to heaven with thee;
And though thou found'st no welcome here,
Thou didst provide us mansions there.
A stable was thy court, and when
Men turned to beasts, beasts would be men:
They were thy courtiers; others none;
And their poor manger was thy throne.
No swadling silks thy limbs did fold,
Though thou could'st turn thy rags to gold.
No rockers waited on thy birth,
No cradles stirred, nor songs of mirth;
But her chaste lap and sacred breast,
Which lodged thee first, did give thee rest.
  But stay! what light is that doth stream
And drop here in a gilded beam?
It is thy star runs page, and brings
Thy tributary eastern kings.
Lord! grant some light to us, that we
May find with them the way to thee!
Behold what mists eclipse the day!
How dark it is! Shed down one ray,
To guide us out of this dark night;
And say once more, "Let there be light!"

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS.

So, stick up ivie and the bays,
And then restore the heathen ways.
Green will remind you of the spring,
Though this great day denies the thing;
And mortifies the earth, and all
But your wild revels, and loose hall.
Could you wear flowers, and roses strow
Blushing upon your breast's warm snow,
That very dress your lightness will
Rebuke, and wither at the ill.
The brightness of this day we owe
Not unto music, masque, nor showe;
Nor gallant furniture, nor plate,
But to the manger's mean estate.
His life while here, as well as birth,
Was but a check to pomp and mirth;
And all man's greatness you may see
Condemned by his humility.
  Then leave your open house and noise,
To welcome him with holy joys,
And the poor shepherds' watchfulness;
Whom light and hymns from heaven did bless.
What you abound with, cast abroad
To those that want, and ease your loade.
Who empties thus will bring more in;
But riot is both loss and sin.
Dress finely what comes not in sight,
And then you keep your Christmas right!

THE REQUEST.

O THOU who didst deny to me
This world's adored felicity,
And every big, imperious lust,
Which fools admire in sinful dust,
With those fine subtle twists that tye
Their bundles of foul gallantry, —
Keep still my weak eyes from the shine
Of those gay things which are not thine!
And shut my ears against the noise
Of wicked, though applauded, joys!
For thou in any land hast store
Of shades and coverts for thy poor;
Where from the busie dust and heat,
As well as storms, they may retreat.
A rock or bush are downy beds,
When thou art there, crowning their heads
With secret blessings, or a tire
Made of the Comforter's live fire.
And when thy goodness, in the dress
Of anger, will not seem to bless,
Yet dost thou give them that rich rain,
Which, as it drops, clears all again.

O what kind visits daily pass
'Twixt thy great self and such poor grass!
With what sweet looks doth thy love shine
On those low violets of thine,

While the tall tulip is accurst,
And crowns imperial dye with thirst!
O give me still those secret meals,
Those rare repasts which thy love deals!
Give me that joy which none can grieve,
And which in all griefs doth releive.
This is the portion thy child begs;
Not that of rust, and rags, and dregs.

THE WORLD.

CAN any tell me what it is? Can you,
That wind your thoughts into a clue,
To guide out others, while yourselves stay in,
And hug the sin?
I that so long in it have lived,
That, if I might,
In truth I would not be reprieved,
Have neither sight
Nor sense that knows
These ebbs and flows;
But since of all, all may be said,
And likeliness doth but upbraid
And mock the truth, which still is lost
In fine conceits, like streams in a sharp frost;
I will not strive, nor the rule break,
Which doth give losers leave to speak.

Then false and foul world, and unknown
Even to thy own,
Here I renounce thee, and resign
Whatever thou canst say is thine.

Thou art not Truth! for he that tries
Shall find thee all deceit and lyes.
Thou art not Friendship! for in thee
'Tis but the bait of policie;
Which, like a viper lodged in flowers,
Its venom through that sweetness pours;
And when not so, then always 'tis
A fading paint, the short-lived bliss
Of air and humour, out and in,
Like colors in a dolphin's skin;
But must not live beyond one day,
Or for convenience, then away.
Thou art not Riches! for that trash,
Which one age hoards, the next doth wash,
And so severely sweep away,
That few remember where it lay.
So rapid streams the wealthy land
About them have at their command;
And shifting channels here restore,
There break down what they banked before.
Thou art not Honour! for those gay
Feathers will wear and drop away;
And princes to some upstart line
Give new ones, that are full as fine.

Thou art not Pleasure! for thy rose
Upon a thorn doth still repose,
Which, if not cropt, will quickly shed,
But soon as cropt grows dull and dead.

Thou art the sand which fills one glass,
And then doth to another pass;
And could I put thee to a stay,
Thou art but dust! Then go thy way,
And leave me clean and bright, though poor;
Who stops thee doth but daub his floor;
And, swallow like, when he hath done,
To unknown dwellings must be gone.

Welcome, pure thoughts and peaceful hours,
Enriched with sunshine and with showers!
Welcome fair hopes and holy cares,
The not to be repented shares
Of time and business, the sure road
Unto my last and loved abode!
O supreme Bliss!
The circle, center, and abyss
Of blessings, never let me miss
Nor leave that path which leads to thee,
Who art alone all things to me!
I hear, I see, all the long day,
The noise and pomp of the "broad way."
I note their coarse and proud approaches,
Their silks, perfumes, and glittering coaches.

But, in the "narrow way" to thee,
I observe only poverty,
And despised things; and, all along,
The ragged, mean, and humble throng
Are still on foot; and, as they go,
They sigh, and say their Lord went so!

Give me my staff, then, as it stood
When green and growing in the wood.
The stones, which for the altar served,
Might not be smoothed nor finely carved.
With this poor stick I'll pass the ford,
As Jacob did; and thy dear word,
As thou hast dressed it, not as wit
And depraved tastes have poison'd it,
Shall in the passage be my meat,
And none else shall thy servant eat.
Thus, thus, and in no other sort,
Will I set forth, though laughed at for't;
And, leaving the wise world their way,
Go through, though judged to go astray.

THE BEE.

From fruitful beds and flowery borders,
Parcelled to wasteful ranks and orders,
Where state grasps more than plain truth needs,
And wholesome herbs are starved by weeds,
To the wild woods I will be gone,
And the coarse meals of great Saint John.

When truth and piety are missed,
Both in the rulers and the priest;
When pity is not cold, but dead,
And the rich eat the poor like bread;
While factious heads, with open coile
And force, first make, then share, the spoile;
To Horeb then Elias goes,
And in the desart grows the rose.

Haile, chrystal fountaines and fresh shades,
Where no proud look invades,
No busie worldling hunts away
The sad retirer all the day!
Haile, happy, harmless solitude!
Our sanctuary from the rude
And scornful world; the calm recess
Of faith, and hope, and holiness!
Here something still like Eden looks;
Honey in woods, juleps in brooks;

And flowers, whose rich, unrifled sweets
With a chaste kiss the cool dew greets,
When the toyls of the day are done,
And the tired world sets with the sun.
Here flying winds and flowing wells
Are the wise, watchful hermit's bells;
Their busie murmurs all the night
To praise or prayer do invite;
And with an awful sound arrest,
And piously employ his breast.

When in the East the dawn doth blush,
Here cool, fresh spirits the air brush.
Herbs strait get up; flowers peep and spread;
Trees whisper praise, and bow the head;
Birds, from the shades of night released,
Look round about, then quit the nest,
And with united gladness sing
The glory of the morning's King.
The hermit hears, and with meek voice
Offers his own up, and their, joyes;
Then prays that all the world might be
Blest with as sweet an unity.

If sudden storms the day invade,
They flock about him to the shade,
Where wisely they expect the end,
Giving the tempest time to spend;
And hard by shelters on some bough
Hilarion's servant, the sage crow.

O purer years of light and grace!
Great is the difference, as the space,
'Twixt you and us, who blindly run
After false fires, and leave the sun.
Is not fair nature of herself
Much richer than dull paint and pelf?
And are not streams at the spring head
More sweet than in carved stone or lead?
But fancy and some artist's tools
Frame a religion for fools.

The truth, which once was plainly taught,
With thorns and briars now is fraught.
Some part is with bold fables spotted,
Some by strange comments wildly blotted;
And discord, old corruption's crest,
With blood and blame have stained the rest.
So snow, which in its first descents
A whiteness like pure heaven presents,
When touched by man is quickly soiled,
And after trodden down and spoiled.

O lead me where I may be free
In truth and spirit to serve Thee!
Where undisturbed I may converse
With thy great Self; and there rehearse
Thy gifts with thanks; and from thy store
Who art all blessings, beg much more.
Give me the wisdom of the bee,
And her unwearied industrie!

That, from the wild gourds of these days,
I may extract health, and thy praise,
Who canst turn darkness into light,
And in my weakness shew thy might.

Suffer me not in any want
To seek refreshment from a plant
Thou didst not set; since all must be
Plucked up, whose growth is not from thee.
'Tis not the garden and the bowers,
Nor sense and forms, that give to flowers
Their wholesomeness; but thy good will,
Which truth and pureness purchase still.

Then, since corrupt man hath driven hence
Thy kind and saving influence,
And balm is no more to be had
In all the coasts of Gilead;
Go with me to the shade and cell,
Where thy best servants once did dwell.
There let me know thy will, and see
Exiled religion owned by thee;
For thou canst turn dark grots to halls,
And make hills blossome like the vales,
Decking their untilled heads with flowers
And fresh delights for all sad hours;
Till from them, like a laden bee,
I may fly home, and hive with thee!

TO CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

Farewell, thou true and tried refection
Of the still poor and meek election!
Farewell, soul's joy, the quickening health
Of spirits, and their surest wealth!
Farewell, my morning star, the bright
And dawning looks of the true light!
O blessed shiner, tell me whither
Thou wilt be gone, when night comes hither!
A seër that observed thee in
Thy course, and watched the growth of sin,
Hath given his judgment, and foretold,
That westward hence thy course will hold;
And, when the day with us is done,
There fix and shine a glorious sun.
O hated shades and darkness! when
You have got here the sway again,
And like unwholesome fogs withstood
The light, and blasted all that's good,
Who shall the happy shepherds be
To watch the next nativity
Of truth and brightness, and make way
For the returning rising day?
O what year will bring back our bliss?
Or who shall live, when God doth this?

Thou Rock of ages! and the Rest
Of all that for thee are oppressed?

Send down the Spirit of thy truth;
That Spirit which the tender youth,
And first growths of thy spouse, did spread
Through all the world from one small head!
Then, if to blood we must resist,
Let thy mild Dove, and our High Priest,
Help us, when man proves false, or frowns,
To bear the cross, and save our crowns.
O honour those that honour thee!
Make babes to still the enemie!
And teach an infant of few days
To perfect by his death thy praise!
Let none defile what thou didst wed,
Nor tear the garland from her head!
But chaste and cheerful let her dye,
And precious in the Bridegroom's eye!
So, to thy glory, and her praise,
These last shall be her brightest dayes.

Rev. xxii. 17.

"*The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.*"

DAPHNIS, AN ELEGIAC ECLOGUE.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. THOMAS VAUGHAN.

The Interlocutors, — Damon, Menalcas.

DAMON.

WHAT clouds, Menalcas, do oppress thy brow?
Flowers in a sunshine never look so low:
Is Nisa still cold flint? or have thy lambs
Met with the fox by straying from their dams?

MENALCAS.

Ah, Damon, no! my lambs are safe; and she
Is kind, and much more white than they can be.
But what doth life, when most serene, afford
Without a worm which gnaws her fairest gourd?
Our days of gladness are but short reliefs,
Given to reserve us for enduring griefs:
So smiling calms close tempests breed, which break
Like spoilers out, and kill our flocks where weak.
I heard last May, and May is still high spring,
The pleasant Philomel her vespers sing.
The green wood glittered with the golden sun,
And all the west like silver shined; not one
Black cloud appeared; no rags, no spot did stain
The welkin's beauty; nothing frowned like rain.

But ere night came, that scene of fine sights turned
To fierce dark showers; the air with lightnings burned;
The wood's sweet syren, rudely thus oppressed,
Gave to the storm her weak and weary breast.
I saw her next day on her last cold bed:
And Daphnis so, just so is Daphnis, dead!

DAMON.

So violets, so doth the primrose, fall,
At once the spring's pride and its funeral.
Such early sweets get off still in their prime,
And stay not here to wear the foil of time;
While coarser flowers, which none would miss, if past,
To scorching summers and cold autumns last.

MENALCAS.

Souls need not time. The early forward things
Are always fledged, and gladly use their wings.
Or else great parts, when injured, quit the crowd,
To shine above still, not behind, the cloud.
And is't not just to leave those to the night
That madly hate and persecute the light?
Who, doubly dark, all negroes do exceed,
And inwardly are true black Moores indeed?

DAMON.

The punishment still manifests the sin,
As outward signs shew the disease within.

While worth oppressed mounts to a nobler height,
And palm-like bravely overtops the weight.
So, where sweet Isca, from our lofty hills,
With loud farewells descends, and foaming fills
A wider channel, like some great port-vein
With large rich streams to feed the humble plain,
I saw an oak, whose stately height and shade,
Projected far, a goodly shelter made;
And from the top, with thick diffused boughs,
In distant rounds grew like a wood nymph's house.
Here many garlands, won at roundel-lays,
Old shepherds hung up in those happy days;
With knots and girdles, the dear spoils and dress
Of such bright maids as did true lovers bless.
And many times had old Amphion made
His beauteous flock acquainted with this shade;
His flock, whose fleeces were as smooth and white
As those the welkin shows in moonshine night.
Here, when the careless world did sleep, have I
In dark records and numbers nobly high
The visions of our black, but brightest, bard
From old Amphion's mouth full often heard;
With all those plagues poor shepherds since have known,
And riddles more which future times must own:
While on his pipe young Hylas plaid, and made
Music as solemn as the song and shade.
But the curst owner from the trembling top
To the firm brink did all those branches lop;

And in one hour what many years had bred,
The pride and beauty of the plain, lay dead.
The undone swains in sad songs mourned their loss,
While storms and cold winds did encrease the cross;
But nature, which, like virtue, scorns to yield,
Brought new recruits and succours to the field;
For by next spring the checked sap waked from sleep,
And upwards still to feel the sun did creep;
Till at those wounds the hated hewer made,
There sprang a thicker and a fresher shade.

MENALCAS.

So thrives afflicted truth; and so the light,
When put out, gains a value from the night.
How glad are we, when but one twinkling star
Peeps between clouds more black than is our tar!
And Providence was kind, that ordered this
To the brave sufferer should be solid bliss;
Nor is it so till this short life be done,
But goes hence with him, and is still his sun.

DAMON.

Come, shepherds, then, and with your greenest bays
Refresh his dust, who loved your learned lays.
Bring here the florid glories of the spring,
And, as you strew them, pious anthems sing;
Which to your children and the years to come
May speak of Daphnis, and be never dumb.

While prostrate I drop on his quiet urn,
My tears, not gifts; and like the poor, that mourn
With green but humble turfs, write o'er his hearse
For false foul prose-men this fair truth in verse:—

"Here Daphnis sleeps; and, while the great watch goes
"Of loud and restless time, takes his repose.
"Fame is but noise; all learning is but thought;
"Which one admires, another sets at nought.
"Nature mocks both, and wit still keeps adoe;
"But death brings knowledge and assurance too."

MENALCAS.

Cast in your garlands! strew on all the flowers,
Which May with smiles or April feeds with showers:
Let this day's rites, as steadfast as the sun,
Keep pace with time, and through all ages run;
The public character and famous test
Of our long sorrows and his lasting rest.
And, when we make procession on the plains,
Or yearly keep the holyday of swains,
Let Daphnis still be the recorded name,
And solemn honour of our feasts and fame.
For though the Isis and the prouder Thames
Can shew his relics lodged hard by their streams,
And must for ever to the honoured name
Of noble Murray chiefly owe that fame;

Yet here his stars first saw him; and, when fate
Beckoned him hence, it knew no other date.
Nor will these vocal woods and vallies fail,
Nor Isca's louder streams, this to bewail;
But, while swains hope, and seasons change, will glide
With moving murmurs because Daphnis dyed.

DAMON.

A fatal sadness, such as still foregoes,
Then runs along with public plagues and woes,
Lies heavy on us; and the very light,
Turned mourner too, hath the dull looks of night.
Our vales, like those of death, a darkness shew
More sad than cypress or the gloomy yew.
And on our hills, where health with height complied,
Thick drowsy mists hang round, and there reside.
Not one short parcel of the tedious year
In its own dress and beauty doth appear.
Flowers hate the spring; and, with a sullen bend,
Thrust down their heads, and to the root still tend.
And though the sun, like a cold lover peeps
A little at them, still the day's eye sleeps.
But, when the Crab and Lion with acute
And active fires their sluggish heat recruit,
Our grass straight russets, and each scorching day
Drinks up our brooks as fast as dew in May;
Till the sad herdsman with his cattel faints,
And empty channels ring with loud complaints.

MENALCAS.

Heaven's just displeasure, and our unjust ways,
Change Nature's course; bring plagues, dearth,
and decays.
This turns our land to dust, the skies to brass,
Makes old kind blessings into curses pass;
And, when we learn unknown and forraign crimes.
Brings in the vengeance due unto those climes.
The dregs and puddle of all ages now,
Like rivers near their fall, on us do flow.
Ah, happy Daphnis! who, while yet the streams
Ran clear and warm, though but with setting beams,
Got through, and saw by that declining light
His toil's and journey's end before the night.

DAMON.

A night, where darkness lays her chains and bars,
And feral fires appear instead of stars.
But he along with the last looks of day
Went hence, and setting sunlike passed away.
What future storms our present sins do hatch,
Some in the dark discern, and others watch;
Though foresight makes no hurricane prove mild,
Fury that's long fermenting is most wild.
But see, while thus our sorrows we discourse,
Phœbus hath finished his diurnal course;
The shades prevail; each bush seems bigger grown;
Darkness, like state, makes small things swell and
frown;
The hills and woods with pipes and sonnets round,
And bleating sheep our swains drive home, resound.

MENALCAS.

What voice from yonder lawn tends hither? Hark!
'Tis Thyrsis calls! I hear Lycanthe bark!
His flocks left out so late, and weary grown,
Are to the thickets gone, and there laid down.

DAMON.

Menalcas, haste to look them out! Poor sheep,
When day is done, go willingly to sleep:
And could bad man his time spend as they do,
He might go sleep, or die as willing too.

MENALCAS.

Farewell, kind Damon! now the shepherd's star
With beauteous looks smiles on us, though from far.
All creatures that were favorites of day
Are with the sun retired and gone away.
While feral birds send forth unpleasant notes,
And night, the nurse of thought, sad thoughts
promotes:
But joy will yet come with the morning light,
Though sadly now we bid good night!

DAMON.

Good night!

FINIS.

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